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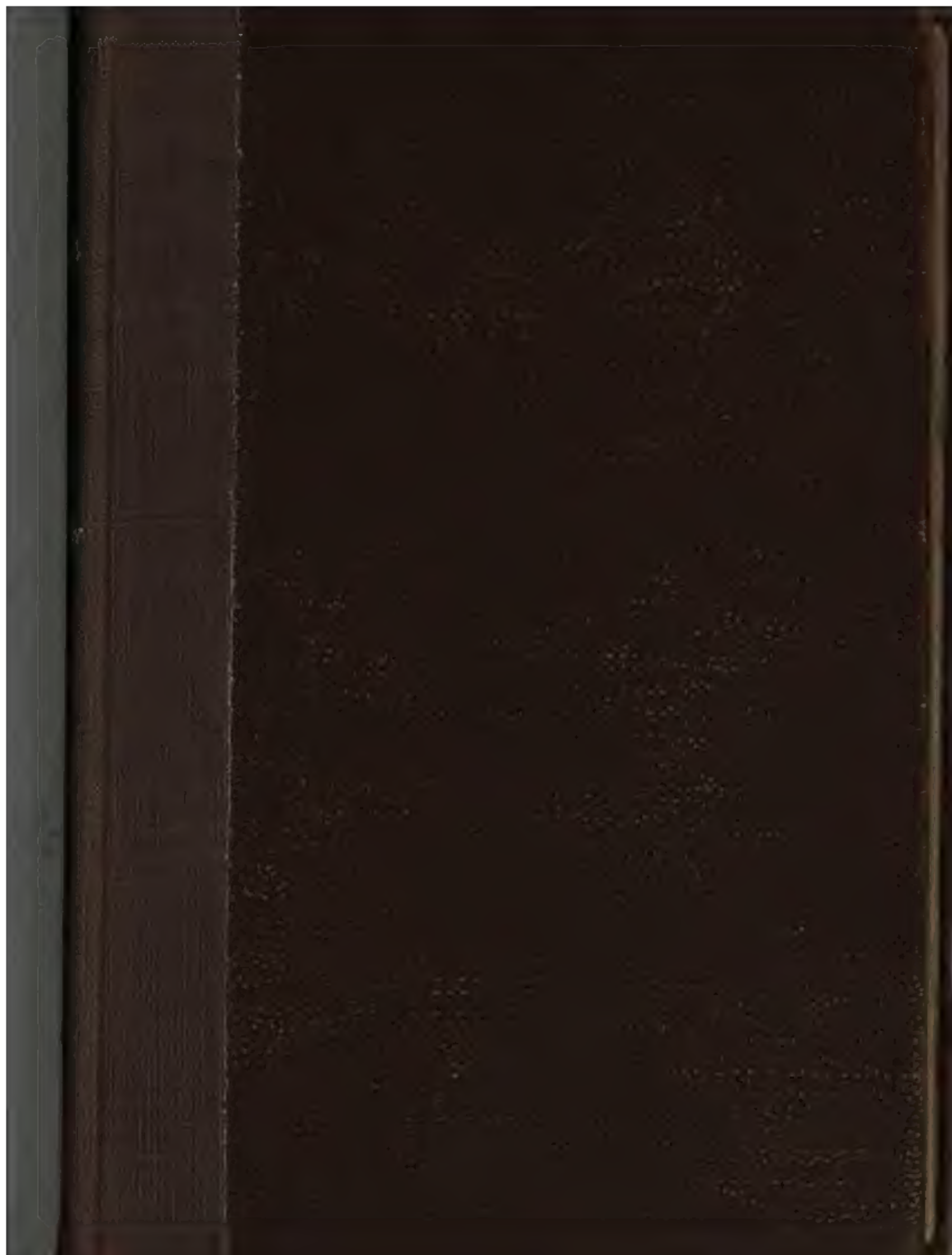
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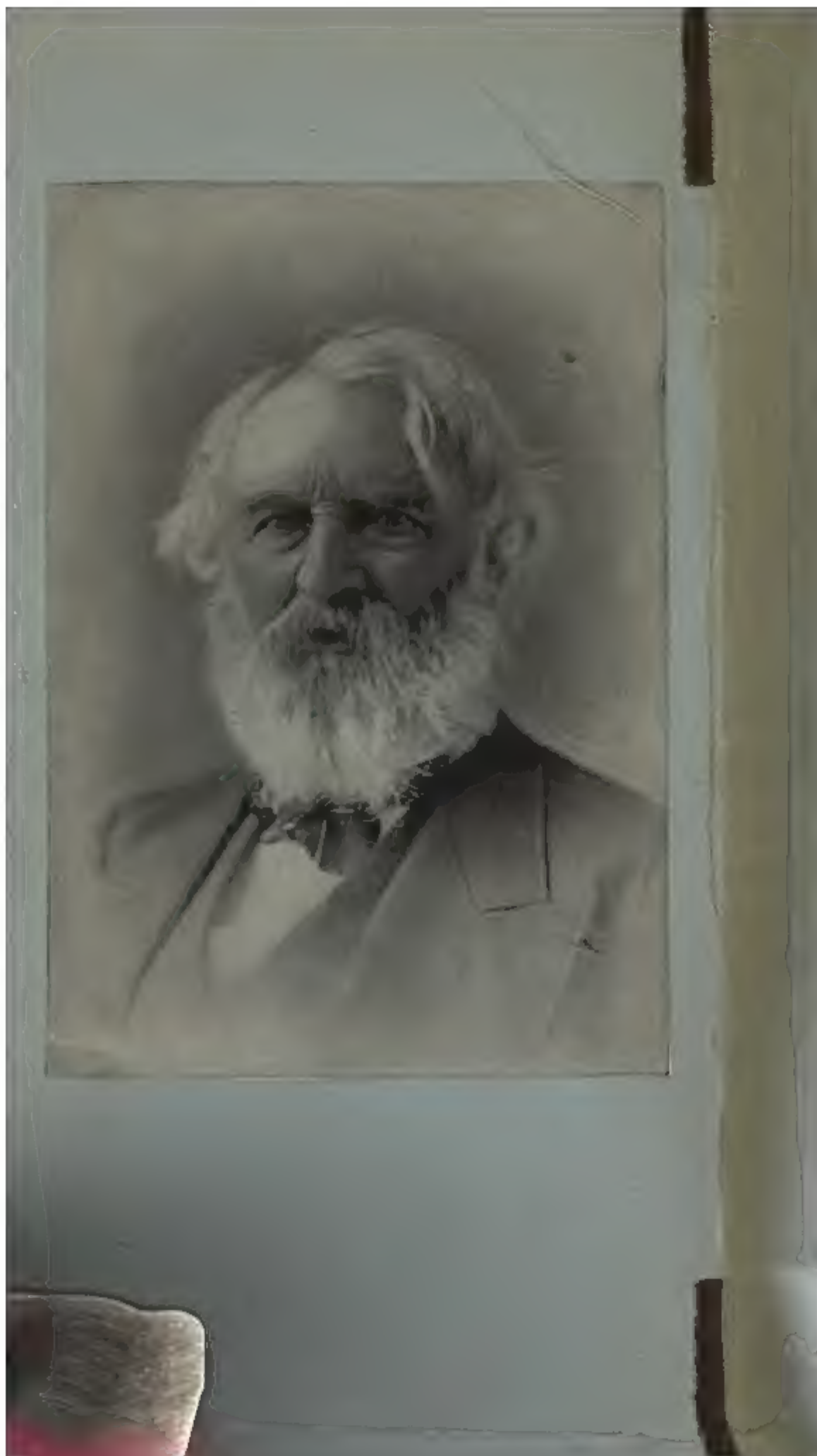


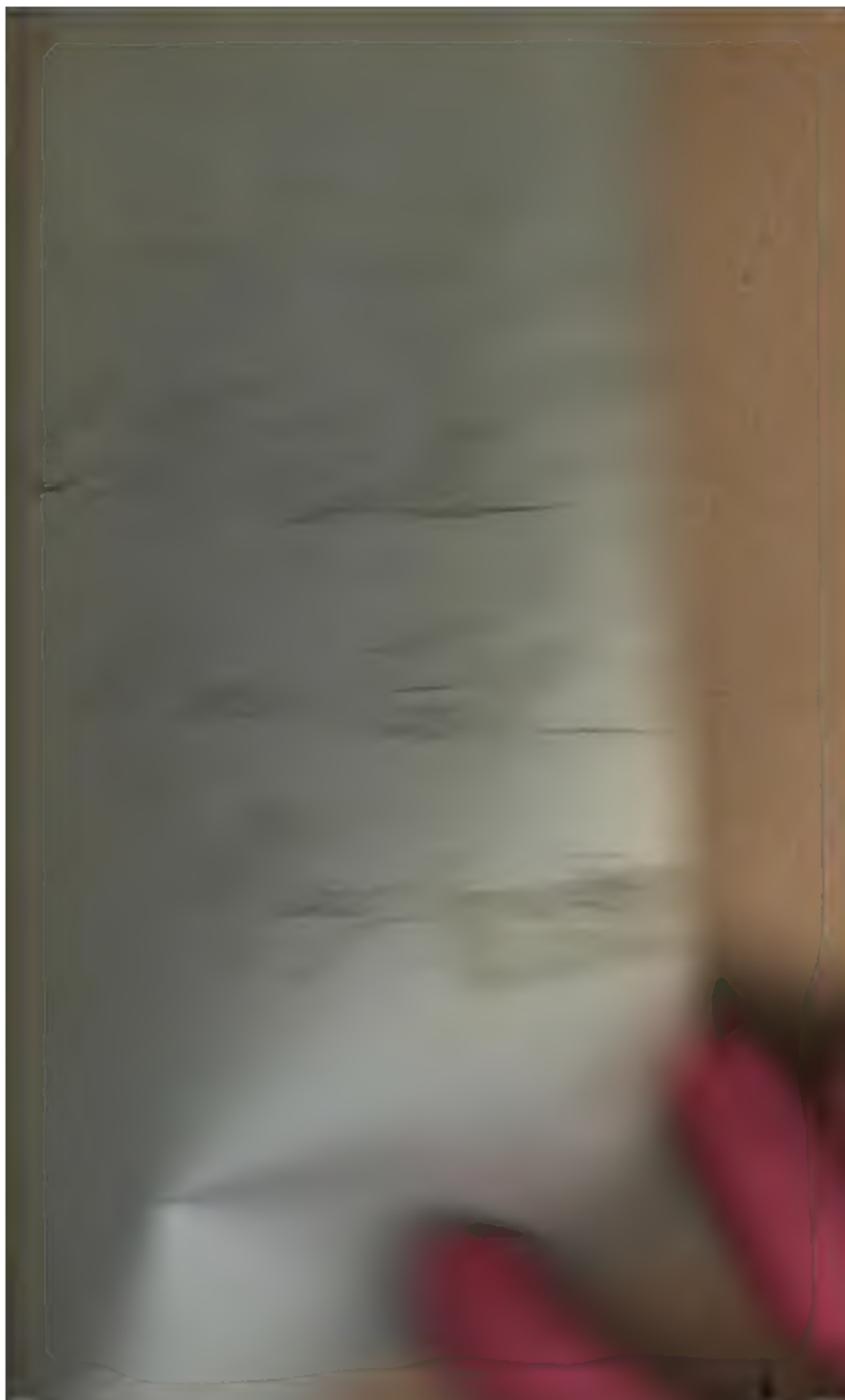


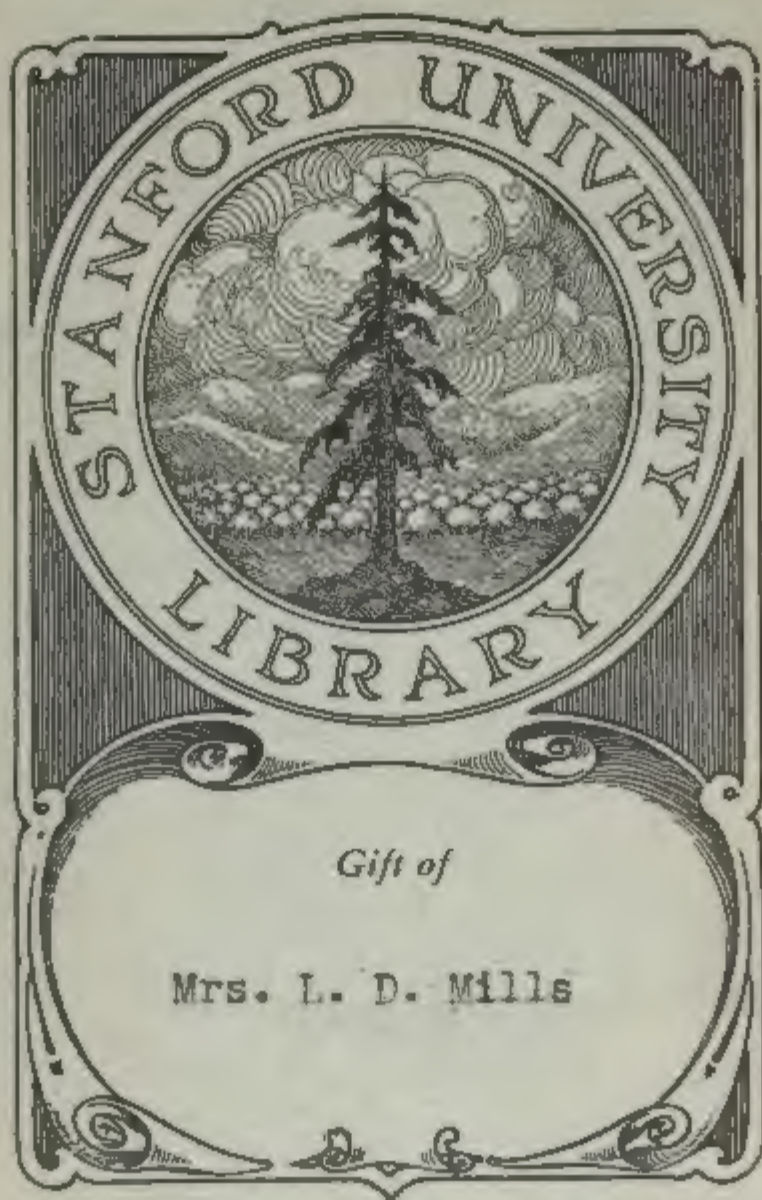
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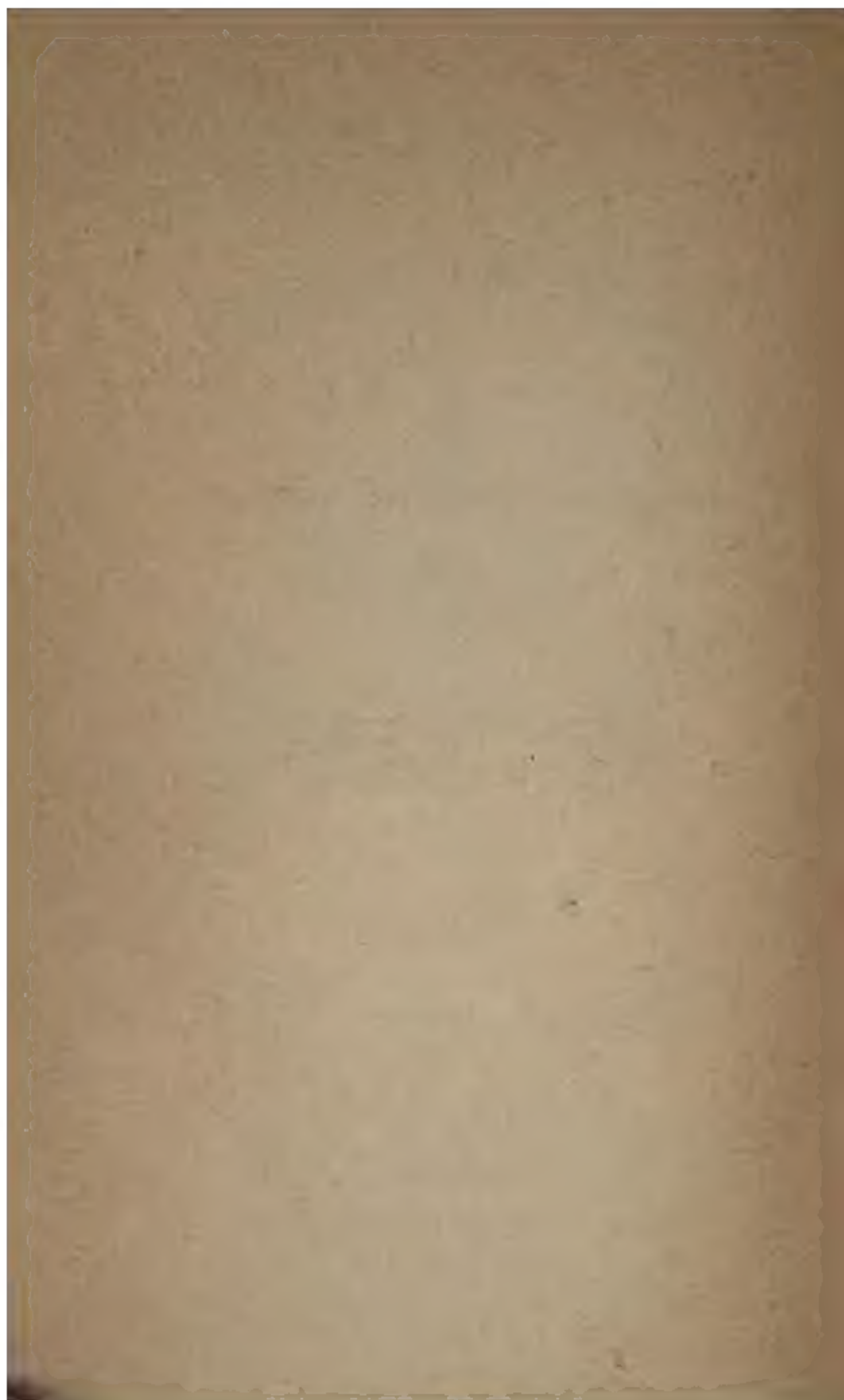
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May 6/86









HYPERION:

A ROMANCE.

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

"

"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful, midnight hours,
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers"

NEW YORK:

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,

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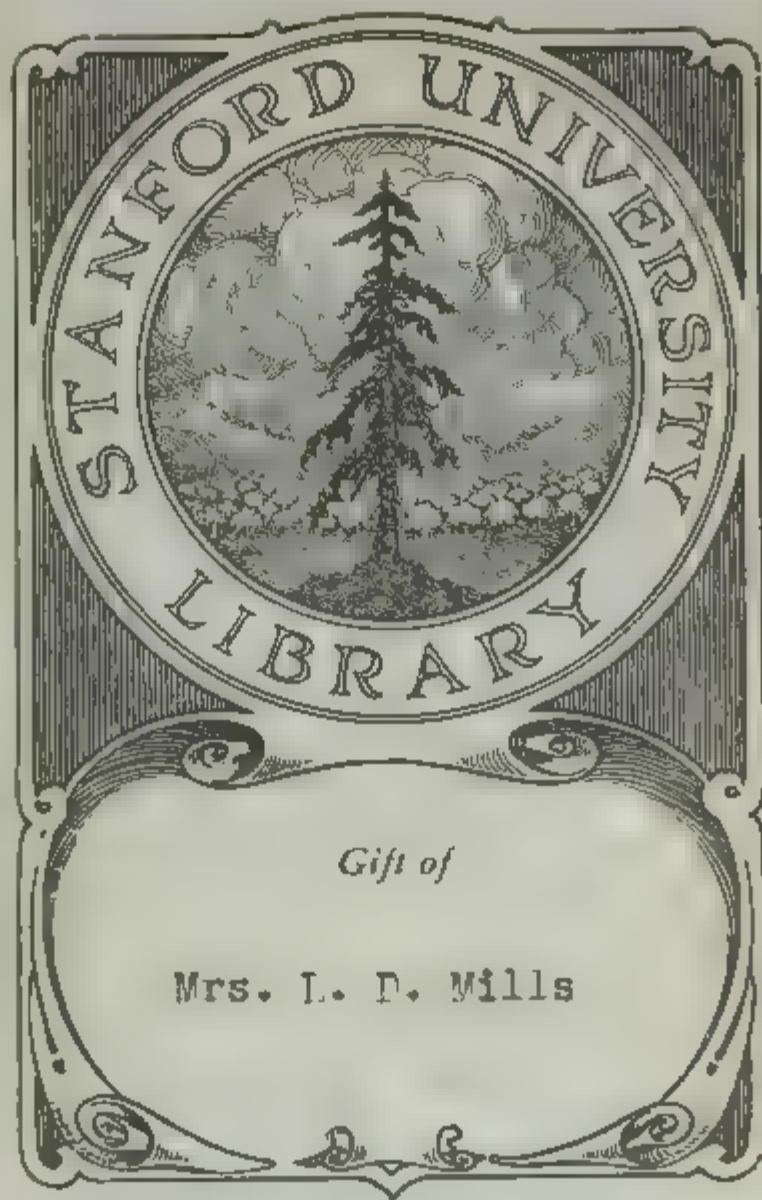
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"Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
Who ne'er the mournful, midnight hours,
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STANFORD UNIVERSITY

NEW YORK:

JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER,

1885.

through vineyards in a triumphal march, like Bacchus crowned and drunken.

But I will not attempt to describe the Rhine ; it would make this chapter much too long. And to do it well, one should write like a god ; and his style flow onward royally with breaks and dashes, like the waters of that royal river, and antique, quaint, and Gothic times be reflected in it. Alas ! this evening my style flows not at all. Flow, then, into this smoke-colored goblet, thou blood of the Rhine ! out of thy prison-house,—out of thy long-necked, tapering flask, in shape not unlike a church-spire among thy native hills ; and from the crystal belfry loud ring the merry tinkling bells, while I drink a health to my hero, in whose heart is sadness, and in whose ears the bells of Andernach are ringing noon.

He is threading his way alone through a narrow alley, and now up a flight of stone steps, and along the city wall, towards that old round tower built by the Archbishop Frederick of Cologne in the twelfth century. It has a romantic interest in his eyes ; for he has still in his mind and heart that beautiful sketch of Carové, in which is described a day on the tower of Andernach. He finds the old keeper and his wife still there ; and the old keeper closes the door behind him slowly as of old, lest he should jam too hard the poor souls in Purgatory, whose fate it is to suffer in the cracks of doors and hinges. But, alas ! alas ! the daughter, the maiden with long, dark eyelashes ! she is asleep in her little grave, under the linden-trees of Feldkirche, with rosemary in her folded hands !

Flemming returned to the hotel disappointed. As he passed along the narrow streets, he was dreaming of many things ; but mostly of the keeper's daughter, asleep

in the churchyard of Feldkirche. Suddenly, on turning the corner of an ancient, gloomy church, his attention was arrested by a little chapel in an angle of the wall. It was only a small thatched roof, like a bird's nest; under which stood a rude wooden image of the Saviour on the Cross. A real crown of thorns was upon his head, which was bowed downward, as if in the death agony; and drops of blood were falling down his cheeks, and from his hands and feet and side. The face was haggard and ghastly beyond expression, and wore a look of unutterable bodily anguish. The rude sculptor had given it this, but his art could go no further. The sublimity of death in a dying Saviour, the expiring God-likeness of Jesus of Nazareth, was not there. The artist had caught no heavenly inspiration from his theme. All was coarse, harsh, and revolting to a sensitive mind; and Flemming turned away with a shudder, as he saw this fearful image gazing at him, with its fixed and half-shut eyes.

He soon reached the hotel, but that face of agony still haunted him. He could not refrain from speaking of it to a very old woman, who sat knitting by the window of the dining-room, in a high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chair. I believe she was the inn-keeper's grandmother. At all events, she was old enough to be so. She took off her owl-eyed spectacles, and as she wiped the glasses with her handkerchief, said:

"Thou dear Heaven! Is it possible? Did you never hear of the Christ of Andernach?"

Flemming answered in the negative.

"Thou dear Heaven!" continued the old woman. "It is a very wonderful story; and a true one, as every good Christian in Andernach will tell you. And it all hap-

pened before the death of my blessed man four years ago ; let me see,—yes, four years ago, come Christmas.”

Here the old woman stopped talking, but went on with her knitting. Other thoughts seemed to occupy her mind. She was thinking, no doubt, of her blessed man, as German widows call their dead husbands. But Fleming having expressed an ardent wish to hear the wonderful story, she told it in nearly the following words :

“There was once a poor old woman in Andernach whose name was Frau Martha, and she lived all alone in a house by herself, and loved all the saints and the blessed Virgin, and was as good as an angel, and sold pies down by the Rheinkrahn. But her house was very old, and the roof-tiles were broken, and she was too poor to get new ones, and the rain kept coming in, and no Christian soul in Andernach would help her. But the Frau Martha was a good woman, and never did anybody any harm, but went to mass every morning, and sold pies by the Rheinkrahn. Now one dark, windy night, when all the good Christians in Andernach were abed and asleep in the feathers, Frau Martha, who slept under the roof, heard a great noise over her head, and in her chamber, drip ! drip ! drip ! as if the rain were dropping down through the broken tiles. Dear soul ! and, sure enough, it was. And then there was a pounding and hammering overhead, as if somebody were at work on the roof ; and she thought it was Pelz-Nickel tearing the tiles off, because she had not been to confession often enough. So she began to pray ; and the faster she said her Pater-noster and her Ave-Maria, the faster Pelz-Nickel pounded and pulled ; and drip ! drip ! drip ! it went all round her in the dark chamber, till the poor woman was frightened out of her wits, and ran to the window to call for help. Then in a

moment all was still,—death-still. But she saw a light streaming through the mist and rain, and a great shadow on the house opposite. And then somebody came down from the top of her house by a ladder, and had a lantern in his hand ; and he took the ladder on his shoulder and went down the street. But she could not see clearly, because the window was streaked with rain. And in the morning the old broken tiles were found scattered about the street, and there were new ones on the roof, and the old house has never leaked to this blessed day.

“ As soon as mass was over, Frau Martha told the priest what had happened, and he said it was not Pelz-Nickel, but, without doubt, St. Castor or St. Florian. Then she went to the market and told Frau Bridget all about it ; and Frau Bridget said, that, two nights before, Hans Claus, the cooper, had heard a great pounding in his shop, and in the morning found new hoops on all his old hogsheads ; and that a man with a lantern and a ladder had been seen riding out of town at midnight on a donkey ; and that the same night the old windmill, at Kloster St. Thomas, had been mended up, and the old gate of the churchyard at Feldkirche made as good as new, though nobody knew how the man got across the river. Then Frau Martha went down to the Rheinkrahn and told all these stories over again ; and the old ferryman of Fahr said he could tell something about it ; for, the very night that the churchyard-gate was mended, he was lying awake in his bed, because he could not sleep, and he heard a loud knocking at the door, and somebody calling to him to get up and set him over the river. And when he got up, he saw a man down by the river with a lantern and a ladder ; but as he was going down to him, the man blew out the light, and it was so dark he could not see who he

was ; and his boat was old and leaky, and he was afraid to set him over in the dark ; but the man said he must be in Andernach that night ; and so he set him over. And after they had crossed the river, he watched the man, till he came to an image of the Holy Virgin, and saw him put the ladder against the wall, and go up and light his lamp, and then walk along the street. And in the morning he found his old boat all caulked, and tight, and painted red, and he could not for his blessed life tell who did it, unless it were the man with the lantern. Dear soul ! how strange it was !

“ And so it went on for some time ; and whenever the man with the lantern had been seen walking through the street at night, so sure as the morning came, some work had been done for the sake of some good soul ; and everybody knew he did it ; and yet nobody could find out who he was, nor where he lived ;—for, whenever they came near him, he blew out his light, and turned down another street, and, if they followed him, he suddenly disappeared, nobody could tell how. And some said it was Rübezahl ; and some, Pelz-Nickel ; and some, St. Anthony-on-the-Heath.

“ Now one stormy night, a poor, sinful creature was wandering about the streets, with her babe in her arms, and she was hungry, and cold, and no soul in Andernach would take her in. And when she came to the church, where the great crucifix stands, she saw no light in the little chapel at the corner ; but she sat down on a stone at the foot of the cross and began to pray, and prayed till she fell asleep, with her poor little babe on her bosom. But she did not sleep long ; for a bright light shone full in her face ; and when she opened her eyes, she saw a pale man, with a lantern, standing right before her. He was

almost naked ; and there was blood upon his hands and body, and great tears in his beautiful eyes, and his face was like the face of the Saviour on the cross. Not a single word did he say to the poor woman ; but looked at her compassionately, and gave her a loaf of bread, and took the little babe in his arms, and kissed it. Then the mother looked up to the great crucifix, but there was no image there ; and she shrieked and fell down as if she were dead. And there she was found with her child ; and a few days after, they both died, and were buried together in the one grave. And nobody would have believed her story, if a woman, who lived at the corner, had not gone to the window when she heard the scream ; and seen the figure hang the lantern up in its place, and then set the ladder against the wall, and go up and nail itself to the cross. Since that night it has never moved again. Ach ! Herr Je !”

Such was the legend of the Christ of Andernach, as the old woman in spectacles told it to Flemming. It made a painful impression on his sick and morbid soul ; and he felt now for the first time in full force, how great is the power of popular superstition.

The post-chaise was now at the door, Flemming was soon on the road to Coblenz, a city which stands upon the Rhine, at the mouth of the Mosel, opposite Ehrenbreitstein. It is by no means a long drive from Andernach to Coblenz ; and the only incident which occurred to enliven the way was the appearance of a fat, red-faced man on horseback, trotting slowly towards Andernach. As they met, the mad little postilion gave him a friendly cut with his whip, and broke out into an exclamation, which showed he was from Münster :—

“Jesmariosp ! my friend ! How is the Man in the Custom-House ?”

Now to any candid mind this would seem a fair question enough ; but not so thought the red-faced man on horseback ; for he waxed exceedingly angry, and replied, as the chaise whirled by :—

“ The devil take you, and your Westphalian ham, and pumpernickel ! ”

Flemming called to his servant, and the servant to the postilion, for an explanation of this short dialogue ; and the explanation was, that on the belfry of the Kaufhaus in Coblentz is a huge head with a brazen helmet and a beard ; and whenever the clock strikes, at each stroke of the hammer, this giant's head opens its great jaws and smites its teeth together, as if, like the brazen head of Friar Bacon, it would say, “ Time was ; Time is ; Time is past.” This figure is known through all the country round about as “ The Man in the Custom-House ” ; and when a friend in the country meets a friend from Coblentz, instead of saying, “ How are all the good people in Coblentz ? ”—he says, “ How is the Man in the Custom-House ? ” Thus the giant has a great part to play in the town. And thus ended the first day of Flemming's Rhine-journey ; and the only good deed he had done was to give an alms to a poor beggar woman, who lifted up her trembling hands and exclaimed :—

“ Thou blessed babe ! ”

CHAPTER III.

HOMUNCULUS.

AFTER all, a journey up the Rhine, in the mists and solitude of December, is not so unpleasant as the reader may perhaps imagine. You have the whole road and river to yourself. Nobody is on the wing ; hardly a single traveller. The ruins are the same ; and the river, and the outlines of the hills ; and there are few living figures in the landscape to wake you from your musings, distract your thoughts, and cover you with dust.

Thus likewise thought our traveller, as he continued his journey on the morrow. The day is overcast and the clouds threaten rain or snow. Why does he stop at the little village of Capellen ? Because, right above him on the high cliff, the glorious ruin of Stolzenfels is looking at him with its hollow eyes, and beckoning to him with its gigantic finger, as if to say, “Come up hither, and I will tell thee an old tale.” Therefore he alights, and goes up the narrow village lane, and up the stone steps, and up the steep pathway, and throws himself into the arms of that ancient ruin, and holds his breath, to hear the quick footsteps of the falling snow, like the footsteps of angels descending upon earth. And that ancient ruin speaks to him with its hollow voice, and says :—

“Beware of dreams ! Beware of the illusions of fancy ! Beware of the solemn deceivings of thy vast desires ! Beneath me flows the Rhine, and, like the stream of

Time, it flows amid the ruins of the Past. I see myself therein, and I know that I am old. Thou, too, shalt be old. Be wise in season. Like the stream of thy life runs the stream beneath us. Down from the distant Alps,—out into the wide world, it bursts away, like a youth from the house of his fathers. Broad-breasted and strong, and with earnest endeavors, like manhood, it makes itself a way through these difficult mountain-passes. And at length, in its old age, it stops, and its steps are weary and slow, and it sinks into the sand, and, through its grave, passes into the great ocean, which is its eternity. Thus shall it be with thee.

“In ancient times, there dwelt within these halls a follower of Jesus of Jerusalem,—an Archbishop in the Church of Christ. He gave himself up to dreams ; to the illusions of fancy ; to the vast desires of the human soul. He sought after the impossible. He sought after the Elixir of Life,—the Philosopher’s Stone. The wealth that should have fed the poor was melted in his crucibles. Within these walls the Eagle of the clouds sucked the blood of the Red Lion, and received the spiritual love of the Green Dragon ; but, alas ! was childless. In solitude and utter silence did the disciple of the Hermetic Philosophy toil from day to day, from night to night. From the place where thou standest he gazed at evening upon hills, and vales, and waters spread beneath him ; and saw how the setting sun had changed them all to gold, by an alchemy more cunning than his own. He saw the world beneath his feet ; and said in his heart, that he alone was wise. Alas ! he read more willingly in the book of Paracelsus than in the book of Nature ; and, believing that ‘where reason hath experience, faith hath no mind,’ would fain have made unto himself a child,

not as Nature teaches us, but as the Philosopher taught, —a poor homunculus, in a glass bottle. And he died poor and childless !”

Whether it were worth while to climb the Stolzenfels to hear such a homily as this, some persons may perhaps doubt. But Paul Flemming doubted not. He laid the lesson to heart ; and it would have saved him many an hour of sorrow, if he had learned that lesson better, and remembered it longer.

In ancient times, there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive-wood, and, according to popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon ; and the third of gold and ivory,—a great miracle of art, in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of Time stands Man himself. In childhood, shaped of soft and delicate wood, just fallen from heaven ; in manhood, a statue of bronze, commemorating struggle and victory ; and, lastly, in the maturity of age, perfectly shaped in gold and ivory,—a miracle of art !

Flemming had already lived through the olive age. He was passing into the age of bronze, into his early manhood ; and in his hands the flowers of Paradise were changing to the sword and shield.

And this reminds me that I have not yet described my hero. I will do it now, as he stands looking down on the glorious landscape ;—but in few words. Both in person and character he resembled Harold the Fair-Hair of Norway, who is described, in the old Icelandic Death-Song of Regner Hairy-Breeches, as “the young chief so proud of his flowing locks ; he who spent his mornings among the young maidens ; he who loved to converse with the handsome widows.” This was an amiable weakness ; and it

sometimes led him into mischief. Imagination was the ruling power of his mind. His thoughts were twin-born; the thought itself, and its figurative semblance in the outer world. Thus, through the quiet, still waters of his soul each image floated double, "swan and shadow."

These traits of character, a good heart, and a poetic imagination, made his life joyous and the world beautiful; till at length Death cut down the sweet blue flower that bloomed beside him, and wounded him with that sharp sickle, so that he bowed his head, and would fain have been bound up in the same sheaf with the sweet blue flower. Then the world seemed to him less beautiful, and life became earnest. It would have been well, if he could have forgotten the past; that he might not so mournfully have lived in it, but might have enjoyed and improved the present. But this his heart refused to do; and ever, as he floated upon the great sea of life, he looked down through the transparent waters, checkered with sunshine and shade, into the vast chambers of the mighty deep in which his happier days had sunk, and wherein they were lying still visible, like golden sands, and precious stones, and pearls; and, half in despair, half in hope, he grasped downward after them again, and drew back his hand, filled only with sea-weed, and dripping with briny tears! And between him and those golden sands a radiant image floated, like the spirit in Dante's Paradise, singing, "Ave Maria!" and while it sang, down-sinking, and slowly vanishing away.

The truth is that in all things he acted more from impulse than from fixed principle; as is the case with most young men. Indeed, his principles hardly had time to take root; for he pulled them all up, every now and then, as children do the flowers they have

planted,—to see if they are growing. Yet there was much in him which was good ; for underneath the flowers and greensward of poetry, and the good principles which would have taken root had he given them time, there lay a strong and healthy soil of common sense,—freshened by living springs of feeling, and enriched by many faded hopes, that had fallen upon it like dead leaves.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

“**A**LLEZ, Fuchs ! allez, lustig !” cried the impatient postilion to his horses, in accents which, like the wild echo of the Lurley Felsen, came first from one side of the river and then from the other,—that is to say, in words alternately French and German. The truth is, he was tired of waiting ; and when Flemming had at length resumed his seat in the post-chaise, the poor horses had to make up the time he lost in dreams on the mountain. This is far oftener the case than most people imagine. One half of the world has to sweat and groan, that the other half may dream. It would have been a difficult task for the traveller or his postilion to persuade the horses that these dreams were all for their good.

The next stopping-place was the little tavern of the Star, an out-of-the-way corner in the town of Salzig. It stands on the banks of the Rhine ; and, directly in front of it, sheer from the water's edge, rise the mountains of Liebenstein and Sternenfels, each with its ruined castle. These are the Brothers of the old tradition, still gazing at each other face to face ; and beneath them, in the valley, stands a cloister,—meet emblem of that orphan child they both so passionately loved.

In a small flat-bottomed boat did the landlady's daughter row Flemming “over the Rhine-stream, rapid and

roaring wide." She was a beautiful girl of sixteen ; with black hair, and dark, lovely eyes, and a face that had a story to tell. How different faces are in this particular ! Some of them speak not. They are books in which not a line is written, save perhaps a date. Others are great Family Bibles, with all the Old and the New Testament written in them. Others are Mother Goose and nursery tales ; others, bad tragedies, or pickle-herring farces ; and others, like that of the landlady's daughter at the Star, sweet love-anthologies, and songs of the affections. It was on that account that Flemming said to her, as they glided out into the swift stream,—

" My dear child ! do you know the story of the Liebenstein ? "

" The story of the Liebenstein," she answered, " I got by heart when I was a little child."

And here her large, dark, passionate eyes looked into Flemming's, and he doubted not that she had learned the story far too soon and far too well. That story he longed to hear, as if it were unknown to him ; for he knew that the girl, who had got it by heart when a child, would tell it as it should be told. So he begged her to repeat the story, which she was but too glad to do ; for she loved and believed it, as if it had all been written in the Bible. But before she began, she rested a moment on her oars, and, taking the crucifix which hung suspended from her neck, kissed it, and then let it sink down into her bosom, as if it were an anchor she was letting down into her heart. Meanwhile her moist, dark eyes were turned to heaven. Perhaps her soul was walking with the souls of Cunizza, and Rahab, and Mary Magdalen. Or perhaps she was thinking of that nun, of whom St. Gregory says, in his Dialogues, that, having greedily eaten a lettuce in a gar-

den without making the sign of the cross, she found herself soon after possessed with a devil.

The probability, however, is, that she was looking at the ruined castles only, and not to heaven, for she soon began her story, and told Flemming how, a great, great many years ago, an old man lived in the Liebenstein with his two sons ; and how both the young men loved the Lady Geraldine, an orphan, under their father's care ; and how the elder brother went away in despair, and the younger was betrothed to the Lady Geraldine ; and how they were as happy as Aschenputtel and the Prince. And then the holy Saint Bernard came and carried away all the young men to the war, just as Napoleon did afterwards ; and the young lord went to the Holy Land, and the Lady Geraldine sat in her tower and wept, and waited for her lover's return, while the old father built the Sternenfels for them to live in when they were married. And when it was finished, the old man died ; and the elder brother came back and lived in the Liebenstein, and took care of the gentle lady. Erelong there came news from the Holy Land that the war was over ; and the heart of the gentle lady beat with joy, till she heard that her faithless lover was coming back with a Greek wife,—the wicked man !—and then she went into a convent and became a holy nun. So the young lord of Sternenfels came home, and lived in his castle in great splendor with the Greek woman, who was a wicked woman, and did what she ought not to do. But the elder brother was angry for the wrong done the gentle lady, and challenged the lord of Sternenfels to single combat. And while they were fighting with their great swords in the valley of Bornhofen behind the castle, the convent bells began to ring, and the Lady Geraldine came forth with a train of nuns all

dressed in white, and made the brothers friends again, and told them she was the bride of Heaven, and happier in her convent than she could have been in the Liebenstein or the Sternenfels. And when the brothers returned they found that the false Greek wife had gone away with another knight. So they lived together in peace, and were never married. And when they died ——”

“Lisbeth ! Lisbeth !” cried a sharp voice from the shore, “Lisbeth ! where are you taking the gentleman ?”

This recalled the poor girl to her senses ; and she saw how fast they were floating down stream. For, in telling the story, she had forgotten everything else, and the swift current had swept them down to the tall walnut-trees of Kamp. They landed in front of the Capuchin Monastery. Lisbeth led the way through the little village, and, turning to the right, pointed up the romantic, lonely valley which leads to the Liebenstein, and even offered to go up. But Flemming patted her cheek, and shook his head. He went up the valley alone.

CHAPTER V.

JEAN PAUL, THE ONLY-ONE.

THE man in the play who wished for "some forty pounds of lovely beef, placed in a Mediterranean Sea of brewis," might have seen his ample desires almost realized at the table d'hôte of the Rheinischen Hof, in Mayence, where Flemming dined that day. At the head of the table sat a gentleman with a smooth, broad forehead, and large, intelligent eyes. He was from Baireuth in Franconia; and talked about poetry and Jean Paul to a pale, romantic-looking lady on his right. There was music all dinner-time at the other end of the hall,—a harp and a horn and a voice,—so that a great part of the fat gentleman's conversation with the pale lady was lost to Flemming, who sat opposite to her, and could look right into her large, melancholy eyes. But what he heard so much interested him,—indeed, the very name of the beloved Jean Paul would have been enough for this,—that he ventured to join in the conversation, and asked the German if had known the poet personally.

"Yes, I knew him well," replied the stranger. "I am a native of Baireuth, where he passed the best years of his life. In my mind, the man and the author are closely united. I never read a page of his writings without hearing his voice, and seeing his form before me. There he sits, with his majestic, mountainous forehead, his mild blue eyes, and finely cut nose and mouth; his

massive frame clad loosely and carelessly in an old green frock, from the pockets of which the corners of books project, and perhaps the end of a loaf of bread and the nose of a bottle; a straw hat, lined with green, lying near him; a huge walking-stick in his hand, and at his feet a white poodle, with pink eyes, and a string round his neck. You would sooner have taken him for a master-carpenter than for a poet. Is he a favorite author of yours?"

Flemming answered in the affirmative.

"But a foreigner must find it exceedingly difficult to understand him," said the gentleman. "It is by no means an easy task for us Germans."

"I have always observed," replied Fleming, "that the true understanding and appreciation of a poet depend more upon individual than upon national character. If there be a sympathy between the minds of writer and reader, the bounds and barriers of a foreign tongue are soon overleaped. If you once understand an author's character, the comprehension of his writings becomes easy."

"Very true," replied the German; "and the character of Richter is too marked to be easily misunderstood. Its prominent traits are tenderness and manliness,—qualities which are seldom found united in so high a degree as in him. Over all he sees, over all he writes, are spread the sunbeams of a cheerful spirit,—the light of inexhaustible human love. Every sound of human joy and of human sorrow finds a deep-resounding echo in his bosom. In every man, he loves his humanity only, not his superiority. The avowed object of all his literary labors was to raise up again the down-sunken faith in God, virtue, and immortality; and in an egotistical, revolutionary

age, to warm again our human sympathies, which have now grown cold. And not less boundless is his love for nature,—for this outward, beautiful world. He embraces it all in his arms.”

“Yes,” answered Flemming, almost taking the words out of the stranger’s mouth, “for in his mind all things become idealized. He seems to describe himself when he describes the hero of his Titan, as a child, rocking in a high wind upon the branches of a full-blossomed apple-tree, and as its summit, blown abroad by the wind, now sunk him in deep green, and now tossed him aloft in deep blue and glancing sunshine,—in his imagination stood that tree gigantic ;—it grew alone in the universe, as if it were the tree of eternal life ; its roots struck down into the abyss ; the white and red clouds hung as blossoms upon it ; the moon as fruit ; the little stars sparkled like dew, and Albano reposed in its measureless summit ; and a storm swayed the summit out of Day into Night, and out of Night into Day.”

“Yet the spirit of love,” interrupted the Franconian, “was not weakness, but strength. It was united in him with great manliness. The sword of his spirit had been forged and beaten by poverty. Its temper had been tried by a thirty years’ war. It was not broken, not even blunted, but rather strengthened and sharpened, by the blows it gave and received. And, possessing this noble spirit of humanity, endurance, and self-denial, he made literature his profession ; as if he had been divinely commissioned to write. He seems to have cared for nothing else, to have thought of nothing else, than living quietly and making books. He says that he felt it his duty, not to enjoy, nor to acquire, but to write ; and boasted that he had made as many books as he had lived years.”

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HYPERION, ROMANCE.

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simple; then, again, obscure & majestic and serious about it. are like mummies embalmed with, a rough good-nature, all about with curious envelopments, beneath the heavy moaning thoughts themselves are, as if Jean Paul, the Only images, airy forms, merged together by hyphens, as if dinner passed; and high and low, as if a cathedral. They were down the dusty streets of Rotterdam, strutting, man and Flemish stalls of the R for the see into each

his nature,—a come-
nature. When you read
climbing a high mountain, in merry
sun rise. At times you are enveloped in
morning wind sweeps by you with a shout,—you hear the
far-off muttering thunders. Wide beneath you spreads the
landscape,—field, meadow, town, and winding river. The
ringing of distant church-bells, or the sound of solemn
village clock reaches you;—then arises the sweet and
manifold fragrance of flowers,—the birds begin to sing,
—the vapors roll away,—up comes the glorious sun,—
you revel like the lark in the sunshine and bright blue
heaven, and all is a delirious dream of soul and sense,—
when suddenly a friend at your elbow laughs aloud, and
offers you a piece of Bologna sausage. As in real life, so
in his writings; the serious and the comic, the sublime
and the grotesque, the pathetic and the ludicrous, are
mingled together. At times he is sententious, energetic,

simple ; then, again, obscure and diffuse. His thoughts are like mummies embalmed in spices, and wrapped about with curious envelopments ; but within these the thoughts themselves are kings. At times glad, beautiful images, airy forms, move by you, graceful, harmonious ; —at times, the glaring, wild-looking fancies, chained together by hyphens, brackets, and dashes, brave and base, high and low, all in their motley dresses, go sweeping down the dusty page, like the galley-slaves that sweep the streets of Rome, where you may chance to see the nobleman and the peasant manacled together.”

Flemming smiled at the German’s warmth, to which the presence of the lady and the Laubenheimer wine seemed each to have contributed something, and then said :—

“Better an outlaw than not free !—These are his own words. And thus he changes at his will. Like the God Thor, of the old Northern mythology, he now holds forth the seven bright stars in the bright heaven above us, and now hides himself in clouds, and pounds away with his great hammer.”

“And yet this is not affectation in him,” rejoined the German. “It is his nature,—it is Jean Paul. And the figures and ornaments of his style, wild, fantastic, and oftentimes startling, like those in Gothic cathedrals, are not merely what they seem, but massive coignes and buttresses which support the fabric. Remove them, and the roof and walls fall in. And through these gurgoyles, these wild faces, carved upon spouts and gutters, flow out, like gathered rain, the bright, abundant thoughts that have fallen from heaven. And all he does is done with a kind of serious playfulness. He is a sea-monster, disporting himself on the broad ocean ; his very sport is

earnest ; there is something majestic and serious about it. In everything there is strength, a rough good-nature, all sunshine overhead, and underneath the heavy moaning of the sea. Well may he be called 'Jean Paul, the Only-One.' ”

With such discourse the hour of dinner passed ; and after dinner Flemming went to the Cathedral. They were singing vespers. A beadle, dressed in blue, with a cocked hat, and a crimson sash and collar, was strutting, like a turkey, along the aisles. This important gentleman conducted Flemming through the church, and showed him the choir, with its heavy-sculptured stalls of oak, and the beautiful figures in brown stone over the bishops' tombs. He then led him, by a side-door, into the old and ruined cloisters of St. Willigis. Through the low Gothic arches the sunshine streamed upon the pavement of tombstones, whose images and inscriptions are mostly effaced by the footsteps of many generations. There stands the tomb of Frauenlob, the Minnesinger. His face is sculptured on an entablature in the wall ; a fine, strongly-marked, and serious countenance. Below it is a bas-relief, representing the poet's funeral. He is carried to his grave by ladies, whose praise he sang, and thereby won the name of Frauenlob.

“This, then,” said Flemming, “is the grave, not of Praise-God Bare-bones, but of Praise-the-Ladies Meissen, who wrote songs, ‘somewhat of lust, and somewhat of love.’ But where sleeps the dust of his rival and foe, sweet Master Bartholomew Rainbow ? ”

He meant this for an aside ; but the turkey-cock picked it up, and answered :—

“I do not know. He did not belong to this parish.”

It was already night when Flemming crossed the

Roman bridge over the Nahe, and entered the town of Bingen. He stopped at the White Horse ; and, before going to bed, looked out into the dim starlight from his window towards the Rhine, and his heart leaped up to behold the bold outline of the neighboring hills crested with Gothic ruins ; which in the morning proved to be only a high slated roof, with fantastic chimneys.

The morning was bright and frosty ; and the river tinged with gay colors by the rising sun. A soft, thin vapor floated in the air. In the sunbeams flashed the hoar-frost like silver stars ; and through a long avenue of trees, whose dripping branches bent and scattered pearls before him, Paul Flemming journeyed on in triumph.

I will not prolong this journey, for I am weary and way-worn, and would fain be at Heidelberg with my readers and my hero. It was already night when he reached the Mannheim gate, and drove down the long Hauptstrasse so slowly, that it seemed to him endless. The shops were lighted on each side of the street, and he saw faces at the windows here and there, and figures passing in the lamplight, visible for a moment, and then swallowed up in the darkness. The thoughts that filled his mind were strange ; as are always those of a traveller who enters for the first time a strange city. This little world had been going on for centuries before he came ; and would go on for centuries after he was gone. Of all the thousands who inhabited it, he knew nothing ; and what knew they, or thought, of the stranger, who, in that close post-chaise, weary with travel, and chilled by the evening wind, was slowly rumbling over the paved street ? Truly, this world can go on without us, if we would but think so. If it had been a hearse instead of a post-chaise, it

would have been all the same to the people of Heidelberg, —though by no means the same to Paul Flemming.

But at the farther end of the city, near the Castle and the Carls-Thor, one warm heart was waiting to receive him ; and this was the German heart of his friend, the Baron of Hohenfels, with whom he was to pass the winter in Heidelberg. No sooner had the carriage stopped at the iron-grated gate, and the postilion blown his horn, to announce the arrival of a traveller, than the Baron was seen among the servants at the door ; and, a few moments afterwards, the two long absent friends were in each other's arms, and Flemming received a kiss upon each cheek, and another on the mouth, as a pledge and seal of the German's friendship. They held each other long by the hand, and looked into each other's face, and saw themselves in each other's eyes, both literally and figuratively ; literally, inasmuch as the images were there ; and figuratively, inasmuch as each was imagining what the other thought of him, after the lapse of some years. In friendly hopes and questionings and answers, the evening glided away at the supper-table, where many more things were discussed than the roasted hare and the Johannisberger ; and they sat late into the night, conversing of the thoughts and feelings and delights which fill the hearts of young men who have already enjoyed and suffered, and hoped and been disappointed.

CHAPTER VI.

HEIDELBERG AND THE BARON.

HIGH and hoar on the forehead of the Jettenbühl stands the Castle of Heidelberg. Behind it rise the oak-crested hills of the Geissberg and the Kaiserstuhl; and in front, from the broad terrace of masonry, you can almost throw a stone upon the roofs of the city, so close do they lie beneath. Above this terrace rises the broad front of the chapel of Saint Udalrich. On the left stands the slender octagon tower of the horologe; and on the right, a huge round tower, battered and shattered by the mace of war, shores up with its broad shoulders, the beautiful palace and garden-terrace of Elizabeth, wife of the Pfalzgraf Frederick. In the rear are older palaces and towers, forming a vast, irregular quadrangle;—Rodolph's ancient castle, with its Gothic gloriette and fantastic gables; the Giant's Tower, guarding the draw-bridge over the moat; the Rent Tower, with the linden-trees growing on its summit; and the magnificent Rittersaal of Otho-Henry, Count Palatine of the Rhine and Grand Seneschal of the Holy Roman Empire. From the gardens behind the castle, you pass under the archway of the Giant's Tower into the great courtyard. The diverse architecture of different ages strikes the eye, and curious sculptures. In niches on the wall of Saint Udalrich's chapel stand rows of knights in armor, all broken and dismembered; and on the front of Otho's Rittersaal, the

heroes of Jewish history and classic fable. You enter the open and desolate chambers of the ruin; and on every side are medallions and family arms; the Globe of the Empire and the Golden Fleece, or the Eagle of the Cæsars, resting on the escutcheons of Bavaria and the Palatinate. Over the windows and doorways and chimney-pieces are sculptures and mouldings of exquisite workmanship; and the eye is bewildered by the profusion of caryatides, and arabesques and rosettes, and fan-like flutings, and garlands of fruits and flowers and acorns, and bullocks' heads with draperies of foliage, and muzzles of lions, holding rings in their teeth. The cunning hand of Art was busy for six centuries in raising and adorning these walls; the mailed hands of Time and War have defaced and overthrown them in less than two. Next to the Alhambra of Granada, the castle of Heidelberg is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages.

In the valley below flows the rushing stream of the Neckar. Close from its margin, on the opposite side, rises the Mountain of All-Saints, crowned with the ruins of a convent; and up the valley stretches the mountain-curtain of the Odenwald. So close and many are the hills which eastward shut the valley in, that the river seems a lake. But westward it opens upon the broad plain of the Rhine, like the mouth of a trumpet; and like the blast of a trumpet is at times the wintry wind through this narrow mountain-pass. The blue Alsatian hills rise beyond; and on a platform or strip of level land, between the Neckar and the mountains, right under the castle, stands the city of Heidelberg; as the old song says, "a pleasant town, when it has done raining."

Something of this did Paul Flemming behold, when he

rose the next morning and looked from his window. It was a warm, vapory morning, and a struggle was going on between the mist and the rising sun. The sun had taken the hill-tops, but the mist still kept possession of the valley and the town. The steeple of the great church rose through a dense mass of snow-white clouds ; and eastward on the hills the dim vapors were rolling across the windows of the ruined castle, like the fiery smoke of a fierce conflagration. It seemed to him an image of the rising of the sun of Truth on a benighted world ; its light streamed through the ruins of centuries ; and, down in the Valley of Time, the cross on the Christian church caught its rays, though the priests were singing in mist and darkness below.

In the warm breakfast-parlor he found the Baron waiting for him. He was lying upon a sofa, in morning gown and purple-velvet slippers, both with flowers upon them. He had a guitar in his hand, and a pipe in his mouth, at the same time smoking, playing, and humming his favorite song from Goethe :—

“The water rushed, the water swelled,
A fisher sat thereby.”

Flemming could hardly refrain from laughing at the sight of his friend ; and told him it reminded him of a street-musician he once saw in Aix-la-Chapelle, who was playing upon six instruments at once ; having a helmet with bells on his head, a Pan's-reed in his cravat, a fiddle in his hand, a triangle on his knee, cymbals on his heels, and on his back a brass-drum, which he played with his elbows. To tell the truth, the Baron of Hohenfels was rather a miscellaneous youth, rather a universal genius. He pursued all things with eagerness, but for a short time

only : music, poetry, painting, pleasure, even the study of the Pandects. His feelings were keenly alive to the enjoyment of life. His great defect was, that he was too much in love with human nature. But by the power of imagination, in him, the bearded goat was changed to a bright Capricornus ;—no longer an animal on earth, but a constellation in heaven. An easy and indolent disposition made him gentle and childlike in his manners ; and, in short, the beauty of his character, like that of the precious opal, was owing to a defect in its organization. His person was tall and slightly built ; his hair light ; and his eyes blue, and as beautiful as those of a girl. In the tones of his voice there was something indescribably gentle and winning ; and he spoke the German language with the soft, musical accent of his native province of Curland. In his manners, if he had not “ Antinoüs’ easy sway,” he had at least an easy sway of his own. Such, in few words, was the friend of Flemming.

“ And what do you think of Heidelberg and the old castle up there ? ” said he, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table.

“ Last night the town seemed very long to me,” replied Flemming ; “ and as to the castle, I have as yet had but a glimpse of it through the mist. They tell me there is nothing finer in its way, excepting the Alhambra of Grenada ; and no doubt I shall find it so. Only I wish the stone were gray, and not red. But, red or gray, I foresee that I shall waste many a long hour in its desolate halls. Pray, does anybody live up there now-a-days ? ”

“ Nobody,” answered the Baron, “ but the man who shows the Heidelberg Ton, and Monsieur Charles de Grainberg, a Frenchman, who has been there sketching ever since the year eighteen hundred and ten. He has,

moreover, written a super-magnificent description of the ruin, in which he says, that during the day only birds of prey disturb it with their piercing cries, and at night, screech-owls, and other fallow deer. These are his own words. You must buy his book and his sketches."

"Yes, the quotation and the tone of your voice will certainly persuade me so to do."

"Take his or none, my friend, for you will find no others. And seriously, his sketches are very good. There is one on the wall there, which is beautiful, save and except that straddle-bug figure among the bushes in the corner."

"But is there no ghost, no haunted chamber in the old castle?" asked Flemming, after casting a hasty glance at the picture.

"O, certainly," replied the Baron; "there are two. There is the ghost of the Virgin Mary in Ruprecht's Tower, and the Devil in the Dungeon."

"Ha! that is grand!" exclaimed Flemming, with evident delight. "Tell me the whole story, quickly! I am as curious as a child."

"It is a tale of the times of Louis le Débonnaire," said the Baron, with a smile; "a mouldy tradition of a credulous age. His brother Frederick lived here in the castle with him, and had a flirtation with Leonore von Luzelstein, a lady of the court, whom he afterwards despised, and was consequently most cordially hated by her. From political motives, he was equally hateful to certain petty German tyrants, who, in order to effect his ruin, accused him of heresy. But his brother Louis would not deliver him up to their fury, and they resolved to effect by stratagem what they could not by intrigue. Accordingly, Leonore von Luzelstein, disguised as the Virgin

Mary, and the father confessor of the Elector, in the costume of Satan, made their appearance in the Elector's bedchamber at midnight, and frightened him so horribly, that he consented to deliver up his brother into the hands of two Black Knights, who pretended to be ambassadors from the Vehm-Gericht. They proceeded together to Frederick's chamber ; where, luckily, old Gemmingen, a brave soldier, kept guard behind the arras. The monk went foremost in his Satanic garb ; but no sooner had he set foot in the prince's bedchamber, than the brave Gemmingen drew his sword, and said quaintly, ' Die, wretch ! ' and so he died. The rest took to their heels, and were heard of no more. And now the souls of Leonore and the monk haunt the scene of their midnight crime. You will find the story in Grainberg's book, worked up with a kind of red-morocco and burnt-cork sublimity, and great melodramatic clanking of chains, and hooting of owls, and other fallow deer ! ”

“ After breakfast,” said Flemming, “ we will go up to the castle. I must get acquainted with this mirror of owls, this modern Till Eulenspiegel. See what a glorious morning we have ! It is truly a wondrous winter ! what summer sunshine ! what soft Venetian fogs ! How the wanton, treacherous air coquets with the old graybeard trees ! Such weather makes the grass and our beards grow apace ! But we have an old saying in English, that winter never rots in the sky. So he will come down at last in his old-fashioned mealy coat. We shall have snow in spring ; and the blossoms will be all snow-flakes. And afterwards a summer, which will be no summer, but, as Jean Paul says, only a winter painted green. Is it not so ? ”

“ Unless I am much deceived in the climate of Heidel-

berg," replied the Baron, "we shall not have to wait long for snow. We have sudden changes here ; and I should not marvel much if it snowed before night."

"The greater reason for making good use of the morning sunshine, then. Let us hasten to the castle, after which my heart yearns."

CHAPTER VII.

LIVES OF SCHOLARS.

THE forebodings of the Baron proved true. In the afternoon the weather changed. The western wind began to blow, and its breath drew a cloud-veil over the face of Heaven, as a breath does over the human face in a mirror. Soon the snow began to fall. Athwart the distant landscape it swept like a white mist. The storm-wind came from the Alsatian hills, and struck the dense clouds aslant through the air. And ever faster fell the snow, a roaring torrent from those mountainous clouds. The setting sun glared wildly from the summit of the hills, and sank like a burning ship at sea, wrecked in the tempest. Thus the evening set in ; and winter stood at the gate wagging his white and shaggy beard, like an old harper chanting an old rhyme :—"How cold it is ! how cold it is !"

"I like such a storm as this," said Flemming, who stood at the window, looking out into the tempest and the gathering darkness. "The silent falling of snow is to me one of the most solemn things in nature. The fall of autumnal leaves does not so much affect me. But the driving storm is grand. It startles me ; it awakens me. It is wild and woful, like my own soul. I cannot help thinking of the sea ; how the waves run and toss their arms about,—and the wind plays on those great harps made by the shrouds and masts of ships. Winter is here

in earnest ! Whew ! How the old churl whistles and threshes the snow ! Sleet and rain are falling too. Already the trees are bearded with icicles ; and the two broad branches of yonder pine look like the white mustache of some old German Baron."

"And to-morrow it will look more wintry still," said his friend. "We shall wake up and find that the frost-spirit has been at work all night building Gothic cathedrals on our windows, just as the Devil built the Cathedral of Cologne. So draw the curtains, and come, sit here by the warm fire."

"And now," said Flemming, having done as his friend desired, "tell me something of Heidelberg and its University. I suppose we shall lead about as solitary and studious a life here as we did of yore in little Göttingen, with nothing to amuse us, save our own day-dreams."

"Pretty much so," replied the Baron ; "which cannot fail to please you, since you are in pursuit of tranquillity. As to the University, it is, as you know, one of the oldest in Germany. It was founded in the fourteenth century by the Count Palatine Ruprecht, and had in the first year more than five hundred students, all busily committing to memory, after the old scholastic wise, the rules of grammar versified by Alexander de Villa Dei, and the extracts made by Peter the Spaniard from Michel Psellus's Synopsis of Aristotle's Organon, and the Categories, with Porphyry's Commentaries. Truly, I do not much wonder that Erigena Scotus should have been put to death by his scholars with their penknives. They must have been pushed to the very verge of despair."

"What a strange picture a university presents to the imagination ! The lives of scholars in their cloistered stillness ;—literary men of retired habits, and professors

who study sixteen hours a day, and never see the world but on a Sunday. Nature has, no doubt, for some wise purpose, placed in their hearts this love of literary labor and seclusion. Otherwise, who would feed the undying lamp of thought? But for such men as these, a blast of wind through the chinks and crannies of this old world, or the flapping of a conqueror's banner, would blow it out forever. The light of the soul is easily extinguished. And whenever I reflect upon these things, I become aware of the great importance, in a nation's history, of the individual fame of scholars and literary men. I fear that it is far greater than the world is willing to acknowledge; or, perhaps I should say, than the world has thought of acknowledging. Blot out from England's history the names of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Milton only, and how much of her glory would you blot out with them! Take from Italy such names as Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Michel Angelo, and Raphael, and how much would be wanting to the completeness of her glory! How would the history of Spain look, if the leaves were torn out on which are written the names of Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon? What would be the fame of Portugal, without her Camoens; of France, without her Racine, and Rabelais, and Voltaire; or of Germany, without her Martin Luther, her Goethe, and her Schiller?—Nay, what were the nations of old, without their philosophers, poets, and historians? Tell me, do not these men, in all ages and in all places, emblazon with bright colors the armorial bearings of their country? Yes, and far more than this; for in all ages and in all places they give humanity assurance of its greatness, and say, 'Call not this time or people wholly barbarous; for thus much, even then and there, could the human mind achieve!'

♦

But the boisterous world has hardly thought of acknowledging all this. Therein it has shown itself somewhat ungrateful. Else, whence the great reproach, the general scorn, the loud derision, with which, to take a familiar example, the monks of the Middle Ages are regarded? That they slept their lives away is most untrue. For in an age when books were few,—so few, so precious, that they were often chained to their oaken shelves with iron chains, like galley-slaves to their benches,—these men, with their laborious hands, copied upon parchment all the lore and wisdom of the past, and transmitted it to us. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that, but for these monks, not one line of the classics would have reached our day. Surely, then, we can pardon something to those superstitious ages, perhaps even the mysticism of the scholastic philosophy; since, after all, we can find no harm in it, only the mistaking of the possible for the real, and the high aspirings of the human mind after a long-sought and unknown somewhat. I think the name of Martin Luther, the monk of Wittenberg, alone sufficient to redeem all monkhood from the reproach of laziness. If this will not, perhaps the vast folios of Thomas Aquinas will; or the countless manuscripts, still treasured in old libraries, whose yellow and wrinkled pages remind one of the hands that wrote them and the faces that once bent over them.”

“An eloquent homily,” said the Baron, laughing; “a most touching appeal in behalf of suffering humanity! For my part, I am no friend of this entire seclusion from the world. It has a very injurious effect on the mind of a scholar. The Chinese proverb is true: a single conversation across the table with a wise man is better than ten years’ mere study of books. I have known some of

these literary men who thus shut themselves up from the world. Their minds never come in contact with those of their fellow-men. They read little. They think much. They are mere dreamers. They know not what is new nor what is old. They often strike upon trains of thought, which stand written in good authors some century or so back, and are even current in the mouths of men around them. But they know it not; and imagine they are bringing forward something very original, when they publish their thoughts."

"It reminds me," replied Flemming, "of what Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, when he proposed to travel abroad in order to bring home improvements:—'He will bring home a wheelbarrow, and call that an improvement.' It is unfortunately the same with some of these scholars."

"And the worst of it is," said the Baron, "that, in solitude, some fixed idea will often take root in the mind, and grow till it overshadow all one's thoughts. To this must all opinions come; no thought can enter there, which shall not be wedded to the fixed idea. There it remains, and grows. It is like the watchman's wife in the Tower of Waiblingen, who grew to such a size, that she could not get down the narrow staircase; and when her husband died, his successor was forced to marry the fat widow in the Tower."

"I remember an old English comedy," said Flemming, laughing, "in which a scholar is described as a creature that can strike fire in the morning at his tinder-box,—put on a pair of lined slippers,—sit ruminating till dinner, and then go to his meat when the bell rings;—one that hath a peculiar gift in a cough, and a license to spit;—or, if you will have him defined by

negatives, he is one that cannot make a good leg,—one that cannot eat a mess of broth cleanly. What think you of that ?”

“That is just as people are always represented in English comedy,” said the Baron. “The portrait is overcharged,—caricatured.”

“And yet,” continued Flemming, “no longer ago than yesterday, in the preface of a work by Dr. Rosenkranz, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Halle, I read this passage.”

He opened a book and read :—

“Here in Halle, where we have no public garden and no Tivoli, no London Exchange, no Paris Chamber of Deputies, no Berlin or Vienna theatres, no Strasburg Minster nor Salzburg Alps, no Grecian ruins nor fantastic Catholicism, — in fine, nothing, which, after one’s daily task is finished, can divert and refresh him, without his knowing or caring how,—I consider the sight of a proof-sheet quite as delightful as a walk in the Prater of Vienna. I fill my pipe very quietly, take out my inkstand and pens, seat myself in the corner of my sofa, read, correct, and now for the first time really set about thinking what I have written. To see this origin of a book, this metamorphosis of manuscript into print, is a delight to which I give myself up entirely. Look you,—this melancholy pleasure, which would have furnished the departed Voss with worthy matter for more than one blessed Idyl (the more so, as on such occasions I am generally arrayed in a morning gown, though, I am sorry to say, not a calamanco one, with great flowers),—this melancholy pleasure has already grown here in Halle to a sweet, pedantic habit. Since I began my hermit’s life here, I have been printing ; and so long as I remain here,

I shall keep on printing. In all probability, I shall die with a proof-sheet in my hand."

"This," said Flemming, closing the book, "is no caricature by a writer of comedy, but a portrait by a man's own hand. We can see by it how easily, under certain circumstances, one may glide into the habits of seclusion, and in a kind of undress, slipshod hardihood, with a pipe and a proof-sheet, defy the world. Into this state scholars have too often fallen ; thus giving some ground for the prevalent opinion that scholarship and rusticity are inseparable. To me, I confess, it is painful to see the scholar and the world assume so often a hostile attitude, and set each other at defiance. Surely, it is a characteristic trait of a great and liberal mind, that it recognizes humanity in all its forms and conditions. I am a student ;—and always, when I sit alone at night, I recognize the divinity of the student, as she reveals herself to me in the flame of the midnight lamp. But, because solitude and books are not unpleasant to me,—nay, wished for, sought after,—shall I say to my brother, Thou fool ! Shall I take the world by the beard, and say, Thou art old, and mad ! Shall I look society in the face, and say, Thou art heartless !—Heartless ! Beware of that word ! Life, says, very wisely, the good Jean Paul, 'Life in every shape should be precious to us, for the same reason that the Turks carefully collect every scrap of paper that comes in their way, because the name of God may be written upon it.' Nothing is more true than this, yet nothing more neglected."

"If it be painful to see this misunderstanding between scholars and the world," said the Baron, "I think it is still more painful to see the private sufferings of authors by profession. How many have languished in poverty,

how many died broken-hearted, how many gone mad with over-excitement and disappointed hopes ! How instructive and painfully interesting are their lives ! with so many weaknesses, so much to pardon, so much to pity, so much to admire ! I think he was not so far out of the way who said that, next to the Newgate Calendar, the Biography of Authors is the most sickening chapter in the history of man."

"It is indeed enough to make one's heart ache !" interrupted Flemming. "Only think of Johnson and Savage, rambling about the streets of London at midnight, without a place to sleep in ; Otway starved to death ; Cowley mad, and howling like a dog, through the aisles of Chichester Cathedral, at the sound of church music ! and Goldsmith, strutting up Fleet Street in his peach-blossom coat, to knock a bookseller over the pate with one of his own volumes ; and then, in his poverty, about to marry his landlady in Green Arbor Court."

"A life of sorrow and privation, a hard life indeed, do these poor devil authors have of it," replied the Baron ; "and then at last must get them to the workhouse, or creep away into some hospital to die."

"After all," said Flemming, with a sigh, "poverty is not a crime."

"But something worse," interrupted the Baron ; "as Dufresny said, when he married his laundress, because he could not pay her bill. He was the author, as you know, of the opera of Lot, at whose representation the great pun was made ;—I say the great pun, as we say the great ton of Heidelberg. As one of the performers was singing the line, '*L'amour a vaincu Loth,*' (*vingt culottes,*) a voice from the pit cried out, '*Qu'il en donne une à l'auteur !*'"

Flemming laughed at the unseasonable jest ; and then, after a short pause, continued :—

“ And yet, if you look closely at the causes of these calamities of authors, you will find that many of them spring from false and exaggerated ideas of poetry and the poetic character ; and from disdain of common sense, upon which all character worth having is founded. This comes from keeping aloof from the world, apart from our fellow-men ; disdainful of society, as frivolous. By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is nature’s law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite its oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned.”

“ After all,” said the Baron, “ we must pardon much to men of genius. A delicate organization renders them keenly susceptible to pain and pleasure. And then they idealize everything ; and, in the moonlight of fancy, even the deformity of vice seems beautiful.”

“ And this you think should be forgiven ? ”

“ At all events, it is forgiven. The world loves a spice of wickedness. Talk as you will about principle, impulse is more attractive, even when it goes too far. The passions of youth, like unhooded hawks, fly high, with musical bells upon their jesses ; and we forget the cruelty of the sport in the dauntless bearing of the gallant bird.”

“ And thus do the world and society corrupt the scholar ! ” exclaimed Flemming.

Here the Baron rang, and ordered a bottle of Prince Metternich. He then very slowly filled his pipe, and began to smoke. Flemming was lost in a day-dream.

CHAPTER VIII.

LITERARY FAME.

TIME has a Doomsday-Book, upon whose pages he is continually recording illustrious names. But as often as a new name is written there, an old one disappears. Only a few stand in illuminated characters, never to be effaced. These are the high nobility of Nature,—Lords of the Public Domain of Thought. Posterity shall never question their titles. But those whose fame lives only in the indiscreet opinion of unwise men, must soon be as well forgotten as if they had never been. To this great oblivion must most men come. It is better, therefore, that they should soon make up their minds to this,—well knowing that, as their bodies must ere long be resolved into dust again, and their graves tell no tales of them, so must their names likewise be utterly forgotten, and their most cherished thoughts, purposes, and opinions have no longer an individual being among men, but be resolved and incorporated into the universe of thought. If, then, the imagination can trace the noble dust of heroes, till we find it stopping a beer-barrel, and know that

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
May stop a hole to keep the wind away,”—

not less can it trace the noble thoughts of great men, till it finds them mouldered into the common dust of conversation, and used to stop men’s mouths, and patch up

theories, to keep out the flaws of opinion. Such, for example, are all popular adages and wise proverbs, which are now resolved into the common mass of thought ; their authors forgotten, and having no more an individual being among men.

It is better, therefore, that men should soon make up their minds to be forgotten, and look about them, or within them, for some higher motive, in what they do, than the approbation of men, which is Fame,—namely, their duty ; that they should be constantly and quietly at work, each in his sphere, regardless of effects, and leaving their fame to take care of itself. Difficult must this indeed be in our imperfection ; impossible, perhaps, to achieve it wholly. (Yet the resolute, the indomitable will of man can achieve much,—at times, even this victory over himself ; being persuaded that fame comes only when deserved, and then is as inevitable as destiny, for it is destiny.)

It has become a common saying, that men of genius are always in advance of their age ; which is true. There is something equally true, yet not so common ; namely, that, of these men of genius, the best and bravest are in advance, not only of their own age, but of every age. As the German prose-poet says, every possible future is behind them. We cannot suppose that a period of time will ever come, when the world, or any considerable portion of it, shall have come up abreast with these great minds, so as fully to comprehend them.

And, O, how majestically they walk in history ! some like the sun, “with all his travelling glories round him” ; others wrapped in gloom, yet glorious as a night with stars. Through the else silent darkness of the past, the spirit hears their slow and solemn footsteps. Onward

they pass, like those hoary elders seen in the sublime vision of an earthly paradise, attendant angels bearing golden lights before them, and, above and behind, the whole air painted with seven listed colors, as from the trail of pennons !

And yet, on earth, these men were not happy,—not all happy, in the outward circumstance of their lives. They were in want, and in pain, and familiar with prison-bars, and the damp, weeping walls of dungeons ! O, I have looked with wonder upon those who, in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort, and sickness, which is the shadow of death, have worked right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes ; toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much ;—and then, with shattered nerves, and sinews all unstrung, have laid themselves down in the grave, and slept the sleep of death,—and the world talks of them, while they sleep !

It would seem, indeed, as if their sufferings had but sanctified them ; as if the death-angel, in passing, had touched them with the hem of his garment, and made them holy ; as if the hand of disease had been stretched out over them only to make the sign of the cross upon their souls ! And as in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in this life-eclipse have these men beheld the lights of the great eternity, burning solemnly and forever !

This was Flemming's revery. It was broken by the voice of the Baron, suddenly exclaiming :—

“ An angel is flying over the house !—Here, in this goblet, fragrant as the honey of Hymettus, fragrant as the wild-flowers in the Angel's Meadow, I drink to the divinity of thy dreams.”

“ This is all sunshine,” said Flemming, as he drank.

“The wine of the Prince, and the Prince of wines. By the way, did you ever read that brilliant Italian dithyrambic, Redi’s Bacchus in Tuscany? an ode which seems to have been poured out of the author’s soul, as from a golden pitcher,

‘ Filled with the wine
Of the vine
Benign,
That flames so red in Sansavine.’

He calls the Montepulciano the king of all wines.”

“ Prince Metternich,” said the Baron, “ is greater than any king in Italy; and I wonder that this precious wine has never inspired a German poet to write a Bacchus on the Rhine. Many little songs we have on this theme, but none very extraordinary. The best are Max Schenkendorf’s Song of the Rhine, and the Song of Rhine Wine, by Claudius, a poet who never drank Rhenish without sugar. We will drink for him a blessing on the Rhine.”

And again the crystal lips of the goblets kissed each other, with a musical chime, as of evening bells at vintage-time from the villages on the Rhine. Of a truth, I do not much wonder that the German poet Schiller loved to write by candle-light with a bottle of Rhine-wine upon the table. Nor do I wonder at the worthy schoolmaster, Roger Ascham, when he says, in one of his letters from Germany to Mr. John Raven, of John’s College: “ Tell Mr. Maden I will drink with him now a carouse of wine; and would to God he had a vessel of Rhenish wine; and perchance, when I come to Cambridge, I will so provide here, that every year I will have a little piece of Rhenish wine.” Nor, in fine, do I wonder at the German emperor of whom he speaks in another letter to the same John Raven, and says, “ The

emperor drank the best that I ever saw ; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine." These were scholars and gentlemen.

"But to resume our old theme of scholars and their whereabouts," said the Baron, with an unusual glow, caught, no doubt, from the golden sunshine, imprisoned, like the student Anselmus, in the glass bottle ; "where should the scholar live ? In solitude, or in society ? in the green stillness of the country, where he can hear the heart of Nature beat, or in the dark, gray city, where he can hear and feel the throbbing heart of man ? I will make answer for him, and say, in the dark, gray city. O, they do greatly err who think that the stars are all the poetry which cities have ; and therefore that the poet's only dwelling should be in sylvan solitudes, under the green roof of trees. ~~Beautiful, no doubt, are all the forms of Nature, when transfigured by the miraculous power of poetry ;~~ hamlets and harvest-fields, and nut-brown waters, flowing ever under the forest, vast and shadowy, with all the sights and sounds of rural life. But after all, what are these but the decorations and painted scenery in the great theatre of human life ? What are they but the coarse materials of the poet's song ? Glorious indeed is the world of God around us, but more glorious the world of God within us. There lies the ~~Land of Song ; there~~ lies the poet's native land. The river of life, that flows through streets tumultuous, bearing along so many gallant hearts, so many wrecks of humanity ;—the many homes and households, each a little world in itself, revolving round its fireside, as a central sun ; all forms of human joy and suffering, brought into that narrow compass ;—and to be in this, and be a part

of this ; acting, thinking, rejoicing, sorrowing, with his fellow-men ;—~~such, such should be the~~ poet's life. If he would describe the world, he should live in the world. The mind of the scholar, also, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be bruised even by rude encounter than hanging forever rusting on the wall. Nor will his themes be few or trivial, because apparently shut in between the walls of houses, and having merely the decorations of street scenery. A ruined character is as picturesque as a ruined castle. There are dark abysses and yawning gulfs in the human heart, which can be rendered passable only by bridging them over with iron nerves and sinews, as Challey bridged the Savine in Switzerland, and Telford the sea between Anglesea and England, with chain bridges. These are the great themes of human thought ; not green grass, and flowers, and moonshine. Besides, the mere external forms of Nature we make our own, and carry with us into the city, by the power of memory."

"I fear, however," interrupted Flemming, "that in cities the soul of man grows proud. He needs at times to be sent forth, like the Assyrian monarch, into green fields, 'a wondrous wretch and weedless,' to eat green herbs, and be wakened and chastised by the rain shower and winter's bitter weather. Moreover, in cities there is danger of the soul's becoming wed to pleasure, and forgetful of its high vocation. There have been souls dedicated to heaven from childhood, and guarded by good angels as sweet seclusions for holy thoughts, and prayers, and all good purposes ; wherein pious wishes dwelt like nuns, and every image was a saint ; and yet in life's vicissitudes, by the treachery of occasion, by the thronging passions of great cities, have become soiled and sin-

ful. They resemble those convents on the river Rhine, which have been changed to taverns ; from whose chambers the pious inmates have long departed, and in whose cloisters the footsteps of travellers have effaced the images of buried saints, and whose walls are written over with ribaldry and the names of strangers, and resound no more with holy hymns, but with revelry and loud voices."

"Both town and country have their dangers," said the Baron ; "and therefore, wherever the scholar lives, he must never forget his high vocation. Other artists give themselves up wholly to the study of their art. It becomes with them almost religion. For the most part, and in their youth at least, they dwell in lands where the whole atmosphere of the soul is beauty ; laden with it, as the air may be with vapor, till their very nature is saturated with the genius of their art. Such, for example, is the artist's life in Italy."

"I agree with you," exclaimed Flemming ; "and such should be the poet's everywhere ; for he has his Rome, his Florence, his whole glowing Italy, within the four walls of his library. He has in his books the ruins of an antique world,—and the glories of a modern one,—his Apollo and Transfiguration. He must neither forget nor undervalue his vocation ; but thank God that he is a poet ; and everywhere be true to himself, and to 'the vision and the faculty divine' he feels within him."

"But at any rate, a city life is most eventful," continued the Baron. "The men who make, or take, the lives of poets and scholars, always complain that these lives are barren of incidents. Hardly a literary biography begins without some such apology, unwisely made. I confess, however, that it is not made without some show of truth, if by incidents we mean only those startling

events which suddenly turn aside the stream of time, and change the world's history in an hour. There is certainly a uniformity, pleasing or unpleasing, in literary life, which for the most part makes to-day seem twin-born with yesterday. But if by incidents you mean events in the history of the human mind, (and why not ?) noiseless events, that do not scar the forehead of the world as battles do, yet change it not the less, then surely the lives of literary men are most eventful. The complaint and the apology are both foolish. I do not see why a successful book is not as great an event as a successful campaign ; only different in kind, and not easily compared."

"Indeed," interrupted Flemming, "in no sense is the complaint strictly true, though at times apparently so. Events enough there are, were they all set down. A life that is worth writing at all is worth writing minutely. Besides, all literary men have not lived in silence and solitude ; not all in stillness, not all in shadow. For many have lived in troubled times, in the rude and adverse fortunes of the state and age, and could say, with Wallenstein,

' Our life was but a battle and a march ;
And, like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,
We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.'

Many such examples has history recorded,—Dante, Cervantes, Byron, and others : men of iron,—men who have dared to breast the strong breath of public opinion, and, like spectre-ships, come sailing right against the wind. Others have been puffed out by the first adverse wind that blew ; disgraced and sorrowful, because they could not please others. Truly 'the tears live in an onion, that should water such sorrow.' Had they been men, they would have made these disappointments their best

friends, and learned from them the needful lesson of self-reliance."

"To confess the truth," added the Baron, "the lives of literary men, with their hopes and disappointments, and quarrels and calamities, present a melancholy picture of man's strength and weakness. On that very account the scholar can make them profitable for encouragement, consolation, warning."

"And after all," continued Flemming, "perhaps the greatest lesson which the lives of literary men teach us is told in a single word: Wait!—Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait. More particularly in lands like my native land, where the pulse of life beats with such feverish and impatient throbs, is the lesson needful. Our national character wants the dignity of repose. We seem to live in the midst of a battle,—there is such a din, such a hurrying to and fro. In the streets of a crowded city it is difficult to walk slowly. You feel the rushing of the crowd, and rush with it onward. In the press of our life it is difficult to be calm. In this stress of wind and tide, all professions seem to drag their anchors, and are swept out into the main. The voices of the Present say, 'Come!' But the voices of the Past say, 'Wait!' With calm and solemn footsteps the rising tide bears against the rushing torrent up stream, and pushes back the hurrying waters. With no less calm and solemn footsteps, nor less certainty, does a great mind bear up against public opinion, and push back its hurrying stream. Therefore should every man wait,—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness,—not in useless pastime,—not in querulous dejection,—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be

equal to the occasion. And if it never comes, what matters it? What matters it to the world, whether I, or you, or another man did such a deed, or wrote such a book, so be it the deed and book were well done? It is the part of an indiscreet and troublesome ambition to care too much about fame,—about what the world says of us;—to be always looking into the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious for the effect of what we do and say; to be always shouting to hear the echo of our own voices. If you look about you, you will see men who are wearing life away in feverish anxiety of fame, and the last we shall ever hear of them will be the funeral bell that tolls them to their early graves! Unhappy men, and unsuccessful! because their purpose is, not to accomplish well their task, but to clutch the ‘trick and fantasy of fame’; and they go to their graves with purposes unaccomplished and wishes unfulfilled. Better for them, and for the world in their example, had they known how to wait! Believe me, the talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do,—without a thought of fame. If it come at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. And, moreover, there will be no misgivings, no disappointment, no hasty, feverish, exhausting excitement.”

Thus endeth the First Book of Hyperion. I make no record of the winter. Paul Flemming buried himself in books,—in old, dusty books. He studied diligently the ancient poetic lore of Germany, from Frankish Legends of Saint George, and Saxon Rhyme-Chronicles, and Nibelungen-Lieds, and Helden-Buchs, and Songs of the Min-

nesingers and Meistersingers, and Ships of Fools, and Reynard the Foxes, and Death-Dances, and Lamentations of Damned Souls, into the bright, sunny land of harvests, where, amid the golden grain and the blue corn-flowers, walk the modern bards, and sing.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

SPRING.

IT was a sweet carol which the Rhodian children sang of old in Spring, bearing in their hands, from door to door, a swallow, as herald of the season :—

“ The Swallow is come!
The Swallow is come!
O, fair are the seasons, and light
Are the days that she brings,
With her dusky wings,
And her bosom snowy white!”

A pretty carol, too, is that which the Hungarian boys, on the islands of the Danube, sing to the returning stork in Spring :—

“ Stork! Stork! poor Stork!
Why is thy foot so bloody?
A Turkish boy hath torn it;
Hungarian boy will heal it,
With fiddle, fife, and drum.”

But what child has a heart to sing in this capricious clime of ours, where Spring comes sailing in from the sea, with wet and heavy cloud-sails, and the misty pennon of

the East-wind nailed to the mast? Yet even here, and in the stormy month of March even, there are bright, warm mornings, when we open our windows to inhale the balmy air. The pigeons fly to and fro, and we hear the whirring sound of wings. Old flies crawl out of the cracks, to sun themselves, and think it is Summer. They die in their conceit; and so do our hearts within us, when the cold sea-breath comes from the eastern sea, and again

“ The driving hail
Upon the window beats with icy flail.”

The red-flowering maple is first in blossom, its beautiful purple flowers unfolding a fortnight before the leaves. The moose-wood follows, with rose-colored buds and leaves; and the dog-wood, robed in the white of its own pure blossoms. Then comes the sudden rainstorm; and the birds fly to and fro, and shriek. Where do they hide themselves in such storms? at what firesides dry their feathery cloaks? At the fireside of the great, hospitable sun,—to-morrow, not before;—they must sit in wet garments until then.

In all climates Spring is beautiful. In the South it is intoxicating, and sets a poet beside himself. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few rapturous notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of Nature, whose vast theatre is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the rising of the broad green curtain. Already the grass shoots forth. The

waters leap with thrilling pulse through the veins of the earth ; the sap through the veins of the plants and trees ; and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in Spring-time ! What a joy in being and moving ! Men are at work in gardens ; and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes ; and ere long our next-door neighbors will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The Mayflowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions ; pull out the yellow leaves, to see if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home.

And at night so cloudless and so still ! Not a voice of living thing,—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough,—not a breath of wind,—not a sound upon the earth nor in the air ! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars, like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

It was thus the Spring began in Heidelberg.

CHAPTER II.

A COLLOQUY.

“**A**ND what think you of Tiedge’s *Urania*?” said the Baron, smiling, as Paul Flemming closed the book, and laid it upon the table.

“I think,” said Flemming, “that it is very much like Joan Paul’s grandfather,—in the highest degree poor and pious.”

“Bravo !” exclaimed the Baron. “That is the best criticism I have heard upon the book. For my part, I dislike it as much as Goethe did. It was once very popular, and lay about in every parlor and bedroom. This annoyed the old gentleman exceedingly; and I do not wonder at it. He complains that at one time nothing was sung or said but this *Urania*. He believed in immortality; but wished to cherish his belief in quietness. He once told a friend of his, that he had, however, learned one thing from all this talk about Tiedge and his *Urania*; which was, that the saints, as well as the nobility, constitute an aristocracy. He said he found stupid women who were proud because they believed in immortality with Tiedge, and had to submit himself to not a few mysterious catechizings and tea-table lectures on this point; and that he cut them short by saying, that he had no objection whatever to enter into another state of existence hereafter, but prayed only that he might be spared the honor of meeting there any of those who had

believed in it here,—for, if he did, the saints would flock around him on all sides, exclaiming, ‘Were we not in the right? Did we not tell you so? Has it not all turned out just as *we* said? And with such a conceited clatter in his ears, he thought that before the end of six months he might die of *ennui* in Heaven itself!’”

“How shocked the good old ladies must have been!” said Flemming.

“No doubt, their nerves suffered a little; but the young ladies loved him all the better for being witty and wicked,—and thought, if they only could marry him, how they could reform him.”

“Bettina Brentano, for instance.”

“O no! That happened long afterwards. Goethe was then a silver-haired old man of sixty. She had never seen him, and knew him only by his writings: a romantic girl of seventeen.”

“And yet much in love with the sexagenarian. And surely, a more wild, fantastic, and, excuse me, German passion never sprang up in woman’s breast. She was a flower that worshipped the sun.”

“She afterwards married Achim von Arnim, and is now a widow. And not the least singular part of the affair is, that, having grown older, and I hope colder, she should herself publish the letters which passed between her and Goethe.”

“Particularly the letter in which she describes her first visit to Weimar, and her interview with the hitherto invisible divinity of her dreams. The old gentleman took her upon his knees, and she fell asleep with her head upon his shoulder. It reminds me of Titania and Nick Bottom, begging your pardon, always, for comparing your all-sided One to Nick Bottom. Oberon must have touched

her eyes with the juice of Love-in-idleness. However, this book of Goethe's Correspondence with a Child is a very singular and valuable revelation of the feelings which he excited in female hearts. You say she afterwards married Achim von Arnim ?”

“Yes ; and he and her brother, Clemens Brentano, published that wondrous book, the Boy's Wonder-Horn.”

“The Boy's Wonder-Horn !” said Flemming, after a short pause, for the name seemed to have thrown him into a revery ;—“I know the book almost by heart. Of all your German books, it is the one which produces upon my imagination the most wild and magic influence. I have a passion for ballads !”

“And who has not ?” said the Baron, with a smile. “They are the gypsy-children of song, born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature,—in the genial Summer-time.”

“Why do you say Summer-time, and not Summer ?” inquired Flemming. “The expression reminds me of your old Minnesingers ;—of Heinrich von Ofterdingen, and Walter von der Vogelweide, and Count Kraft von Toggenburg, and your own ancestor, I dare say, Burkhardt von Hohenfels. They were always singing of the gentle Summer-time. They seemed to have lived poetry, as well as sung it ; like the birds who make their marriage-beds in the voluptuous trees.”

“Is that from Shakspeare ?”

“No ; from Lope de Vega.”

“You are deeply read in the lore of antiquity, and the Aubades and Watch-Songs of the old Minnesingers. What do you think of the shoemaker poets that came after them,—with their guilds and singing schools ? It makes me laugh to think how the great German Helicon,

shrunk to a rivulet, goes bubbling and gurgling over the pebbly names of Zwinger, Wurgendrussel, Buchenlin, Hellfire, Old Stoll, Young Stoll, Strong Bopp, Dang Brotscheim, Batt Spiegel, Peter Pfort, and Martin Gumpel. And then the Corporation of the Twelve Wise Masters, with their stumpfe-reime and klingende-reime, and their Hans Tindeisen's rosemary-weise, and Joseph Schmierer's flowery-paradise-weise, and Frauerlob's yellow-weise, and blue-weise, and frog-weise, and looking-glass-weise !”

“O, I entreat you,” exclaimed Flemming, laughing, “do not call those men poets ! You transport me to quaint old Nuremberg, and I see Hans Sachs making shoes, and Hans Folz shaving the burgomaster.”

“By the way,” interrupted the Baron, “did you ever read Hoffmann's beautiful story of Master Martin, the Cooper of Nuremberg ? I will read it to you this very night. It is the most delightful picture of that age which you can conceive. But look ! the sun has already set behind the Alsatian hills. Let us go up to the castle and look for the ghost in Prince Ruprecht's tower. O what a glorious sunset !”

Flemming looked at the evening sky and a shade of sadness stole over his countenance. He told not to his friend the sorrow with which his heart was heavy, but kept it for himself alone. He knew that the time, which comes to all men,—the time to suffer and be silent,—had come to him likewise, and he spake no word. O, well has it been said, that there is no grief like the grief which does not speak !

CHAPTER III.

OWL-TOWERS.

“**T**HERE sits the old Frau Himmelauen, perched up in her owl-tower,” said the Baron to Flemming, as they passed along the Hauptstrasse. “She looks down through her round-eyed spectacles from her nest up there, and watches every one that goes by. I wonder what mischief she is hatching now. Do you know she has nearly ruined your character in town? She says you have a rakish look, because you carry a cane, and your hair curls. Your gloves, also, are a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man.”

“It is very kind in her to take such good care of my character, particularly as I am a stranger in town. She is doubtless learned in the Clothes-Philosophy.”

“And ignorant of everything else. She asked a friend of mine, the other day, whether Christ was a Catholic or a Protestant.”

“That is really too absurd.”

“Not too absurd to be true. And, ignorant as she is, she contrives to do a good deal of mischief in the course of a year. Why, the ladies already call you Wilhelm Meister.”

“They are at liberty to call me what they please. But you, who know me better, know that I am something more than they would imply by the name.”

“She says, moreover, that the American ladies sit

with their feet out of the window, and have no pocket-handkerchiefs."

"Excellent!"

They crossed the market-place, and went up beneath the grand terrace into the court-yard of the castle.

"Let us go and sit under the great linden-trees, that grow on the summit of the Rent Tower," said Flemming. "From that point, as from a watch-tower, we can look down into the garden, and see the crowd below us."

"And amuse ourselves, as old Frau Himmelaen does at her window in the Hauptstrasse," added the Baron.

The keeper's daughter unlocked for them the door of the tower, and, climbing the steep staircase, they seated themselves on a wooden bench under the linden-trees.

"How beautifully these trees overgrow the old tower! And see what a solid mass of masonry lies in the great fosse down there, toppled from its base by the explosion of a mine! It is like a rusty helmet cleft in twain, but still crested with towering plumes!"

"And what a motley crowd in the garden! Philisters and Sons of the Muses! And there goes the venerable Thibaut, taking his evening stroll. Do you see him there, with his silver hair flowing over his shoulders, and that friendly face which has for so many years pored over the Pandects? I assure you he inspires me with awe. And yet he is a merry old man, and loves his joke, particularly at the expense of Moses and other ancient law-givers."

Here their attention was diverted by a wild-looking person, who passed with long strides under the archway in the fosse, right beneath them, and disappeared among the bushes. He was ill-dressed, his hair flying in the wind, his movements hurried and nervous, and the ex-

pression of his broad countenance, wild, strange, and earnest.

“Who can that be?” asked Flemming. “He strides away indignantly, like one of Ossian’s ghosts!”

“A great philosopher, whose name I have forgotten. Truly, a strange owl!”

“He looks like a lion with a hat on.”

“He is a mystic, who reads Schubert’s History of the Soul, and lives, for the most part, in the clouds of the Middle Ages. To him the spirit-world is still open. He believes in the transmigration of souls; and I dare say is now following the spirit of some departed friend, who has taken the form of yonder pigeon.”

“What a strange hallucination! He lives, I suppose, in the land of cloud-shadows. And, as St. Thomas Aquinas was said to be lifted up from the ground by the fervor of his prayers, so, no doubt, is he by the fervor of his visions.”

“He certainly appears to neglect all sublunary things; and, to judge from certain appearances, since you seem fond of holy similitudes, one would say, that, like St. Serapion the Sindonite, he had but one shirt. Yet what cares he? he lives in that poetic dream-land of his thoughts, and clothes his dream-children in poetry.”

“He is a poet, then, as well as a philosopher?”

“Yes; but a poet who never writes a line. There is nothing in nature to which his imagination does not give a poetic hue. But the power to make others see these objects in the same poetic light is wanting. Still he is a man of fine powers and feelings; for next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one,—of finding one’s self in him, as we Germans say.”

Three figures, dressed in black, now came from one of

the green alleys, and stopped on the brink of a fountain that was playing among the gay flowers in the garden. The eldest of the three was a lady in that season of life when the early autumn gives to the summer leaves a warmer glow, yet fades them not. Though the mother of many children, she was still beautiful;—resembling those trees which blossom in October, when the leaves are changing, and whose fruit and blossom are on the branch at once. At her side was a girl of some sixteen years, who seemed to lean upon her arm for support. Her figure was slight; her countenance beautiful, though deadly white; and her meek eyes like the flower of the nightshade, pale and blue, but sending forth golden rays. They were attended by a tall youth of foreign aspect, who seemed a young Antinoüs, with a mustache and a nose *à la Kosciusko*. In other respects a perfect hero of romance.

“Unless mine eyes deceive me,” said the Baron, “there is the Frau von Ilmenau, with her pale daughter Emma, and that eternal Polish count. He is always hovering about them, playing the unhappy exile, merely to excite that poor girl’s sympathies; and as wretched as genius and wantonness can make him.”

“Why, he is already married, you know,” replied Fleming. “And his wife is young and beautiful.”

“That does not prevent him from being in love with some one else. That question was decided in the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages. Accordingly he has sent his fair wife to Warsaw. But how pale the poor child looks!”

“She has just recovered from severe illness. In the winter, you know, it was thought she would not live from hour to hour.”

“And she has hardly recovered from that disease, before she seems threatened with a worse one; namely, a

hopeless passion. However, people do not die of love now-a-days."

"Seldom, perhaps," said Flemming. "And yet it is folly to pretend that one ever wholly recovers from a disappointed passion. Such wounds always leave a scar. There are faces I can never look upon without emotion. There are names I can never hear spoken without almost starting."

"But whom have we here?"

"That is the French poet Quinet, with his sweet German wife; one of the most interesting women I ever knew. He is the author of a very wild Mystery, or dramatic prose-poem, in which the Ocean, Mont Blanc, and the Cathedral of Strasburg have parts to play; and the saints on the stained windows of the minster speak, and the statues and dead kings enact the Dance of Death. It is entitled Ahasuerus, or the Wandering Jew."

"Or, as the Danes would translate it, the Shoemaker of Jerusalem. That would be a still more fantastic title for his fantastic book. You know I am no great admirer of the modern French school of writers. The tales of Paul de Kock, who is, I believe the most popular of all, seem to me like obscene stories told at dinner-tables after the ladies have retired. It has been well said of him, that he is not only *populaire*, but *populacier*; and equally well said of George Sand and Victor Hugo, that their works stand like fortifications, well built and well supplied with warlike munitions; but ineffectual against the Grand Army of God, which marches onward, as if nothing had happened. In surveying a national literature, the point you must start from is national character. That lets you into many a secret; as for example, Paul

de Kock's popularity. The most prominent trait in the French character is love of amusement and excitement ; and——”

“I should say, rather, the fear of ennui,” interrupted Flemming. “One of their own writers has said, with a great deal of truth, that the gentry of France rush into Paris to escape ennui, as, in the noble days of chivalry, the defenceless inhabitants of the champaign fled into the castles at the approach of some plundering knight or lawless Baron : forsaking the inspired twilight of their native groves, for the luxurious shades of the royal gardens. What do you think of that?”

The Baron replied, with a smile :—

“There is only one Paris ; and out of Paris there is no salvation for decent people.”

Thus conversing of many things sat the two friends under the linden-trees on the Rent-Tower, till gradually the crowd disappeared from the garden, and the objects around them grew indistinct, in the fading twilight. Between them and the amber-colored western sky, the dense foliage of the trees looked heavy and hard as if cast in bronze ; and already the evening stars hung like silver lamps in the towering branches of that Tree of Life, brought more than two centuries ago from its primeval paradise in America, to beautify the gardens of the Palatinate.

“I take a mournful pleasure in gazing at that tree,” said Flemming, as they rose to depart. “It stands there so straight and tall, with iron bands around its noble trunk and limbs, in silent majesty, or whispering only in its native tongue, and freighting the homeward wind with sighs ! It reminds me of some captive monarch of a savage tribe, brought over the vast ocean for a show,

and chained in the public market-place of the city, disdainfully silent, or breathing only in melancholy accents a prayer for his native forest, a longing to be free."

"Magnificent!" cried the Baron. "I always experience something of the same feeling when I walk through a conservatory. The luxuriant plants of the tropics—those illustrious exotics, with their gorgeous flamingo-colored blossoms, and great flapping leaves, like elephants' ears have a singular working upon my imagination, and remind me of a menagerie and wild beasts kept in cages. But your illustration is finer;—indeed, a grand figure. Put it down for an epic poem."

CHAPTER IV.

A BEER-SCANDAL.

ON their way homeward, Flemming and the Baron passed through a narrow lane, in which was a well-known Studenten-Kneipe. At the door stood a young man, whom the Baron at once recognized as his friend Von Kleist. He was a student ; and universally acknowledged, among his young acquaintance, as a “devilish handsome fellow,” notwithstanding a tremendous scar on his cheek, and a cream-colored mustache as soft as the silk of Indian corn. In short, he was a renowner, and a duellist.

“What are you doing here, Von Kleist ?”

“Ah, my dear Baron ! Is it you ? Come in ; come in. You shall see some sport. A Fox-Commerce is on foot, and a regular Beer-Scandal.”

“Shall we go in, Flemming ?”

“Certainly. I should like to see how these things are managed in Heidelberg. You are a baron, and I am a stranger. It is of no consequence what you and I do, as the king’s fool Angeli said to the poet Bautru, urging him to put on his hat at the royal dinner-table.”

William Lilly, the Astrologer, says, in his Autobiography, that, when he was committed to the guard-room in White Hall, he thought himself in hell ; for “some were sleeping, others swearing, others smoking tobacco ; and in the chimney of the room there were two bushels of

broken tobacco-pipes, and almost half a load of ashes." What he would have thought, if he had peeped into this Heidelberg Studenten-Kneipe, I know not. He certainly would not have thought himself in heaven ; unless it were a Scandinavian heaven. The windows were open ; and yet so dense were the atmosphere with the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of beer, that the tallow candles burnt but dimly. A crowd of students were sitting at three long tables, in the large hall ; a medley of fellows, known at German universities under the cant names of Old-Ones, Mossy-Heads, Princes of Twilight, and Pomatum-Stallions. They were smoking, drinking, singing, screaming, and discussing the great Laws of the Broad-Stone and the Gutter. They had a great deal to say, likewise, about Besens, and Zobels, and Poussades ; and, if they had been charged for the noise they made, as travellers used to be in the old Dutch taverns, they would have a longer bill to pay for that than for their beer.

In a large arm-chair, upon the middle table, sat one of those distinguished individuals known among German students as a Senior, or Leader of a Landsmannschaft. He was booted and spurred, and wore a very small crimson cap, and a very tight blue jacket, and very long hair, and a very dirty shirt. He was President of the night ; and, as Flemming entered the hall with the Baron and his friend, striking upon the table with a mighty broadsword, he cried in a loud voice :—

“ Silentium ! ”

At the same moment, a door at the end of the hall was thrown open, and a procession of new-comers, or Nasty-Foxes, as they are called in the college dialect, entered two by two, looking wild, and green, and foolish. As they came forward, they were obliged to pass under a pair

of naked swords, held crosswise by two Old-Ones, who, with pieces of burnt cork, made an enormous pair of mustaches on the smooth rosy cheeks of each, as he passed beneath this arch of triumph. While the procession was entering the hall, the President lifted up his voice again, and began to sing the well-known Fox-song, in the chorus of which all present joined lustily :

What comes there from the hill ?
What comes there from the hill ?
What comes there from the leathery hill ?
Ha ! Ha !
Leathery hill !
What comes there from the hill ?

It is a postilion !
It is a postilion !
It is a leathery postilion !
Ha ! Ha !
Postilion !
It is a postilion !

What brings the postilion ?
What brings the postilion ?
What brings the leathery postilion ?
Ha ! Ha !
Postilion !
What brings the postilion ?

He bringeth us a Fox !
He bringeth us a Fox !
He bringeth us a leathery Fox !
Ha ! Ha !
Leathery Fox !
He bringeth us a Fox !

HYPERION,

Your servant, Masters mine !
Your servant, Masters mine !
Your servant, much-honored Masters mine !
 Ha ! Ha !
 Much-honored Masters mine !
Your servant, Masters mine !

How does the Herr Papa ?
How does the Herr Papa ?
How does the leathery Herr Papa ?
 Ha ! Ha !
 Herr Papa !
How does the Herr Papa ?

He reads in Cicero !
He reads in Cicero !
He reads in leathery Cicero !
 Ha ! Ha !
 Cicero !
He reads in Cicero !

How does the Frau Mamma ?
How does the Frau Mamma ?
How does the leathery Frau Mamma ?
 Ha ! Ha !
 Frau Mamma !
How does the Frau Mamma ?

She makes the Papa tea !
She makes the Papa tea !
She makes the Papa leathery tea !
 Ha ! Ha !
 Leathery tea !
She makes the Papa tea !

How does the Mamsell Sœur ?
How does the Mamsell Sœur ?

How does the leathery Mamsell Sœur ?

Ha ! Ha !

Mamsell Sœur !

How does the Mamsell Sœur ?

She knits the Papa socks !

She knits the Papa socks !

She knits the Papa leathery socks !

Ha ! Ha !

Leathery socks !

She knits the Papa socks !

How does the Herr Rector ?

How does the Herr Rector ?

How does the leathery Herr Rector ?

Ha ! Ha !

Herr Rector !

How does the Herr Rector ?

He calls the scholar, Boy !

He calls the scholar, Boy !

He calls the scholar, leathery Boy !

Ha ! Ha !

Leathery Boy !

He calls the scholar, Boy !

And smokes the Fox tobacco !

And smokes the Fox tobacco !

And smokes the leathery Fox tobacco !

Ha ! Ha !

Fox tobacco !

And smokes the Fox tobacco !

A little, Masters mine !

A little, Masters mine !

A little, much-honored Masters mine !

Ha ! Ha !

Much-honored Masters mine !

A little, masters mine !

HYPERION,

Then let him fill a pipe !
 Then let him fill a pipe !
 Then let him fill a leathery pipe !

Ha ! Ha !

Leathery pipe !

Then let him fill a pipe !

O Lord ! it makes me sick !
 O Lord ! it makes me sick !
 O Lord ! it makes me leathery sick !

Ha ! Ha !

Leathery sick !

O Lord ! it makes me sick !

Then let him throw it off !
 Then let him throw it off !
 Then let him throw it leathery off !

Ha ! Ha !

Leathery off !

Then let him throw it off !

Now I again am well !
 Now he again is well !
 Now I again am leathery well !

Ha ! Ha !

Leathery well !

Now I again am well !

So grows the Fox a Bursch !
 So grows the Fox a Bursch !
 So grows the leathery Fox a Bursch !

Ha ! Ha !

Fox a Bursch !

So grows the Fox a Bursch !

At length the song was finished. Meanwhile large tufts and strips of paper had been twisted into the hair of the Branders, as those are called who have been already one semestre at the University, and then at a given signal

were set on fire, and the Branders rode round the table on sticks amid roars of laughter. When this ceremony was completed, the President rose from his chair and in a solemn voice pronounced a long discourse, in which old college jokes were mingled with much parental advice to young men on entering life, and the whole was profusely garnished with select passages from the Old Testament. Then they all seated themselves at the table and the heavy beer-drinking set in, as among the Gods and Heroes of the old Northern mythology.

“Brander ! Brander !” screamed a youth whose face was hot and flushed with supper and with beer ; “Brander, I say ! Thou art a Doctor ! No,—a Pope ;—thou art a Pope, by — !”

These words were addressed to a pale, quiet-looking person, who sat opposite, and was busy in making a wretched shaved poodle sit on his hind legs in a chair, by his master’s side, and hold a short clay pipe in his mouth,—a performance to which the poodle seemed nowise inclined.

“Thou art challenged !” replied the pale student, turning from his dog, who dropped the pipe from his mouth, and leaped under the table.

Seconds were chosen on the spot ; and the arms ordered ; namely, six mighty goblets, or Bassgläser, filled to the brim with foaming beer. Three were placed before each duellist.

“Take your weapons !” cried one of the seconds, and each of the combatants seized a goblet in his hand.

“Strike !”

And the glasses rang with a salutation like the crossing of swords.

“Set to !”

Each set the goblet to his lips.

“ Out ! ”

And each poured the contents down his throat, as if he were pouring them through a tunnel into a beer-barrel. The other two glasses followed in quick succession, hardly a long breath drawn between. The pale student was victorious. He was first to drain the third goblet. He held it for a moment inverted, to let the last drops fall out, and then, placing it quietly on the table, looked his antagonist in the face, and said :—

“ Hit ! ”

Then, with the greatest coolness, he looked under the table, and whistled for his dog. His antagonist stopped midway in his third glass. Every vein in his forehead seemed bursting ; his eyes were wild and bloodshot, his hand gradually loosened its hold upon the table, and he sank and rolled together like a sheet of lead. He was drunk.

At this moment a majestic figure came stalking down the table, ghost-like, through the dim, smoky atmosphere. His coat was off, his neck bare, his hair wild, his eyes wide open, and looking right before him, as if he saw some beckoning hand in the air, that others could not see. His left hand was upon his hip, and in his right he held a drawn sword extended, and pointing downward. Regardless of every one, erect, and with a martial stride, he marched directly along the centre of the table, crushing glasses and overthrowing bottles at every step. The students shrunk back at his approach ; till at length one more drunk, or more courageous, than the rest, dashed a glass full of beer into his face. A general tumult ensued, and the student with the sword leaped to the floor. It was Von Kleist. He was renouncing it.

In the midst of the uproar could be distinguished the offensive words :—

“Arrogant ! Absurd ! Impertinent ! Dummer Junge !”

Von Kleist went home that night with no less than six duels on his hands. He fought them all out in as many days ; and came off with only a gash through his upper lip and another through his right eyelid from a dexterous Suabian Schläger.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE LADY'S SLIPPER AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

THAT night Emma of Ilmenau went to her chamber with a heavy heart, and her dusky eyes were troubled with tears. She was one of those gentle beings who seem created only to love and to be loved. A shade of melancholy softened her character. She shunned the glare of daylight and of society, and wished to be alone. Like the evening primrose, her heart opened only after sunset; but bloomed through the dark night with sweet fragrance. Her mother, on the contrary, flaunted in the garish light of society. There was no sympathy between them. Their souls never approached, never understood each other, and words were often spoken which wounded deeply. And therefore Emma of Ilmenau went to her chamber that night with tears in her eyes.

She was followed by her French chamber-maid, Madeleine, a native of Strassburg, who had grown old in the family. In her youth she had been poor,—and virtuous, because she had never been tempted; and now that she had grown old, and seen no immediate reward for her virtue, as is usual with weak minds, she despaired of Providence, and regretted she had never been tempted. Whilst this unfortunate personage was lighting the wax tapers on the toilet, and drawing the bed-curtains, and tattling about the room, Emma threw herself into an arm-chair, and, crossing her hands in her

lap, and letting her head fall upon her bosom, seemed lost in a dream.

“Why have these gentle feelings been given me?” said she in her heart. “Why have I been born with all these warm affections, these ardent longings after what is good, if they lead only to sorrow and disappointment? I would love some one,—love him once and forever;—devote myself to him alone,—live for him,—die for him,—exist alone in him! But, alas! in all this wide world there is none to love me as I would be loved,—none whom I may love as I am capable of loving. How empty, how desolate, seems the world about me! Why has Heaven given me these affections, only to fall and fade?”

Alas! poor child! thou too must learn, like others, that the sublime mystery of Providence goes on in silence, and gives no explanation of itself,—no answer to our impatient questionings!

“Bless me, child, what ails you?” exclaimed Madeleine, perceiving that Emma paid no attention to her idle gossip. “When I was of your age ——”

“Do not talk to me now, good Madeleine. Leave me, I wish to be alone.”

“Well, here is something,” continued the maid taking a billet from her bosom, “which I hope will enliven you. When I was of your age ——”

“Hush! hush!” said Emma, taking the billet from the hard hand of Madeleine. “Once more I beg you, leave me. I wish to be alone.”

Madeleine took the lamp and retired slowly, wishing her young mistress many good nights and rosy dreams.

Emma broke the seal of the note. As she read, her face grew pale, and then, quick as thought, a crimson blush came on her cheek, and her hands trembled.

Tenderness, pity, love, offended pride, the weakness and dignity of woman, were all mingled in her look, changing and passing over her fine countenance like cloud-shadows. She sunk back in her chair, covering her face with her hands, as if she would hide it from herself and Heaven.


"He loves me!" said she to herself; "loves me; and is married to another, whom he loves not! and dares to tell me this! O never,—never,—never! And yet he is so friendless and alone in this unsympathizing world,—and an exile and homeless! I can but pity him;—yet I hate him, and will see him no more!"

This short reverie of love and hate was broken by the sound of a clear, mellow voice, which, in the universal stillness of the hour, seemed almost like the voice of a spirit. It was a voice, without the accompaniment of any instrument, singing those sweet lines of Goethe:—

"Under the tree-tops is quiet now!
In all the woodlands hearest thou
Not a sound!

The little birds are asleep in the trees;
Wait! wait! and soon, like these,
Sleepest thou!"

Emma knew the voice, and started. She rushed to the window to close it. It was a beautiful night, and the stars were shining peacefully over the mountain of All-Saints. The sound of the Neckar was soft and low, and nightingales were singing among the brown shadows of the woods. The large red moon shone like a ruby, in the horizon's ample ring; and golden threads of light seemed braided together with the rippling current of the river. Tall and spectral stood the white statues on the bridge. The outline of the hills, the castle, the arches of the



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bridge, and the spires and roofs of the town, were as strongly marked as if cut out of pasteboard. Amid this fairy scene, a little boat was floating silently down the stream. Emma closed the window hastily, and drew the curtains close.

“I hate him ; and yet I will pray for him,” said she, as she laid her weary head upon that pillow, from which, but a few months before, she thought she should never raise it again. “O that I had died then ! I dare not love him, but I will pray for him !”

Sweet child ! If the face of the deceiver comes so often between thee and Heaven, I tremble for thy fate ! The plant that sprang from Helen’s tears destroyed serpents ; —would that from thine might spring up heart’s-ease,—some plant, at least, to destroy the serpents in thy bosom ! Believe me, upon the margin of celestial streams alone those simples grow which cure the heart-ache !

And this the silent stars beheld, looking down from heaven, and told it not again. This likewise the Frau Himmelaen beheld, looking from her chamber-window, and was not so discreet as the silent stars.

CHAPTER VI.

GLIMPSES INTO CLOUD-LAND.

“**T**HERE are many things, which, having no corporeal evidence, can be perceived and comprehended only by the discursive energies of reason. Hence the ambiguous nature of matter can be comprehended only by adulterated opinion. Matter is the principle of all bodies, and is stamped with the impression of forms. Fire, air, and water derive their origin and principle from the scalene triangle. But the earth was created from right-angled triangles, of which two of the sides are equal. The sphere and the pyramid contain in themselves the figure of fire; but the octahedron was destined to be the figure of air, and the icosahedron of water. The right-angled isosceles triangle produces from itself a square, and the square generates from itself the cube, which is the figure peculiar to earth. But the figure of a beautiful and perfect sphere was imparted to the most beautiful and perfect world, that it might be indigent of nothing, but contain all things, embracing and comprehending them in itself, and thus might be excellent and admirable, similar to and in concord with itself, ever moving musically and melodiously. If I use a novel language, excuse me. As Apuleius says, pardon must be granted to novelty of words, when it serves to illustrate the obscurity of things.”

These words came from the lips of the lion-like philosopher who has been noticed before in these pages. He was sitting with Flemming, smoking a long pipe. As the Baron said, he was indeed a strange owl ; for the owl is a grave bird ; a monk, who chants midnight mass in the great temple of Nature ;—an anchorite,—a pillar saint,—the very Simeon Stylites of his neighborhood. Such, likewise, was the philosophical Professor. Solitary, but with a mighty current, flowed the river of his life, like the Nile, without a tributary stream, and making fertile only a single strip in the vast desert. His temperament had been in youth a joyous one ; and now, amid all his sorrows and privations,—for he had many,—he looked upon the world as a glad, bright, glorious world. On the many joys of life he gazed still with the eyes of childhood, from the far-gone Past upward, trusting, hoping ;—and upon its sorrows with the eyes of age, from the distant Future, downward, triumphant, not despairing. He loved solitude, and silence, and candle-light, and the deep midnight. “For,” said he, “if the morning hours are the wings of the day, I only fold them about me to sleep more sweetly ; knowing that, at its other extremity, the day, like the fowls of the air, has an epicurean morsel,—a parson’s nose ; and on this oily midnight my spirit revels and is glad.”

Such was the Professor, who had been talking in a half-intelligible strain for two hours or more. The Baron had fallen fast asleep in his chair ; but Flemming sat listening with excited imagination, and the Professor continued in the following words, which, to the best of his listener’s memory, seemed gleaned here and there from *Monte’s Destiny of Man*, and Schubert’s *History of the*

“Life is one and universal ; its forms many and individual. Throughout this beautiful and wonderful creation there is never-ceasing motion, without rest by night or day, ever weaving to and fro. Swifter than a weaver’s shuttle it flies from Birth to Death, from Death to Birth ; from the beginning seeks the end, and finds it not, for the seeming end is only a dim beginning of a new out-going and endeavor after the end. As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of the summer sun breathes upon it, melts, and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun ; so life, in the smile of God’s love, divides itself into separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God’s love. Of all these forms the highest and most perfect in its God-likeness is the human soul. The vast cathedral of Nature is full of holy scriptures, and shapes of deep, mysterious meaning ; but all is solitary and silent there ; no bending knee, no uplifted eye, no lip adoring, praying. Into this vast cathedral comes the human soul, seeking its Creator ; and the universal silence is changed to sound, and the sound is harmonious, and has a meaning, and is comprehended and felt. It was an ancient saying of the Persians, that the waters rush from the mountains and hurry forth into all the lands to find the Lord of the Earth ; and the flame of the fire, when it awakes, gazes no more upon the ground, but mounts heavenward, to seek the Lord of Heaven ; and here and there the Earth has built the great watch-towers of the mountains, and they lift their heads far up into the sky, and gaze ever upward and around, to see if the Judge of the World comes not ! Thus in Nature herself, without man, there lies a waiting and hoping, a looking and yearning, after an unknown somewhat. Yes ; when,

above there, where the mountain lifts its head over all others, that it may be alone with the clouds and storms of heaven, the lonely eagle looks forth into the gray dawn, to see if the day comes not ; when, by the mountain torrent, the brooding raven listens to hear if the chamois is returning from his nightly pasture in the valley ; and when the soon uprising sun calls out the spicy odors of the thousand flowers, the Alpine flowers, with heaven's deep blue and the blush of sunset on their leaves ;—then there awake in Nature, and the soul of man can see and comprehend it, an expectation and a longing for a future revelation of God's majesty. It awakes, also, when, in the fullness of life, field and forest rest at noon, and through the stillness are heard only the song of the grasshopper and the hum of the bee ; and when at evening the singing lark up from the sweet-smelling vineyard rises, or in the later hours of night Orion puts on his shining armor, to walk forth in the fields of heaven. But in the soul of man alone is this longing changed to certainty, and fulfilled. For, lo ! the light of the sun and the stars shines through the air, and is nowhere visible and seen ; the planets hasten with more than the speed of the storm through infinite space, and their footsteps are not heard ; but where the sunlight strikes the firm surface of the planets, where the storm-wind smites the wall of the mountain cliff, there is the one seen and the other heard. Thus is the glory of God made visible, and may be seen, where in the soul of man it meets its likeness changeless and firm-standing. Thus, then, stands Man ;—a mountain on the boundary between two worlds ;—its foot in one, its summit far-rising into the other. From this summit the manifold landscape of life is visible, the way of the Past and Perishable, which

we have left behind us ; and as we evermore ascend, bright glimpses of the daybreak of Eternity beyond us !”

Flemming would fain have interrupted this discourse at times, to answer and inquire ; but the Professor went on, warming and glowing more and more. At length there was a short pause, and Flemming said :—

“ All these indefinite longings, these yearnings after an unknown somewhat, I have felt and still feel within me ; but not yet their fulfilment.”

“ That is because you have not faith,” answered the Professor. “ The Present is an age of doubt, and disbelief, and darkness ; out of which shall arise a clear and bright Hereafter. In the second part of Goethe’s *Faust* there is a grand and striking scene, where, in the classical *Walpurgis Night*, on the *Pharsalian Plains*, the mocking *Mephistopheles* sits down between the solemn antique *Sphinxes*, and boldly questions them, and reads their riddles. The red light of innumerable watch-fires glares all round about, and shines upon the terrible face of the arch-scoffer ; while on either side, severe, majestic, solemnly serene, we behold the gigantic forms of the children of *Chimæra*, half buried in the earth, their mild eyes gazing fixedly, as if they heard through the midnight the swift-rushing wings of the *Stymphalides*, striving to outstrip the speed of *Alcides’* arrows ! Angry griffins are near them ; and not far are *Sirens*, singing their wondrous songs from the rocking branches of the willow-trees ! Even thus does a scoffing and unbelieving Present sit down between an unknown Future and a too believing Past, and question and challenge the gigantic forms of Faith, half buried in the sands of Time, and gazing forward steadfastly into the night, whilst sounds of anger and voices of delight alternate vex and soothe the ear of

man !—But the time will come when the soul of man shall return again childlike and trustful to its faith in God, and look God in the face and die ; for it is an old saying, full of deep, mysterious meaning, that he must die who hath looked upon a God. And this is the fate of the soul, that it should die continually. No sooner here on earth does it awake to its peculiar being, than it struggles to behold and comprehend the Spirit of Life. In the first dim twilight of its existence, it beholds this spirit, is pervaded by its energies,—is quick and creative like the spirit itself, and yet slumbers away into death after having seen it. But the image it has seen remains ; in the eternal procreation, as a homogeneal existence, is again renewed ; and the seeming death, from moment to moment, becomes the source of kind after kind of existences in ever-ascending series. The soul aspires ever onward to love and to behold. It sees the image more perfect in the brightening twilight of the dawn, in the ever higher-rising sun. It sleeps again, dying in the clearer vision ; but the image seen remains as a permanent kind ; and the slumberer awakes anew and ever higher after its own image, till at length, in the full blaze of noonday, a being comes forth, which, like the eagle, can behold the sun and die not. Then both live on, even when this bodily element, the mist and vapor through which the young eagle gazed, dissolves and falls to earth.”

“I am not sure that I understand you,” said Fleming ; “but if I do, you mean to say, that, as the body continually changes and takes unto itself new properties, and is not the same to-day as yesterday, so likewise the soul lays aside its idiosyncrasies, and is changed by acquiring new powers, and thus may be said to die. And hence, properly speaking, the soul lives always in the

Present, and has, and can have, no Future ; for the Future becomes the Present, and the soul that then lives in me is a higher and more perfect soul ; and so onward for evermore."

"I mean what I say," continued the Professor; "and can find no more appropriate language to express my meaning than that which I have used. But, as I said before, pardon must be granted to the novelty of words, when it serves to illustrate the obscurity of things. And I think you will see clearly from what I have said, that this earthly life, when seen hereafter from heaven, will seem like an hour passed long ago, and dimly remembered ;—that long, laborious, full of joys and sorrows as it is, it will then have dwindled down to a mere point, hardly visible to the far-reaching ken of the disembodied spirit. But the spirit itself soars onward. And thus death is neither an end nor a beginning. It is a transition, not from one existence to another, but from one state of existence to another. No link is broken in the chain of being; any more than in passing from infancy to manhood, from manhood to old age. There are seasons of reverie and deep abstraction, which seem to me analogous to death. The soul gradually loses its consciousness of what is passing around it ; and takes no longer cognizance of objects which are near. It seems for the moment to have dissolved its connection with the body. It has passed, as it were, into another state of being. It lives in another world. It has flown over lands and seas ; and holds communion with those it loves, in distant regions of the earth, and the more distant heaven. It sees familiar faces, and hears beloved voices, which to the bodily senses are no longer visible and audible. And this likewise is death ; save

that when we die, the soul returns no more to the dwelling it has left."

"You seem to take it for granted," interrupted Fleming, "that, in our reveries, the soul really goes out of the body into distant places, instead of summoning up their semblance within itself by the power of memory and imagination."

"Something I must take for granted," replied the Professor. "We will not discuss that point now. I speak not without forethought. Just observe what a glorious thing human life is, when seen in this light; and how glorious man's destiny. I am; thou art; he is! seems but a school-boy's conjugation. But therein lies a great mystery. We behold all round about us one vast union, in which no man can labor for himself, without laboring at the same time for all others; a glimpse of truth, which, by the universal harmony of things, becomes an inward benediction, and lifts the soul mightily upward. Still more so, when a man regards himself as a necessary member of this union. The feeling of our dignity and our power grows strong, when we say to ourselves: My being is not objectless and in vain; I am a necessary link in the great chain, which, from the full development of consciousness in the first man, reaches forward into eternity. All the great and wise and good among mankind, all the benefactors of the human race, whose names I read in the world's history, and the still greater number of those whose good deeds have outlived their names,—all those have labored for me. I have entered into their harvest. I walk the green earth which they inhabited. I tread in their footsteps, from which blessings grow. I can undertake the sublime task which they once undertook, the task of making our common

brotherhood wiser and happier. I can build forward where they were forced to leave off ; and bring nearer to perfection the great edifice which they left uncompleted. And at length I, too, must leave it, and go hence. O, this is the sublimest thought of all ! I can never finish the noble task ; therefore, so sure as this task is my destiny, I can never cease to work, and consequently never cease to be. What men call death cannot break off this task, which is never-ending ; consequently no period is set to my being, and I am eternal. I lift my head boldly to the threatening mountain-peaks, and to the roaring cataract, and to the storm-clouds swimming in the fire-sea overhead, and say,—I am eternal and defy your power ! Break, break over me ! and thou Earth, and thou Heaven mingle in the wild tumult ! and ye Elements, foam and rage and destroy this atom of dust,—this body which I call mine ! My will alone with its fixed purpose shall hover brave and triumphant over the ruins of the universe ; for I have comprehended my destiny ; and it is more durable than ye ! It is eternal ; and I, who recognize it, I likewise am eternal ! Tell me, my friend, have you no faith in this ?”

“I have,” answered Flemming, and there was another pause. He then said :—

“I have listened to you patiently and without interruption. Now listen to me. You complain of the scepticism of the age. This is one form in which the philosophic spirit of the age presents itself. Let me tell you, that another form which it assumes is that of poetic reverie. Plato of old had dreams like these ; and the Mystics of the Middle Ages ; and still their disciples walk in the cloud-land and dream-land of this poetic philosophy. Pleasant and cool upon their souls lie the shadows

of the trees under which Plato taught. From their whispering leaves comes wafted across the noise of populous centuries a solemn and mysterious sound, which to them is the voice of the Soul of the World. All nature has become spiritualized and transfigured; and, wrapped in beautiful, vague dreams of the real and the ideal, they live in this green world, like the little child in the German tale, who sits by the margin of a woodland lake, and hears the blue heaven and the branches overhead dispute with their reflection in the water, which is the reality and which the image. I willingly confess that such day-dreams as these appeal strongly to my imagination. Visitants and attendants are they of those lofty souls, which, soaring ever higher and higher, build themselves nests under the very eaves of the stars, forgetful that they cannot live on air, but must descend to earth for food. Yet I recognize them as day-dreams only; as shadows, not substantial things. What I mainly dislike in the New Philosophy is the cool impertinence with which an old idea folded in a new garment looks you in the face and pretends not to know you, though you have been familiar friends from childhood. I remember an English author, who, in speaking of your German philosophies, says very wisely: ‘Often a proposition of inscrutable and dread aspect, when resolutely grappled with, and torn from its shady den, and its bristling intrenchments of uncouth terminology, and dragged forth into the open light of day, to be seen by the natural eye and tried by merely human understanding, proves to be a very harmless truth, familiar to us from old, sometimes so familiar as to be a truism. Too frequently the anxious novice is reminded of Dryden in the Battle of the Books; there is a helmet of rusty iron, dark, grim, gigantic; and

within it, at the farthest corner, is a head no bigger than a walnut.'—Can you believe that these words ever came from the lips of Carlyle? He has himself taken up the uncouth terminology, of late; and many pure, simple minds are much offended at it. They seem to take it as a personal insult. They are angry, and deny the just meed of praise. It is, however, hardly worth while to lose our presence of mind. Let us rather profit as we may, even from this spectacle, and recognize the monarch in his masquerade. For, hooded and wrapped about with that strange and antique garb, there walks a kingly, a most royal soul, even as the Emperor Charles walked amid solemn cloisters under a monk's cowl,—a monarch still in soul. Such things are not new in the history of the world. Ever and anon they sweep over the earth, and blow themselves out soon; and there is quiet for a season, and the atmosphere of Truth seems more serene. Why would you preach to the wind? Why reason with thunderstorms? Better sit quiet, and see them pass over like a pageant, cloudy, superb, and vast."

The Professor smiled self-complacently, but said not a word. Flemming continued:—

"I will add no more than this;—there are many speculations in Literature, Philosophy, and Religion, which, though pleasant to walk in, and lying under the shadow of great names, yet lead to no important result. They resemble rather those roads in the Western forests of my native land, which, though broad and pleasant at first, and lying beneath the shadow of great branches, finally dwindle to a squirrel track, and run up a tree!"

The Professor hardly knew whether he should laugh or be offended at this sally; and laying his hand upon Flemming's arm, he said seriously:—

“Believe me, my young friend, the time will come when you will think more wisely on these things. And with you, I trust, that time will soon come ; since it moves more speedily with some than with others. For what is Time ! The shadow on the dial,—the striking of the clock,—the running of the sand,—day and night,—summer and winter,—months, years, centuries ;—these are but arbitrary and outward signs, the measure of Time, not Time itself. Time is the Life of the Soul. If not this, then tell me, what is Time ?”

The high and animated tone of voice in which the Professor uttered these words aroused the Baron from his sleep, and, not distinctly comprehending what was said, but thinking the Professor asked what time it was, he innocently exclaimed:—

“I should think it must be near midnight !”

This somewhat disconcerted the Professor, who took his leave soon afterward. When he was gone, the Baron said:—

“Excuse me for treating your guest so cavalierly. His transcendentalism annoyed me not a little ; and I took refuge in sleep. One would think, to judge by the language of this sect, that they alone saw any beauty in Nature ; and when I hear one of them discourse, I am instantly reminded of Goethe’s Baccalaureus, when he exclaims : ‘The world was not, before I created it ; I brought the sun up out of the sea ; with me began the changeful course of the moon ; the day decked itself on my account ; the earth grew green and blossomed to meet me ; at my nod, in that first night, the pomp of all the stars developed itself ; who but I set you free from all the bonds of Philister-like, contracting thoughts ? I, however emancipated as my mind assures me I am, gladly

pursue my inward light, advance boldly in a transport peculiarly my own, the bright before me, and the dark behind !”—Do you not see a resemblance ? O, they might be modest enough to confess that one straggling ray of light may, by some accident, reach the blind eyes of even us poor, benighted heathen !”

“Alas ! how little veneration we have !” said Flemming. “I could not help closing the discussion with a jest. An ill-timed levity often takes me by surprise. On all such occasions, I think of a scene at the University, where, in the midst of a grave discussion on the possibility of Absolute Motion, a scholar said he had seen a rock split open from which sprang a toad, who could not be supposed to have any knowledge of the external world, and consequently his motion must have been absolute. The learned Professor who presided on that occasion was hardly more startled and astonished than was our learned Professor, five minutes ago. But come ; wind up your watch, and let us go to bed.”

“By the way,” said the Baron, “did you mind what a curious head he has ? There are two crowns upon it.

“That is a sign,” replied Flemming, “that he will eat his bread in two kingdoms.”

“I think the poor man would be very thankful,” said the Baron, with a smile, “if he were always sure of eating it in one. He is what the Transcendentalists call a God-intoxicated man ; and I advise him, as Santeul advised Bossuet, to go to Patmos and write a new Apocalypse.

CHAPTER VII.

MILL-WHEELS AND OTHER WHEELS.

A FEW days after this, the Baron received letters from his sister, telling him that her physicians had prescribed a few weeks at the Baths of Ems, and urging him to meet her there before the fashionable season.

“Come,” said he to Flemming; “make this short journey with me. We will pass a few pleasant days at Ems, and visit the other watering-places of Nassau. It will drive away the melancholy day-dreams that haunt you. Perhaps some future bride is even now waiting for you, with dim presentiments and undefined longings, at the Serpent’s Bath.”

“Or some widow of Ems, with a cork leg!” said Flemming, smiling; and then added, in a tone of voice half jest, half earnest, “Certainly; let us go in pursuit of her:—

‘Whoe’er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me:
Where’er she lie,
Hidden from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of destiny.’”

They started in the afternoon for Frankfort, ~~pe~~ their way slowly along the lovely Bergstrasse, throughout Germany for its beauty. They ~~pe~~

ruined house where Martin Luther lay concealed after the Diet of Worms, and through the village of Handschuhsheimer, as old as the days of King Pepin the short,—a hamlet, lying under the hills, half buried in blossoms and green leaves. Close on the right rose the mountains of the mysterious Odenwald; on the left lay the Neckar, like a steel bow in the meadow. Farther westward, a thin smoky vapor betrayed the course of the Rhine; beyond which, like a troubled sea, ran the blue, billowy Alsatian hills. Song of birds, and sound of evening bells, and fragrance of sweet blossoms, filled the air; and silent and slow sank the broad red sun, half hidden amid folding clouds.

“We shall not pass the night at Weinheim,” said the Baron to the postilion, who had dismounted to walk up the hill leading to the town. “You may drive to the mill in the Valley of Birkenau.”

The postilion seized one of his fat horses by the tail, and swung himself up to his seat again. They rattled over the paved streets of Weinheim, and took no heed of the host of the Golden Eagle, who stood so invitingly at the door of his own inn; and the ruins of Burg Windeck, above there, on its mountain throne, frowned at them for hurrying by, without staying to do him homage.

“The old ruin looks well from the valley,” said the Baron; but let us beware of climbing that steep hill. Most travellers are like children; they must needs touch whatever they behold. They climb up to every old broken tooth of a castle which they find on their way; get a toilsome ascent and hot sunshine for their pains, and come down wearied and disappointed. I trust we are wiser.”

They crossed the bridge, and turned up the stream, passing under an arch of stone which serves as a gateway

to this enchanted Valley of Birkenau. A cool and lovely valley, shut in by high hills ;—shaded by alder-trees and tall poplars, under which rushes the Wechsnitz, a noisy mountain-brook, that ever and anon puts its broad shoulder to the wheel of a mill, and shows that it can labor as well as laugh. At one of these mills they stopped for the night.

A mill forms as characteristic a feature in the romantic German landscape as in the romantic German tale. It is not only a mill, but likewise an alehouse and rural inn ; so that the associations it suggests are not of labor only, but also of pleasure. It stands in the narrow defile, with its picturesque thatched roof ; thither throng the peasants, of a holiday ; and there are rustic dances under the trees.

In the twilight of the fast-approaching summer night, the Baron and Flemming walked forth along the borders of the stream. As they heard it rushing and gushing among the stones and tangled roots, and the great wheel turning in the current, with its never-ceasing plash ! plash ! it brought to their minds that exquisite, simple song of Goethe, the Youth and the Mill-brook. It was for the moment a nymph which sang to them in the voice of the waters.

“I am persuaded,” said Flemming, “that, in order fully to understand and feel the popular poetry of Germany, one must be familiar with the German landscape. Many sweet little poems are the outbreaks of momentary feelings ;—words to which the song of birds, the rustling of leaves, and the gurgle of cool waters form the appropriate music. Or perhaps I should say they are words which man has composed to the music of nature. Can you not, even now, hear this brooklet telling you how it

is on its way to the mill, where at daybreak the miller's daughter opens her window, and comes down to bathe her face in its stream, and her bosom is so full and white, that it kindles the glow of love in the cool waters ? ”

“ A most delightful ballad, truly,” said the Baron. “ But, like many others of our little songs, it ~~requires~~ a poet to feel and understand it. Sing them in the valley and woodland shadows, and under the leafy roofs of garden walks, and at night, and alone, as they were written. Sing them not in the loud world,—for the loud world laughs such things to scorn. It is Müeller who says, in that little song where the maiden bids the moon good evening :—

‘ This song was made to be sung at night,
And he who reads it in broad daylight
Will never read the mystery right ;
And yet it is childlike easy ! ’

He has written a great many pretty songs, in which the momentary, indefinite longings and impulses of the soul of man find expression. He calls them the Songs of a Wandering Horn-player. There is one among them much to our present purpose. He expresses it in the feeling of unrest and desire of motion, which the sight and sound of running waters often produce in us. It is entitled ‘ Whither ? ’ and is worth repeating to you.

‘ I heard a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down into the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear.

‘ I know not what came o’er me,
Nor who the counsel gave ;
But I must hasten downward,
All with my pilgrim-stave.

‘ Downward, and ever farther,
And ever the brook beside ;
And ever fresher murmured,
And ever clearer, the tide.

‘ Is this the way I was going ?
Whither, O brooklet ? say !
Thou hast, with thy soft murmur,
Murmured my senses away.

‘ What do I say of a murmur ?
That can no murmur be ;
’Tis the water-nymphs, that are singing
Their roundelays under me.

‘ Let them sing, my friend, let them murmur
And wander merrily near ;
The wheels of a mill are going
In every brooklet clear.’ ”

“ There you have the poetic reverie,” said Flemming, “ and the dull prose commentary and explanation in matter of fact. The song is pretty ; and was probably suggested by some such scene as this which we are now beholding. Doubtless, all your old national traditions sprang up in the popular mind as this song in the poet’s.”

“ Your opinion is certainly correct,” answered the Baron ; “ and yet all this play of poetic fancy does not prevent me from feeling the chill night-air and the pangs of hunger. Let us go back to the mill, and see what our landlady has for supper. Did you observe, what a loud, sharp voice she has ? ”

“ People always have, who live in mills, and near waterfalls.”

On the following morning, they emerged unwillingly from the green, dark valley, and journeyed along the level highway to Frankfort, where in the evening they

heard the glorious Don Giovanni of Mozart. Of all operas, this was Flemming's favorite. What rapturous flights of sound ! what thrilling, pathetic chimes ! what wild, joyous revelry of passion ! what a delirium of sense ! what an expression of agony and woe !—all the feelings of suffering and rejoicing humanity sympathized with and finding a voice in those tones. Flemming and the Baron listened with ever-increasing delight.

“How wonderful this is !” exclaimed Flemming, transported by his feelings. “How the chorus swells and dies, like the wind of summer ! How those passages of mysterious import seem to wave to and fro, like the swaying branches of trees ; from which anon some solitary sweet voice darts off like a bird, and floats away and revels in the bright, warm sunshine ! And then, mark ! how, amid the chorus of a hundred voices and a hundred instruments,—of flutes, and drums, and trumpets,—this universal shout and whirlwind of the vexed air, you can so clearly distinguish the melancholy vibration of a single string, touched by the finger,—a mournful, sobbing sound ! Ah, this is indeed human life ! where, in the rushing, noisy crowd, and amid sounds of gladness, and a thousand mingling emotions, distinctly audible to the ear of thought, are the pulsations of some melancholy string of the heart, touched by an invisible hand.”

Then came, in the midst of these excited feelings, the ballet, drawing its magic net about the soul. And soon, from the tangled yet harmonious mazes of the dance, came forth a sylph-like form, her scarf floating behind her, as if she were fanning the air with gauze-like wings. Noiseless as a feather or a snow-flake falls, did her feet touch the earth. She seemed to float in the air, and the floor to bend and wave under her, as a branch when a

bird alights upon it and takes wing again. Loud and rapturous applause followed each wonderful step, each voluptuous movement ; and, with a flushed cheek and burning eye, and bosom panting to be free, stood the gracefully majestic figure for a moment still, and then the winged feet of the swift dancing-girls glanced round her, and she was lost again in the throng.

“How truly exquisite this is !” exclaimed the Baron, after joining loudly in the applause.

“What a noble figure ! What grace ! what attitudes ! How much soul in every motion ! how much expression in every gesture ! I assure you, it produces upon me the same effect as a beautiful poem. It is a poem. Every step is a word ; and the whole together a poem.”

The Baron and Flemming were delighted with the scene ; and at the same time exceedingly amused with the countenance of an old prude in the next box, who seemed to look upon the whole magic show with such feelings as Michal, Saul’s daughter, experienced, when she looked from her window and saw King David dancing and leaping with his scanty garments.

“After all,” said Flemming, “the old French priest was not so far out of the way, when he said, in his coarse dialect, ‘The dance is the Devil’s procession ; and paint and ornaments the whetting of the Devil’s sword ; and the ring that is made in dancing, the Devil’s grindstone, whereon he sharpens his sword ; and finally,—a ballet is the pomp and mass of the Devil, and whosoever entereth therein entereth into his pomp and mass ; for the woman who singeth is the prioress of the Devil, and they that answer are clerks, and they that look on are parishioners, and the cymbals and flutes are the bells, and the musicians that play are the ministers of the Devil.’”

“No doubt, this good lady near us thinks so likewise,” answered the Baron, laughing; “but she likes it for all that.”

When the play was over, the Baron begged Flemming to sit still till the crowd had gone.

“I have a strange fancy,” said he “whenever I come to the theatre, to see the end of all things. When the crowd is gone, and the curtain raised again to air the house, and the lamps are all out, save here and there one behind the scenes, the contrast with what has gone before is most impressive. Every thing wears a dream-like aspect. The empty boxes and stalls, the silence, the smoky twilight, and the magic scene dismantled, produce in me a strange, mysterious feeling. It is like a dim reflection of a theatre in water or in a dusty mirror, and reminds me of some of Hoffmann’s wild tales. It is a practical moral lesson, a commentary on the play, and makes the show complete.”

It was truly as he said; only tenfold more desolate, solemn, and impressive; and produced upon the mind the effect we experience when slumber is suddenly broken, and dreams and realities mingle, and we know not yet whether we sleep or wake. As they at length passed out through the dimly-lighted passage, they heard a vulgar-looking fellow, with a sensual face and shaggy whiskers, say to some persons who were standing near him, and seemed to be hangers-on of the play-house:—

“I shall run her six months at Munich, and then take her on to Vienna.”

Flemming thought he was speaking of some favorite horse. He was speaking of his beautiful wife, the ballet-dancer.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD HUMBUG.

WHAT most interested our travellers in the ancient city of Frankfort was neither the opera, nor the Ariadne of Dannecker, but the house in which Goethe was born, and the scenes he frequented in his childhood and remembered in his old age. Such, for example, are the walks around the city, outside the moat ; the bridge over the Main, with the golden cock on the cross, which the poet beheld and marvelled at when a boy ; the cloister of the Barefooted Friars, through which he stole with mysterious awe to sit by the oilcloth-covered table of old Rector Albrecht ; and the garden in which his grandfather walked up and down among fruit-trees and rose-bushes, in long morning-gown, black velvet cap, and the antique leather gloves, which he annually received as Mayor on Pipers-Doomsday representing a kind of middle personage between Alcinoüs and Laertes. Thus, O Genius ! are thy footprints hallowed ; and the star shines for ever over the place of thy nativity.

“Your English critics may rail as they list,” said the Baron, while he and Flemming were returning from a stroll in the leafy gardens outside the moat ; “but, after all, Goethe was a magnificent old fellow. Only think of his life, his youth of passion, alternately aspiring and desponding, stormy, impetuous, headlong ;—his romantic manhood, in which passion assumes the form of strength ;

assiduous, careful, toiling, without haste, without rest ;—and his sublime old age,—the age of serene and classic repose, where he stands like Atlas, as Claudian has painted him in the Battle of the Giants, holding the world aloft upon his head, the ocean-streams hard frozen in his hoary locks.”

“A good illustration of what the world calls his indifferentism.”

“And do you know I rather like this indifferentism ? Did you never have the misfortune to live in a community, where a difficulty in the parish seemed to announce the end of the world ? or to know one of the benefactors of the human race, in the very storm and pressure period of his indiscreet enthusiasm ? If you have, I think you will see something beautiful in the calm and dignified attitude which the old philosopher assumes.”

“It is a pity that his admirers had not a little of this philosophic coolness. It amuses me to read the various epithets which they apply to him :—The Dear, dear Man ! The Life-enjoying Man ! The All-sided One ! The Representative of Poetry upon Earth ! The Many-sided Master-mind of Germany ! His enemies rush into the other extreme, and hurl at him the fierce names of Old Humbug ! and Old Heathen ! which hit like pistol-bullets.”

“I confess he was no saint.”

“No ; his philosophy is the old ethnic philosophy. You will find it all in a convenient and concentrated portable form in Horace’s beautiful Ode to Thaliarcus. What I most object to in the old gentleman is his sensuality.”

“O, nonsense ! Nothing can be purer than the Iphigenia ; it is as cold and passionless as a marble statue.”

“Very true ; but you cannot say the same of some of

the Roman Elegies, and of that strange book, the *Elective Affinities*."

"Ah, my friend, Goethe is an artist ; and looks upon all things as objects of art merely. Why should he not be allowed to copy in words what painters and sculptors copy in colors and in marble ?"

"The artist shows his character in the choice of his subject. Goethe never sculptured an Apollo, nor painted a Madonna. He gives us only sinful Magdalens and rampant Fauns. He does not so much idealize as realize."

"He only copies nature."

"So did the artists who made the bronze lamps of Pompeii. Would you hang one of those in your hall ? To say that man is an artist and copies nature is not enough. There are two great schools of art ; the imitative and the imaginative. The latter is the most noble, and the most enduring ; and Goethe belonged rather to the former. Have you read Menzel's attack upon him ?"

"It is truly ferocious. The Silesian hews into him lustily. I hope you do not side with him."

"By no means. He goes too far. He blames the poet for not being a politician. He might as well blame him for not being a missionary to the Sandwich Islands."

"And what do you think of Eckermann ?"

"I think he is a toady ; a kind of German Boswell. Goethe knew he was drawing his portrait, and attitudinized for it accordingly. He works very hard to make a Saint Peter out of an old Jupiter, as the Catholics did at Rome."

"Well, call him Old Humbug, or Old Heathen, or what you please ; I maintain, that, with all his errors and shortcomings, he was a glorious specimen of a man."

"He certainly was. Did it ever occur to you that he was in some points like Ben Franklin,—a kind of rhymed

Ben Franklin ? The practical tendency of his mind was the same ; his love of science was the same ; his benignant, philosophic spirit was the same ; and a vast number of his little poetic maxims and soothsayings seem nothing more than the worldly wisdom of Poor Richard, versified."

"What most offends me is, that now every German jackass must have a kick at the dead lion."

"And every one who passes through Weimar must throw a book upon his grave, as travellers did of old a stone upon the grave of Manfredi, at Benevento. But, of all that has been said or sung, what most pleases me is Heine's Apologetic, if I may so call it ; in which he says, that 'the minor poets, who flourished under the imperial reign of Goethe, resemble a young forest, where the trees first show their own magnitude after the oak of a hundred years, whose branches had towered above and overshadowed them, has fallen. There was not wanting an opposition that strove against Goethe, this majestic tree. Men of the most warring opinions united themselves for the contest. The adherents of the old faith, the orthodox, were vexed that in the trunk of the vast tree no niche with its holy image was to be found ; nay, that even the naked Dryads of paganism were permitted to play their witchery there ; and gladly, with consecrated axe, would they have imitated the holy Boniface, and levelled the enchanted oak to the ground. The followers of the new faith, the apostles of Liberalism, were vexed, on the other hand, that the tree could not serve as the Tree of Liberty, or, at any rate, as a barricade. In fact the tree was too high ; no one could plant the red cap upon its summit, or dance the Carmagnole beneath its branches. The multitude, however, venerated this tree for the very reason that it reared itself with such independent grandeur, and so

graciously filled the world with its odor, while its branches streaming magnificently toward heaven made it appear as if the stars were only the golden fruit of its wondrous limbs.' Don't you think that beautiful?"

"Yes, very beautiful. And I am glad to see that you can find something to admire in my favorite author, notwithstanding his frailties; or, to use an old German saying, that you can drive the hens out of the garden without trampling down the beds."

"Here is the old gentleman himself!" exclaimed Fleming.

"Where?" cried the Baron, as if for the moment he expected to see the living figure of the poet walking before them.

"Here at the window,—that full-length cast. Excellent,—is it not? He is dressed, as usual, in his long yellow nankeen surtout, with a white cravat crossed in front. What a magnificent head! and what a posture! He stands like a tower of strength. And, by Heavens! he was nearly eighty years old when that was made."

"How do you know?"

"You can see by the date on the pedestal."

"You are right. And yet how erect he stands, with his square shoulders braced back, and his hands behind him! He looks as if he were standing before the fire. I feel tempted to put a live coal into his hand, it lies so invitingly half-open. Gleim's description of him, soon after he went to Weimar, is very different from this. Do you recollect it?"

"No, I do not."

"It is a story which good old father Gleim used to tell with great delight. He was one evening reading the *Göttingen Musen-Almanac*¹ at Wei-

mar, when a young man came in, dressed in a short, green shooting-jacket, booted and spurred, and having a pair of brilliant, black, Italian eyes. He, in turn, offered to read ; but finding, probably, the poetry of the *Musen-Almanach* of that year rather too insipid for him, he soon began to improvise the wildest and most fantastic poems imaginable, and in all possible forms and measures, pretending all the while to read from the book. ‘That is either Goethe or the Devil,’ said good old Father Gleim to Wieland, who sat near him. To which the Great I of Osmannstadt replied,—‘It is both, for he has the Devil in him to-night ; and at such times he is like a wanton colt, that flings out before and behind, and you will do well not to go too near him !’”

“Very good !”

“And now that noble figure is but mould. Only a few months ago, those majestic eyes looked for the last time on the light of a pleasant spring morning. Calm, like a god, the old man sat ; and with a smile seemed to bid farewell to the light of day, on which he had gazed for more than eighty years. Books were near him, and the pen which had just dropped, as it were, from his dying fingers.—Open the shutters, and let in more light ! were the last words that came from those lips. Slowly stretching forth his hand, he seemed to write in the air ; and, as it sank down again and was motionless, the spirit of the old man departed.”

“And yet the world goes on. It is strange how soon, when a great man dies, his place is filled ; and so completely, that he seems no longer wanted. But let us step in here. I wish to buy that cast, and send it home to a friend.”

CHAPTER IX.

THE DAYLIGHT OF THE DWARFS, AND THE FALLING STAR.

AFTER lingering a day or two in Frankfort, the two friends struck across through Hochheim to the Rhine, and up among the hills of the Rheingau to Schlangenbad, where they tarried only to bathe and to dine, and then pursued their way to Langenschwalbach. The town lies in a valley, with gently sloping hills around it, and long avenues of poplars leading forth into the fields. One interminable street cuts the town in twain, and there are old houses with curious faces carved upon their fronts, and dates of the olden time.

Our travellers soon sallied forth from their hotel, impatient to drink the strength-giving waters of the fountains. They continued their walk far up the valley under the poplars. The new grain was waving in the fields; the birds singing in the trees and in the air; and everything seemed glad, save a poor old man, who came tottering out of the woods, with a heavy bundle of sticks on his shoulders.

Returning upon their steps, they passed down the valley and through the long street to the tumble-down old Lutheran church. A flight of stone steps leads from the street to the green terrace or platform on which the church stands, and which in ancient times was a church-yard, or, as the Germans now

God's-acre ; where generations are scattered like seeds, and that which is sown in corruption shall be raised hereafter in incorruption. On the steps stood an old man,—a very old man,—holding a little girl by the hand. He took off his greasy cap as they passed, and wished them good day. His teeth were gone ; he could hardly articulate a syllable. The Baron asked him how old the church was. He gave no answer ; but when the question was repeated, came close up to them, and, taking off his cap again, turned his ear attentively, and said :—

“I am hard of hearing.”

“Poor old man,” said Flemming ; “he is as much a ruin as the church we are entering. It will not be long before he, too, shall be sown as seed in this God's-acre !”

The little girl ran into a house close at hand, and brought out the great key. The church-door swung open, and, descending a few steps, they passed through a low-roofed passage into the church. All was in ruin. The gravestones in the pavement were started from their places ; the vaults beneath yawned ; the roof above was falling piecemeal ; there were rents in the old tower ; and mysterious passages, and side doors with crazy flights of wooden steps, leading down into the church-yard. Amid all this ruin, one thing only stood erect ; it was a statue of a knight in armor, standing in a niche under the pulpit.

“Who is this ?” said Flemming to the old sexton ; “who is this, that stands here so solemnly in marble, and seems to be keeping guard over the dead men below ?”

“I do not know,” replied the old man ; “but I have heard my grandfather say it was the statue of a great warrior !”

“There is history for you!” exclaimed the Baron. “There is fame! To have a statue of marble, and yet have your name forgotten by the sexton of your parish, who can remember only that he once heard his grandfather say that you were a great warrior!”

Flemming made no reply, for he was thinking of the days, when, from the old pulpit, some bold reformer thundered down the first tidings of a new doctrine, and the roof echoed with the grand old hymn of Martin Luther.

When he communicated his thoughts to the Baron, the only answer he received was:—

“After all, what is the use of so much preaching? Do you think the fishes that heard the sermon of St. Anthony were any better than those who did not? I commend to your favorable notice the fish-sermon of this saint, as recorded by Abraham à Santa Clara. You will find it in your favorite Wonder-Horn.”

Thus passed the day at Langenschwalbach; and the evening at the Allée-Saal was quite solitary; for as yet no company had arrived to fill its chambers, or sit under the trees before the door. The next morning even Flemming and the Baron were gone; for the German's heart was beating with strong desire to embrace his sister; and the heart of his friend cared little whither he went, sobeit he were not too much alone.

After a few hours' drive, they were looking down from the summit of a hill right upon the house-tops of Ems. There it lay, deep sunk in the hollow beneath them, as if some inhabitants of Sirius, like him spoken of in Voltaire's tale of *Micromegas*, held it in the hollow of his hand. High and peaked rise the hills that throw their shadows into this romantic valley, and at their base

winds the river Lahn. Our travellers drove through the one long street composed entirely of hotels and lodging-houses. Sick people looked out of the windows as they passed. Others were walking leisurely up and down, beneath the few decapitated trees, which represent a public promenade ; and a boy, with a blue frock and crimson cap, was driving three donkeys down the street. In short, they were in a fashionable watering-place ; as yet sprinkled only by a few pattering drops of the summer rain of strangers, which generally follows the first hot days.

On alighting at the London Hotel, the Baron found—not his sister, but only a letter from her, saying she had changed her mind and gone to the Baths of Franconia. This was a disappointment, which the Baron pocketed with the letter, and said not a word more about either. It was his way,—his life-philosophy in small things and great. In the evening, they went to an æsthetic tea, at the house of the Frau Kranich, the wife of a rich banker of Frankfort.

“I must tell you about this Frau Kranich,” said the Baron to Flemming, on the way. “She is a woman of talent and beauty, and just in the prime of life ; but, unfortunately, very ambitious. Her mania is to make a figure in the fashionable world ; and to this end she married a rich banker of Frankfort, old enough to be her father, not to say her grandfather, hoping, doubtless, that he would soon die ; for, if ever a woman wished to be a widow, she is that woman. But the old fellow is tough and won’t die. Moreover, he is deaf, and crabbed, and penurious, and half the time bedridden. The wife is a model of virtue, notwithstanding her weakness. She nurses the old gentleman as if he were a child. And, to

crown all, he hates society, and will not hear of his wife's receiving or going into company."

"How, then, can she give soirées?" asked Flemming.

"I was just going to tell you," continued the Baron. "The gay lady has no taste for long evenings with the old gentleman in the back chamber,—for being thus chained like a criminal under Mezentius, face to face with a dead body. So she puts him to bed first, and ——"

"Gives him opium."

"Yes, I dare say; and then gives herself a tea-party, without his knowing anything about it. This course of deception is truly hateful in itself, and must be particularly so to her, for she is not a low or an immoral woman; but one of those, who, not having strength enough to complete the sacrifice they have had strength enough to commence, are betrayed into a life of duplicity and falsehood."

They had now reached the house, and were ushered into a room gayly lighted and filled with guests. The hostess came forward to receive them, dressed in white, and sailing down the room like a swan. When the customary salutations had passed and Flemming had been duly presented, the Baron said, not without a certain degree of malice :—

"And, my dear Frau Kranich, how is your good husband to-night?"

This question was about as discreet as a cannon-ball. But the lady replied, in the simplicity of her heart, and not in the least disconcerted :—

"The same as ever, my dear Baron. It is astonishing how he holds out. But let us not talk of these things now. I must introduce your friend to his countryman, the Grand Duke of Mississippi; alike remarkable for his wealth, his modesty, and the extreme simplicity of his

manners. He drives only six horses. Besides, he is known as a man of learning and piety,—has his private chapel, and private clergyman, who always preaches against the vanity of worldly riches. He has also a private secretary, whose sole duty is to smoke to him, that he may enjoy the aroma of Spanish cigars, without the trouble of smoking.”

“Decidedly a man of genius !”

Here Flemming was introduced to his illustrious countryman ; a person who seemed to consist chiefly of linen, such a display did he make of collar, bosom, and wristbands.

“Pray, Mr. Flemming, what do you think of that Rembrandt ?” said he, pointing to a picture on the wall. “Exquisite picture ! The grandeur of sentiment and splendor of chiaroscuro are of the first order. Just observe the liquidity of the water, and the silveriness of the clouds ! Great power ! There is a bravura of handling in that picture, Sir, which it requires the eye of the connoisseur to appreciate.”

“Yes, a most undoubted—copy !”

And here their conversation ended ; for at that moment the little Moldavian Prince Jerkin made his way through the crowd, with his snuff-box as usual in his hand, and hurried up to Flemming, whom he had known in Heidelberg. He was eager to let every one know that he spoke English, and in his haste began by making a mistake.

“Good bye ! Good bye ! Mr. Flemming !” said he, instead of good evening. “I am ravished to see you in Ems. Nice place :—all that there is of most nice. I drink my water and am good ! Do you not think the Frau Kranich has a very beautiful leather ?”

He meant skin. Flemming laughed outright ; but it was not perceived by the Prince, because at that moment he was pushed aside, in the rush of a gallopade, and Flemming beheld his face no more. At the same moment the Baron introduced a friend of his, who also spoke English and said :—

“ You will sup with me to-night. I have some Rhine-wine, which will be a seduction to you.”

Soon after, the Baron stood, with an impassioned, romantic lady leaning on his arm, examining a copy of Raphael's Fornarina.

“ Ach ! I wish I had been the Fornarina,” sighed the impassioned, romantic lady.

“ Then, my dear madam,” replied the Baron, “ I wish I had been Raphael.”

And so likewise said to himself a very tall man with fiery red hair and fancy whiskers, who was waltzing round and round in one spot, and in a most extraordinary waistcoat ; thus representing a fiery floating-light, to warn men of the hidden rocks on which the breath of vanity drives them shipwreck. At length his partner, tired of spinning, sank upon a sofa, like a child's top, when it reels and falls.

“ You do not like the waltz ?” said an elderly French gentleman, remarking the expression of Flemming's countenance.

“ O yes ; among the figurantes of the opera. But I confess it sometimes makes me shudder to see a young rake clasp his arms round the waist of a pure and innocent girl. What would you say, were you to see him sitting on a sofa with his arms round your wife ?”

“ Mere prejudice of education,” replied the French gentlemen. “ I know that situation. I have read all about it in the *Bibliothèque de Romans Choisis* !”

And merrily went the dance ; and bright eyes and flushed cheeks were not wanting among the dancers ;

“ And they waxed red, and waxed warm,
And rested, panting, arm in arm ” ;

and the Strauss-waltzes sounded pleasantly in the ears of Flemming who, though he never danced, yet, like Henry of Ofterdingen, in the romance of Novalis, thought to music. The wheeling waltz set the wheels of his fancy going. And thus the moments glided on, and the footsteps of Time were not heard amid the sound of music and voices.

But suddenly this scene of gayety was interrupted. The door opened wide ; and the short figure of a gray-haired old man presented itself, with a flushed countenance and wild eyes. He was but half dressed, and in his hand held a silver candlestick without a light. A sheet was wound round his head, like a turban ; and he tottered forward with a vacant, bewildered look, exclaiming :—

“ I am Mahomet, the king of the Jews ! ”

At the same moment he fell in a swoon, and was borne out of the room, by the servants. Flemming looked at the lady of the festival, and she was deadly pale. For a moment, all was confusion ; and the dance and the music stopped. The impression produced on the company was at once ludicrous and awful. They tried in vain to rally. The whole society was like a dead body, from which the spirit has departed. Ere long, the guests had all dispersed, and left the lady of the mansion to her mournful, expiring lamps, and still more mournful reflections.

“ Truly,” said Flemming to the Baron, as they wended

their way homeward, "this seems not like reality ; but like one of the sharp contrasts we find in novels. Who shall say, after this, that there is not more romance in real life than we find written in books ?"

"Not more romance," said the Baron, "but a different romance."

A still more tragic scene had been that evening enacted in Heidelberg. Just as the sun set, two female figures walked along the romantic woodland pathway, leading to the Angel's Meadow, a little green opening on the brow of one of the high hills which see themselves in the Neckar and hear the solemn bells of Kloster-Neuburg. The evening shadows were falling broad and long ; and the cuckoo began to sing.

"Cuckoo ! cuckoo !" said the eldest of the two figures, repeating an old German popular rhyme,—

" ' Cuckoo ! cuckoo !
Tell me true,
Tell me fair and fine,
How long must I unmarried pine ?' "

It was the voice of an evil spirit that spoke in the person of Madeleine ; and the pale and shrinking figure that walked by her side, and listened to those words, was Emma of Ilmenau. A young man joined them, where the path turns into the thick woodlands ; and they disappeared among the shadowy branches. It was the Polish Count.

The forget-me-nots looked up to heaven with their meek blue eyes, from their home in Angel's Meadow. Calmly stood the mountain of All-Saints, in its majestic, holy stillness ;—the river flowed so far below, that the

murmur of its waters was not heard ;—there was not a sigh of the evening wind among the leaves, not a sound upon the earth nor in the air ;—and yet that night there fell a star from heaven !

CHAPTER X.

THE PARTING.

IT was now that season of the year which an old English writer calls the amiable month of June, and at that hour of the day, when, face to face, the rising moon beholds the setting sun. As yet the stars were few in heaven. But, after the heat of the day, the coolness and the twilight descended like a benediction upon the earth, by all those gentle sounds attended which are the meek companions of the night.

Flemming and the Baron had passed the afternoon at the Castle. They had rambled once more together, and for the last time, over the magnificent ruin. On the morrow they were to part, perhaps forever. The Baron was going to Berlin, to join his sister; and Flemming, driven forward by the restless spirit within him, longed once more for a change of scene, and was going to Tyrol and Switzerland. Alas! he never said to the passing hour, "Stay, for thou art fair!" but reached forward into the dark future, with unsatisfied longings and aimless desires that were never still.

As the day was closing, they sat down on the terrace of Elizabeth's Garden. The sun had set beyond the blue Alsatian hills; and on the valley of the Rhine fell the purple mist, like the mantle of the departing prophet from his fiery chariot. Over the trees of the garden

the contending daylight and moonlight there were as yet no shadows. But at length the shadows came,—transparent and faint outlines, that deepened into form. In the valley below only the river gleamed, like steel; and here and there the lamps were lighted in the town. Solemnly stood the leafy linden-trees in the garden near them, their trunks in darkness and their summits bronzed with moonlight; and in his niche in the great round tower, overhung with ivy, like a majestic phantom, stood the gray statue of Louis, with his venerable beard, and shirt of mail, and flowing mantle; and the mild, majestic countenance looked forth into the silent night, as the countenance of a seer who reads the stars. At intervals, the wind of the summer night passed through the ruined castle and the trees, and they sent forth a sound as if Nature were sighing in her dreams; and for a moment, overhead, the broad leaves gently clashed together, like brazen cymbals, with a tinkling sound; and then all was still, save the sweet, passionate song of nightingales, that nowhere sing more sweetly than in the gardens of Heidelberg Castle.

The hour, the scene, and the near-approaching separation of the two young friends, had filled their hearts with a pleasant, though at the same time not painless excitement. They had been conversing about the magnificent old ruin, and the ages in which it had been built, and the vicissitudes of time and war, that had battered down its walls, and left it “tenantless, save to the crannyng wind.”

“How sorrowful and sublime is the face of that statue yonder!” said Flemming. “It reminds me of the old Danish hero Beowulf; for careful, sorrowing, he seeth in his son’s bower the wine-hall deserted, the resort of the

wind, noiseless ; the knight sleepeth ; the warrior lieth in darkness ; there is no noise of the harp, no joy in the dwellings, as there was before."

"Even as you say," replied the Baron ; "but it often astonishes me, that, coming from that fresh green world of yours beyond the sea, you should feel so much interest in these old things ; nay, at times seem so to have drunk in their spirit, as really to live in the times of old. For my part, I do not see what charm there is in the pale and wrinkled countenance of the Past, so to entice the soul of a young man. It seems to me like falling in love with one's grandmother. Give me the Present,—warm, glowing, palpitating with life. She is my mistress ; and the Future stands waiting like my wife that is to be,—for whom, to tell the truth, I care very little just now. Indeed, my friend, I wish you would take more heed of this philosophy of mine ; and not waste the golden hours of youth in vain regrets for the past, and indefinite, dim longings for the future. Youth comes but once in a lifetime."

"Therefore," said Flemming, "let us so enjoy it as to be still young when we are old. For my part, I grow happier as I grow older. When I compare my sensations and enjoyments now with what they were ten years ago, the comparison is vastly in favor of the present. Much of the fever and fretfulness of life is over. The world and I look each other more calmly in the face. My mind is more self-possessed. It has done me good to be somewhat parched by the heat and drenched by the rain of life."

"Now you speak like an old philosopher," Baron, laughing. "But you deceive ; I knew a more restless, feverish spirit."

think you have gained the mastery yet. You are only riding at anchor here in an eddy of the stream ; you will soon be swept away again in the mighty current and whirl of accident. Do not trust this momentary calm. I know you better than you know yourself. There is something Faust-like in you ; you would fain grasp the highest and the deepest, and reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment languish for desire. When a momentary change of feeling comes over you, you think the change permanent, and thus live in constant self-deception."

"I confess," said Flemming, "there may be some truth in what you say. There are times when my soul is restless ; and a voice sounds within me, like the trump of the archangel, and thoughts that were buried, long ago, come out of their graves. At such times my favorite occupations and pursuits no longer charm me. The quiet face of Nature seems to mock me."

"There certainly are seasons," replied the Baron, "when Nature seems not to sympathize with her beloved children. She sits there so eternally calm and self-possessed, so very motherly and serene, and cares so little whether the heart of her child breaks or not, that at times I almost lose my patience. About that, too, she cares so little, that, out of sheer obstinacy, I become good-humored again, and then she smiles."

"I think we must confess, however," continued Flemming, "that all this springs from our own imperfection, not from hers. How beautiful is this green-world which we inhabit ! See yonder, how the moonlight mingles with the mist ! What a glorious night is this ! Truly, every man has a Paradise around him, until he sins, and the angel of an accusing conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours, when this

angel sleeps, and man comes back, and, with the innocent eyes of a child, looks into his lost Paradise again,—into the broad gates and rural solitudes of Nature. I feel this often. We have much to enjoy in the quiet and retirement of our own thoughts. Boisterous mirth and loud laughter are not my mood. I love that tranquillity of soul, in which we feel the blessing of existence, and which in itself is a prayer and a thanksgiving. I find, however, that, as I grow older, I love the country less, and the city more.”

“Yes,” interrupted the Baron; “and presently you will love the city less and the country more. Say at once, that you have an undefined longing for both; and prefer town or country, according to the mood you are in. I think a man must be of a very quiet and happy nature, who can long endure the country; and, moreover, very well contented with his own insignificant person, very self-complacent, to be continually occupied with himself and his own thoughts. To say the least, a town life makes one more tolerant and liberal in one’s judgment of others. One is not eternally wrapped up in self-contemplation; which, after all, is only a more holy kind of vanity.”

In conversation like this, the hours glided away; till at length, from the Giant’s Tower, the castle clock struck twelve, with a sound that seemed to come from the Middle Ages. Like watchmen from their belfries, the city clocks answered it, one by one. Then distant and muffled sounds were heard. Inarticulate words seemed to blot the foggy air, as if written on wet paper. These were the bells of Handschuhsheimer, and of other villages on the broad plain of the Rhine and among the hills of the Odenwald; mysterious sounds, that seemed not of this world.

Beneath them, in the shadow of the hills, lay the valley, like a fathomless, black, gulf ; and above were the cloistered stars, that, nun-like, walk the holy aisles of heaven. The city was asleep in the valley below ; all asleep and silent, save the clocks, that had just struck twelve, and the veering, golden weathercocks, that were swimming in the moonlight, like golden fishes in a glass vase. And again the wind of the summer night passed through the old castle and the trees, and the nightingales recorded under the dark, shadowy leaves, and the heart of Flemming was full.

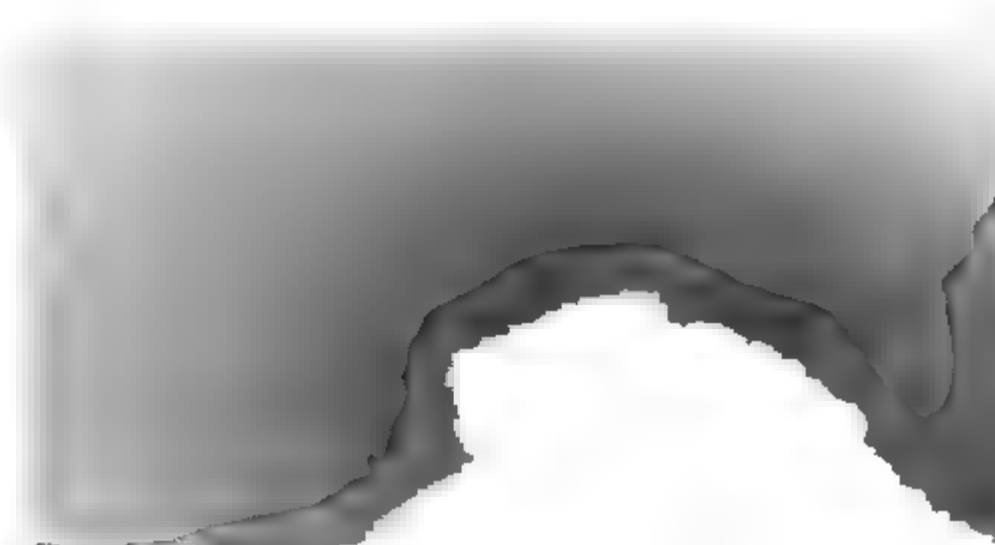
When he had retired to his chamber, a feeling of utter loneliness came over him. The night before one begins a journey is always a dismal night ; for, as Byron says,

“ In leaving even the most unpleasant people
And places, one keeps looking at the steeple ! ”

and how much more so when the place and people are pleasant ! as was the case with those that Flemming was now leaving. No wonder he was sad and sleepless. Thoughts came and went, and bright and gloomy fancies, and dreams and visions, and sweet faces looked under his closed eyelids, and vanished away, and came again, and again departed. He heard the clock strike from hour to hour, and said, “ Another hour is gone.” At length the birds began to sing ; and ever and anon the cock crew. He arose and looked forth into the gray dawn ; and before him lay the city he was soon to leave, all white and ghastly, like a city that had arisen from its grave.

“ All things must change,” said he to the Baron, as he embraced him, and held him by the hand. “ Friends must be torn asunder, and swept along in the current of events, to see each other seldom, and perchance no more.

For ever and ever in the eddies of time and accident we whirl away. Besides which, some of us have a perpetual motion in our wooden heads, as Wodenblock had in his wooden leg ; and like him we travel on, without rest or sleep, and have hardly time to take a friend by the hand in passing ; and at length are seen hurrying through some distant land, worn to a skeleton, and all unknown."



BOOK THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

SUMMER-TIME.

THEY were right,—those old German Minnesingers, —to sing the pleasant summer-time ! What a time it is ! How June stands illuminated in the calendar ! The windows are all wide open ; only the Venetian blinds closed. Here and there a long streak of sunshine streams in through a crevice. We hear the low sound of the wind among the trees ; and, as it swells and freshens, the distant doors clap to, with a sudden sound. The trees are heavy with leaves ; and the gardens full of blossoms, red and white. The whole atmosphere is laden with perfume and sunshine. The birds sing. The cock struts about, and crows loftily. Insects chirp in the grass. Yellow buttercups stud the green carpet like golden buttons, and the red blossoms of the clover like rubies. The elm-trees reach their long, pendulous branches almost to the ground. White clouds sail aloft ; and vapors fret the blue sky with silver threads. The white village gleams afar against the dark hills. Through the meadow winds the river,—careless, indolent. It seems to love the country, and is in no haste to reach the sea. The bee only is at work,—the hot and angry bee. All things else are at play ; he never plays, and is vexed that any one should.

People drive out from town to breathe, and to be happy. Most of them have flowers in their hands ; bunches of apple-blossoms, and still oftener lilacs. Ye denizens of the crowded city, how pleasant to you is the change from the sultry streets to the open fields, fragrant with clover-blossoms ! how pleasant the fresh, breezy country air, dashed with brine from the meadows ! how pleasant, above all, the flowers, the manifold, beautiful flowers !

It is no longer day. Through the trees rises the red moon, and the stars are scarcely seen. In the vast shadow of night, the coolness and the dews descend. I sit at the open window to enjoy them ; and hear only the voice of the summer wind. Like black hulks, the shadows of the great trees ride at anchor on the billowy sea of grass. I cannot see the red and blue flowers, but I know that they are there. Far away in the meadow gleams the silver Charles. The tramp of horses' hoofs sounds from the wooden bridge. Then all is still, save the continuous wind of the summer night. Sometimes I know not if it be the wind, or the sound of the neighboring sea. The village clock strikes ; and I feel that I am not alone.

How different is it in the city ! It is late, and the crowd is gone. You step out upon the balcony, and lie in the very bosom of the cool, dewy night, as if you folded her garments about you. The whole starry heaven is spread out overhead. Beneath lies the public walk with trees, like a fathomless, black gulf, into whose silent darkness the spirit plunges and floats away, with some beloved spirit clasped in its embrace. The lamps are still burning up and down the long street. People go by, with grotesque shadows, now foreshortened, and now lengthening away into the darkness and vanishing, while a new one springs up behind the walker, and seems to

pass him on the sidewalk. The iron gates of the park shut with a jangling clang. There are footsteps and loud voices ;—a tumult,—a drunken brawl,—an alarm of fire ;—then silence again. And now at length the city is asleep, and we can see the night. The belated moon looks over the roofs, and finds no one to welcome her. The moonlight is broken. It lies here and there in the squares, and the openings of streets,—angular, like blocks of white marble.

Under such a green, triumphal arch, O Reader, with the odor of flowers about thee, and the song of birds, shalt thou pass onward into the enchanted land, as through the Ivory Gate of dreams ! And as a prelude and majestic march, one sweet human voice, I know not whose, but coming from the bosom of the Alps, sings this sublime ode, which the Alpine echoes repeat afar.

“ Come, golden Evening ! In the west
 ‘ Enthrone the storm-dispelling sun,
 And let the triple rainbow rest
 O’er all the mountain-tops. ’Tis done ;—
 The tempest ceases ; bold and bright,
 The rainbow shoots from hill to hill ;
 Down sinks the sun ; on presses night ;—
 Mont Blanc is lovely still !

“ There take thy stand, my spirit ;—spread
 The world of shadows at thy feet ;
 And mark how calm
 The stars

While hid in solitude sublime,
Methinks I muse on Nature's tomb,
And hear the passing foot of Time
Step through the silent gloom.

“ All in a moment, crash on crash,
From precipice to precipice,
An avalanche's ruins dash
Down to the nethermost abyss,
Invisible ; the ear alone
Pursues the uproar till it dies ;
Echo to echo, groan for groan,
From deep to deep, replies.

“ Silence again the darkness seals,
Darkness that may be felt ;—but soon
The silver-clouded east reveals
The midnight spectre of the moon ;
In half-eclipse she lifts her horn,
Yet o'er the host of heaven supreme
Brings the faint semblance of a morn,
With her awakening beam.

“ Ah ! at her touch, these Alpine heights
Unreal mockeries appear ;
With blacker shadows, ghastlier lights,
Emerging as she climbs the sphere ;
A crowd of apparitions pale !
I hold my breath in chill suspense,
They seem so exquisitely frail,
Lest they should vanish hence.

“ I breathe again, I freely breathe ;
Thee, Leman's Lake, once more I trace,
Like Dian's crescent far beneath,
As beautiful as Dian's face :
Pride of the land that gave me birth !
All that thy waves reflect I love,
Where heaven itself, brought down to earth,
Looks fairer than above.

“ Safe on thy banks again I stray,
The trance of poesy is o’er,
And I am here at dawn of day,
Gazing on mountains as before,
Where all the strange mutations wrought
Were magic feats of my own mind ;
For, in that fairy land of thought,
Whate’er I seek, I find.” *

* James Montgomery.

CHAPTER II.

FOOT-TRAVELLING.

TELL me, my soul, why art thou restless? Why dost thou look forward to the future with such strong desire? The present is thine,—and the past;—and the future shall be! O that thou didst look forward to the great hereafter with half the longing wherewith thou longest for an earthly future,—which a few days, at most, will bring thee! to the meeting of the dead, as to the meeting of the absent! Thou glorious spirit-land! O that I could behold thee as thou art,—the region of life and light and love, and the dwelling-place of those beloved ones whose being has flowed onward, like a silver-clear stream into the solemn-sounding main, into the ocean of Eternity!

Such were the thoughts that passed through the soul of Flemming, as he lay in utter solitude and silence on the rounded summit of one of the mountains of the Furca Pass, and gazed, with tears in his eyes, and ardent longing in his heart, into the blue, swimming heaven overhead, and at the glaciers and snowy mountain-peaks around him. Highest and whitest of all stood the peak of the Jungfrau, which seemed near him, though it rose afar off from the bosom of the Lauterbrunner Thal. There it stood, holy and high and pure, the bride of heaven, veiled and clothed in white, and lifting the thoughts of the beholder heavenward. O, he little thought then, as he gazed at it with

longing and delight, how soon a form was to arise in his own soul, as holy and high and pure as this, and like this point heavenward !

Thus lay the traveller on the mountain summit, reposing his weary limbs on the short, brown grass, which more resembled moss than grass. He had sent his guide forward, that he might be alone. His soul within him was wild with a fierce and painful delight. The mountain air excited him ; the mountain solitudes enticed, yet maddened him. Every peak, every sharp, jagged iceberg seemed to pierce him. The silence was awful and sublime. It was like that in the soul of a dying man, when he hears no more the sounds of earth. He seemed to be laying aside his earthly garments. The heavens were near unto him ; but between him and heaven every evil deed he had done arose gigantic, like those mountain-peaks, and breathed an icy breath upon him. O, let not the soul that suffers dare to look Nature in the face, where she sits majestically aloft in the solitude of the mountains ! for her face is hard and stern, and looks not in compassion upon her weak and erring child. It is the countenance of an accusing archangel, who summons us to judgment. In the valley she wears the countenance of a Virgin Mother, looking at us with tearful eyes, and a face of pity and love !

But yesterday Flemming had come up the valley of the Saint Gothard Pass, through Amsteg, where the Kerstelenbach comes dashing down the Maderaner Thal, from its snowy cradle overhead. The road is steep, and runs on zigzag terraces. The sides of the mountains are barren cliffs ; and from their cloud-capt summits, unheard amid the roar of the great torrent below, come streams of snow-white foam, leaping from rock to rock, like the

mountain chamois. As you advance, the scene grows wilder and more desolate. There is not a tree in sight,—not a human habitation. Clouds, black as midnight, lower upon you from the ravines above ; and the mountain torrent beneath is but a sheet of foam, and sends up an incessant roar. A sudden turn in the road brings you in sight of a lofty bridge, stepping from cliff to cliff with a single stride. A fearful cataract howls beneath it, like an evil spirit, and fills the air with mist ; and the mountain wind claps its hands and shrieks through the narrow pass, Ha ! ha ! This is the Devil's Bridge. It leads the traveller across the fearful chasm, and through a mountain gallery into the broad, green, silent meadow of Andermath.

Even the sunny morning which followed this gloomy day had not chased the desolate impression from the soul of Flemming. His excitement increased as he lost himself more and more among the mountains ; and now, as he lay all alone on the summit of the sunny hill, with only glaciers and snowy peaks about him, his soul, as I have said, was wild with a fierce and painful delight.

A human voice broke his reverie. He looked, and beheld, at a short distance from him, the athletic form of a mountain herdsman, who was approaching the spot where he lay. He was a young man, clothed in a rustic garb, and holding a long staff in his hand. When Flemming rose, he stood still, and gazed at him, as if he loved the face of man, even of a stranger, and longed to hear a human voice, though it might speak in an unknown tongue. He answered Flemming's salutation in a rude mountain dialect, and in reply to his questions said :—

“I, with two others, have charge of two hundred head

of cattle on these mountains. Through the two summer months, we remain here night and day ; for which we receive each a napoleon."

Flemming gave him half his summer wages. He was glad to do a good deed in secret, and yet so near heaven. The man received it as his due, like a toll-keeper ; and soon after departed, leaving the traveller alone. And the traveller went his way down the mountain, as one distraught. He stopped only to pluck one bright blue flower, which bloomed alone in the vast desert, and looked up to him, as if to say, "O, take me with you ! leave me not here companionless !"

Erelong he reached the magnificent glacier of the Rhone ; a frozen cataract, more than two thousand feet in height, and many miles broad at its base. It fills the whole valley between two mountains, running back to their summits. At the base it is arched, like a dome ; and above, jagged and rough, and resembles a mass of gigantic crystals, of a pale emerald tint, mingled with white. A snowy crust covers its surface ; but at every rent and crevice the pale green ice shines clear in the sun. Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downwards, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun ; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it from the ground on the point of his glistening spear. A feeling of wonder and delight came over the soul of Flemming when he beheld it, and he shouted and cried aloud:—

"How wonderful ! how glorious !"

After lingering a few hours in the cold, desolate valley, he climbed in the afternoon the steep Mayen-Wand, on the Grimsel ; passed the Lake of the Dead, with its ink-

black waters ; and through the melting snow, and over slippery stepping-stones in the beds of numberless shallow brooks, descended to the Grimsel Hospital, where he passed the night, and thought it the most lone and desolate spot that man ever slept in.

On the morrow he rose with the day ; and the rising sun found him already standing on the rustic bridge which hangs over the verge of the Falls of the Aar at Handeck, where the river pitches down a precipice into a narrow and fearful abyss shut in by perpendicular cliffs. At right angles with it comes the beautiful Aerlenbach ; and half-way down, the double cascade mingles into one. Thus he pursued his way down the Hasli Thal into the Bernese Oberland,—restless, impatient, he knew not why,—stopping seldom, and never long,—and then rushing forward again, like the rushing river whose steps he followed, and in whose ice-cold waters ever and anon he bathed his wrists, to cool the fever in his blood ; for the noonday sun was hot.

His heart dilated in the dilating valley, that grew broader and greener at every step. The sight of human faces and human dwellings soothed him ; and through the fields of summer grain, in the broad meadows of Imgrund, he walked with a heart that ached no more, but trembled only, as our eyelids when we have done weeping. As he climbed the opposite hill, which hems in this romantic valley, and, like a heavy yoke, chafes the neck of the Aar, he believed the ancient tradition, which says that once the valley was a lake. From the summit of the hill he looked southward upon a beautiful landscape of gardens, and fields of grain, and woodlands, and meadows, and the ancient castle of Resti, looking down upon Meyringen. And now all around him were the singing

of birds, and grateful shadows of the leafy trees, and sheeted waterfalls dropping from the woodland cliffs, seen only, but unheard,—the fluted columns breaking into mist, and fretted with frequent spires and ornaments of foam, and not unlike the towers of a Gothic church inverted. There is one white sheet of foam, the Reichenbach pours down into its deep beaker, into which the sun never shines. Face to face it beholds the Albach falling from the opposite hill, “like a downward smoke.” When Flemming saw the innumerable runnels, sliding down the mountain-side, and leaping, all life and gladness, he would fain have clasped them in his arms and been their playmate, and revelled with them in their freedom and delight. Yet he was weary with the day’s journey, and entered the village of Meyringen, embowered in cherry-trees, which were then laden with fruit, more like a way-worn traveller than an enthusiastic poet. As he went up the tavern-steps, he said in his heart, with the Italian Aretino: “He who has not been at a tavern knows not what a paradise it is. O holy tavern! O miraculous tavern!—holy, because no carking cares are there, nor weariness, nor pain; and miraculous, because of the spits, which of themselves turn round and round! Of a truth, all courtesy and good manners come from taverns, so full of bows, and *Signor, sì!* and *Signor, no!*”

But even in the tavern he could not rest long. The same evening at sunset he was floating on the lake of Brienz, in an open boat, close under the cascade of the Giessbach, hearing the peasants sing the Ranz des Vaches. He slept that night at the other extremity of the lake, in a large house, which, like Saint Peter’s at Joppa, stood by the water’s side.

The next day he wasted in writing letters, musing in this green nest, and paddling about the lake again ; and in the evening went across the beautiful meadows to Interlachen, where many things happened to him, and detained him long.

CHAPTER III.

INTERLACHEN.

INTERLACHEN ! How peacefully, by the margin of the swift-rushing Aar, thou liest on the broad lap of those romantic meadows, all overshadowed by the wide arms of giant trees ! Only the quaint towers of thine ancient cloister rise above their summits ; the quaint towers themselves but a child's playthings under the great church-towers of the mountains. Close beside thee are lakes, which the flowing band of the river ties together. Before thee opens the magnificent valley of Lauterbrunnen, where the cloud-hooded Monk and the pale Virgin stand like St. Francis and his Bride of Snow ; and around thee are fields, and orchards, and hamlets green, from which the church-bells answer each other at evening. The evening sun was setting when I first beheld thee. The sun of life will set ere I forget thee ! Surely it was a scene like this that inspired the soul of the Swiss poet, in his Song of the Bell !

“ Bell ! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie !
Bell ! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie !

“ Bell ! thou soundest merrily ;
Tellest thou at evening,
Bedtime draweth nigh !

Bell! thou soundest mournfully,
Teltest thou the bitter
Parting hath gone by!

“Say! how canst thou mourn?
How canst thou rejoice?
Art but metal dull!
And yet all our sorrowings,
And all our rejoicings,
Thou dost feel them all!

“God hath wonders many,
Which we cannot fathom,
Placed within thy form!
When the heart is sinking,
Thou alone canst raise it,
Trembling in the storm!”

Paul Flemming alighted at one of the principal hotels. The landlord came out to meet him. He had great eyes and a green coat; and reminded Flemming of the inn-keeper mentioned in the *Golden Ass*, who had been changed by magic into a frog, and croaked to his customers from the lees of a wine-cask. His house, he said, was full, and so was every house in Interlachen; but, if the gentleman would walk into the parlor he would procure a chamber for him in the neighborhood.

On the sofa sat a gentleman, reading; a stout gentleman of perhaps forty-five, round, ruddy, and with a head which, being a little bald on the top, looked not unlike a crow's nest with one egg in it. A good-humored face turned from the book as Flemming entered; and a good-humored voice exclaimed:—

“Ha! ha! Mr. Flemming! Is it you, or your apparition? I told you we should meet again! though you

were for taking an eternal farewell of your fellow-traveller."

Saying these words the stout gentleman rose and shook Flemming heartily by the hand. And Flemming returned the shake as heartily, recognizing in this ruddy personage a former travelling-companion, Mr. Berkley, whom he had left, a week or two previous, toiling up the Righi. Mr. Berkley was an Englishman of fortune; a good-humored, humane old bachelor, remarkable alike for his common sense and his eccentricity. That is to say, the basis of his character was good, sound, common-sense, trodden down and smoothed by education; but this level groundwork his strange and whimsical fancy used as a dancing-floor whereon to exhibit her eccentric tricks. His ruling passion was cold-bathing; and he usually ate his breakfast sitting in a tub of cold water, and reading a newspaper. He kissed every child he met; and to every old man said, in passing, "God bless you!" with such an expression of voice and countenance, that no one could doubt his sincerity. He reminded one of Roger Bontemps, or the Little Man in Gray; though with a difference.

"The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Berkley," said Flemming, "was at Goldau, just as you were going up the Righi. I hope you were gratified with a fine sunrise on the mountain-top."

"No, I was not!" replied Mr. Berkley. "It is all a humbug! a confounded humbug! They made such a noise about their sunrise that I determined I would not see it. So I lay snug in bed; and only peeped through the window-curtain. That was enough. Just above the house, on the top of the hill, stood some fifty half-dressed, romantic individuals, shivering in the wet grass; and, a

short distance from them, a miserable wretch, blowing a long, wooden horn. That's your sunrise on the Righi, is it ? said I ; and went to sleep again. The best thing I saw at the Culm was the advertisement on the bed-room doors, saying, that, if the ladies would wear the quilts and blankets for shawls when they went out, to see the sunrise, they must pay for the washing. Take my word for it, the Righi is a great humbug !”

“Where have you been since ?”

“At Zürich and Schaffhausen. If you go to Zürich, beware how you stop at the Raven. They will cheat you. They cheated me ; but I had my revenge ; for, when we reached Schaffhausen, I wrote in the Traveller's Book,—

‘Beware of the Raven of Zürich !

’Tis a bird of omen ill ;

With a noisy and unclean nest,

And a very, very long bill.’

If you go to the Golden Falken, you will find it there. I am the author of those lines !”

“Bitter as Juvenal !” exclaimed Flemming.

“Not in the least bitter,” said Mr. Berkley. “It is all true. Go to the Raven and see. But this Interlachen ! this Interlachen ! It is the loveliest spot on the face of the earth,” he continued, stretching out both arms, as if to embrace the object of his affection. “There,—only look out there !”

Here he pointed to the window. Flemming looked, and beheld a scene of transcendent beauty. The plain was covered already by the brown shade of the summer twilight. From the cottage roofs in Unterseen rose here and there a thin column of smoke over the tops of the trees, and mingled with the evening shadows. The valley of Lau-

terbrunnen was filled with a blue haze. Far above, in the clear, cloudless heaven, the white forehead of the Jungfrau blushed at the last kiss of the departing sun. It was a glorious transfiguration of Nature ! And when the village bells began to ring, and a single voice at a great distance was heard *yodling* forth a ballad, it rather broke than increased the enchantment of a scene, where silence was more musical than sound.

For a long time they gazed at the gloaming landscape, and spake not. At length people came into the parlor, and laid aside their shawls and hats, and exchanged a word or two with Berkley. To Flemming they were all unknown. To him it was all Mr. Brown, and Mrs. Johnson, and nothing more. The conversation turned upon the various excursions of the day. Some had been at the Staubbach, others at the Grindelwald, others at the lake of Thun ; and nobody before had ever experienced half the rapture which they had experienced that day. And thus they sat in the twilight, as people love to do, at the close of a summer day. As yet the lamps had not been lighted, and one could not distinguish faces ; but voices only, and forms like shadows.

Presently a female figure, clothed in black, entered the room and sat down by the window. She rather listened to the conversation, than joined in it ; but the few words she said were spoken in a voice so musical and so full of soul, that it moved the soul of Flemming, like a whisper from heaven.

O, how wonderful is the human voice ! It is indeed the organ of the soul ! The intellect of man sits enthroned visibly upon his forehead and in his eye ; and the heart of man is written upon his countenance. But the soul reveals itself in the voice only ; as God revealed

himself to the prophet of old in the still, small voice, and in the voice from the burning bush. The soul of man is audible, not visible. A sound alone betrays the flowing of the eternal fountain, invisible to man !

Flemming would fain have sat and listened for hours to the sound of that unknown voice. He felt sure, in his secret heart, that the being from whom it came was beautiful. His imagination filled up the faint outline which the eye beheld in the fading twilight, and the figure stood already in his mind like Raphael's beautiful Madonna, in the Dresden gallery. He was never more mistaken in his life. The voice belonged to a beautiful being, it is true ; but her beauty was different from that of any Madonna which Raphael ever painted ; as he would have seen, had he waited till the lamps were lighted. But in the midst of his reverie and saint-painting, the landlord came in, and told him he had found a chamber, which he begged him to go and look at.

Flemming took his leave and departed. Berkley went with him, to see, he said, what kind of a nest his young friend was to sleep in.

“The room is not what I could wish,” said the landlord, as he led them across the street. “It is in the old cloister. But to-morrow or next day, you can, no doubt, have a room at the house.”

The name of the cloister struck Flemming's imagination pleasantly. He was owl enough to like ruins and old chambers, where nuns or friars had slept. And he said to Berkley :—

“So, you perceive, my nest is to be in a cloister. It already makes me think of a bird's nest I once saw on an old tower of Heidelberg Castle, built in the jaws of a lion, which formerly served as a spout. But pray tell me, who was that young lady with the soft voice ?”

“What young lady with the soft voice?”

“The young lady in black who sat by the window.”

“O, she is the daughter of an English officer, who died not long ago at Naples. She is passing the summer here with her mother.”

“What is her name?”

“Ashburton.”

“Is she beautiful?”

“Not in the least, but very intellectual. A woman of genius, I should say.”

And now they had reached the walls of the cloister, and passed under an arched gateway, and close beneath the quaint towers, which Flemming had already seen, rising with their cone-shaped roofs above the trees, like tall tapers, with extinguishers upon them.

“It is not so bad as it looks,” said the landlord, knocking at a small door, in the main building. “The bailiff lives in one part of it.”

A servant girl, with a candle in her hand, opened the door, and conducted Flemming and Berkley to the chamber which had been engaged. It was a large room on the lower floor, wainscoted with pine and unpainted. Three lofty and narrow windows, with leaden lattices and small panes, looked southward towards the valley of Lauterbrunnen and the mountains. In one corner was a large square bed, with a tester and checked curtains. In another, a huge stove of painted tiles, reaching almost to the ceiling. An old sofa, a few high-backed, antique chairs, and a table, completed the furniture of the room.

Thus Flemming took possession of his monkish cell and dormitory. He ordered tea, and began home. Berkley passed the evening with him. away, he said :—

“Good night ! I leave you in the care of the Virgin and all the Saints. If the ghost of any old monk comes back after his prayer-book, my compliments to him. If I were a younger man, you certainly should see a ghost. Good-night !”

When he had departed, Flemming opened the lattice of one of the windows. The moon had risen, and silvered the dark outline of the nearest hills ; while, afar off, the snowy summits of the Jungfrau and the Silver-Horn shone like a white cloud in the sky. Close beneath the windows was a flower-garden ; and the breath of the summer night came to him with dewy fragrance. There was a grateful seclusion about the place. He blessed the happy accident which gave him such a lodging, and fell asleep that night thinking of the nuns who once had slept in the same quiet cells ; but neither wimpled nun nor cowed monk appeared to him in his dreams ;—not even the face of Mary Ashburton ; nor did he hear her voice.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING STAR.

OLD Froissart tells us, in his Chronicles, that, when King Edward beheld the Countess of Salisbury at her castle-gate, he thought he had never seen before so noble nor so fair a lady ; he was stricken thereupon to the heart with a sparkle of fine love, that endured long after ; he thought no lady in the world so worthy to be beloved as she. And so likewise thought Paul Flemming, when he beheld the English lady in the fair light of a summer morning. I will not disguise the truth. She is my heroine ; and I mean to describe her with great truth and beauty, so that all shall be in love with her, and I most of all.

Mary Ashburton was in her twentieth summer. Like the fair maiden Amoret, she was sitting in the lap of womanhood. They did her wrong who said she was not beautiful ; and yet

“ She was not fair,
Nor beautiful ;—those words express her not.
But, O, her looks had something excellent,
That wants a name ! ”

Her face had a wonderful fascination in it. It was such a calm, quiet face, with the light of the rising soul shining so peacefully through it. At times it wore an expression of seriousness,—of sorrow even ; and then

seemed to make the very air bright with what the Italian poets so beautifully call the *lampeggiar dell' angelico riso*,—the lightning of the angelic smile.

And, O, those eyes,—those deep unutterable eyes, with “down-falling eyelids full of dreams and slumber,” and within them a cold, living light, as in mountain lakes at evening, or in the river of Paradise, forever gliding,

“With a brown, brown current,
Under the shade perpetual, that never
Ray of the sun lets in, nor of the moon.”

I dislike an eye that twinkles like a star. Those only are beautiful which, like the planets, have a steady, lambent light,—are luminous, but not sparkling. Such eyes the Greek poets give to Immortals. But I forget myself.

The lady's figure was striking. Every step, every attitude, was graceful, and yet lofty, as if inspired by the soul within. Angels in the old poetic philosophy have such forms; it was the soul itself imprinted on the air. And what a soul was hers! A temple dedicated to Heaven, and, like the Pantheon at Rome, lighted only from above. And earthly passions in the form of gods were no longer there, but the sweet and thoughtful faces of Christ, and the Virgin Mary, and the Saints. Thus there was not one discordant thing in her; but a perfect harmony of figure, and face, and soul,—in a word, of the whole being. And he who had a soul to comprehend hers must of necessity love her, and, having once loved her, could love no other woman forevermore.

No wonder, then, that Flemming felt his heart drawn towards her, as, in her morning walk, she passed him, sitting alone under the great walnut-trees near the clois-

ter, and thinking of heaven, but not of her. She, too, was alone. Her cheek was no longer pale ; but glowing and bright, with the inspiration of the summer air. Flemming gazed after her, till she disappeared, even as a vision of his dreams, he knew not whither. He was not yet in love, but very near it ; for he thanked God that he had made such beautiful beings to walk the earth.

Last night he had heard a voice to which his soul responded ; and he might have gone on his way and taken no further heed. But he would have heard that voice afterwards, whenever at evening he thought of this evening at Interlachen. To-day he had seen more clearly the vision, and his restless soul grew calm. The place seemed pleasant to him ; and he could not go. He did not ask himself whence came this calm. He felt it, and was happy in the feeling ; and blessed the landscape and the summer morning, as if they possessed the wonder-working power.

“A pleasant morning-dream to you,” said a friendly voice ; and at the same moment some one laid his hand upon Flemming’s shoulder. It was Berkley. He had approached unseen and unheard.

“I see by the smile on your countenance,” he continued, “that it is no day-incubus.”

“You are right,” replied Flemming. “It was a pleasant dream, which you have put to flight.”

“And I am glad to see that you have also put to flight the gloomy thoughts which used to haunt you. I like to see people cheerful and happy. What is the use of giving way to sadness in this beautiful world ?”

“Ah ! this beautiful world !” said Flemming. — “ smile. “Indeed I know not what to think of it : times it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven

not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms and kiss it. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts ; and all without and within is dismal, cold, and dark. Believe me, every heart has its secret sorrows which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad."

"And who says we don't?" interrupted Berkley. "Come, come! Let us go to breakfast. The morning air has given me a rude appetite. I long to say grace over a fresh egg, and eat salt with my worst enemies; namely, the Cockneys at the hotel. After breakfast you must give yourself up wholly to me. I shall take you to the Grindelwald!"

"To-day, then, you do not breakfast like Diogenes, but consent to leave your tub."

"Yes, for the pleasure of your company. I shall also blow out the light in my lantern, having found you."

"Thank you."

The breakfast passed without any unusual occurrence. Flemming watched the entrance of every guest ; but she came not,—the guest he most desired to see.

"And now for the Grindelwald!" said Berkley.

"Why such haste? We have the whole day before us. There is time enough."

"Not a moment to lose, I assure you. The carriage is at the door."

They drove up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, and turned eastward among the mountains of the Grindelwald. There they passed the day ; half-frozen by the icy

breath of the Great Glacier, upon whose surface stand pyramids and blocks of ice, like the tombstones of a cemetery. It was a weary day to Flemming. He wished himself at Interlachen; and was glad, when, towards evening, he saw once more the cone-roofed towers of the cloister rising above the walnut-trees.

That evening is written in red letters in his history. It gave him another revelation of the beauty and excellence of the female character and intellect; not wholly new to him, yet now renewed and fortified. It was from the lips of Mary Ashburton that the revelation came. Her form arose, like a tremulous evening-star, in the firmament of his soul. He conversed with her, and with her alone; and knew not when to go. All others were to him as if they were not there. He saw their forms, but saw them as the forms of inanimate things. At length her mother came; and Flemming beheld in her but another Mary Ashburton, with beauty more mature;—the same forehead and eyes, the same majestic figure; and, as yet, no trace of age. He gazed upon her with a feeling of delight, not unmingled with holy awe. She was to him the rich and glowing Evening, from whose bosom the tremulous star was born.

Berkley took no active part in the conversation, but did what was much more to the purpose,—that is to say, arranged a drive for the next day with the Ashburtons, and of course invited Flemming, who went home that night with a halo round his head, and wondering much at a dandy, who stood at the door of the hotel, and said to his companion, as Flemming passed:—

“What do you call this place? I have been here two hours already, and find it devilish dull!”

CHAPTER V.

A RAINY DAY.

WHEN Flemming awoke the next morning, he saw the sky dark and lowering. From the mountain-tops hung a curtain of mist, whose heavy folds waved to and fro in the valley below. Over all the landscape the soft summer rain was falling. No admiring eyes would look up that day at the Staubbach.

A rainy day in Switzerland puts a sudden stop to many diversions. The coachman may drive to the tavern, and then back to the stable ; but no farther. The sun-burnt guide may sit at the ale-house door, and welcome ; and the boatman whistle and curse the clouds, at his own sweet will ;—but no foot stirs abroad for all that ; no traveller moves, if he has time to stay. The rainy day gives him time for reflection. He has leisure now to take cognizance of his impressions, and make up his account with the mountains. He remembers, too, that he has friends at home ; and writes up the journal, neglected for a week or more, and letters neglected longer ; or finishes the rough pencil-sketch begun yesterday in the open air. On the whole, he is not sorry it rains,—though disappointed.

Flemming was both sorry and disappointed ; but he did not on that account fail to go over to the Ashburtons at the appointed hour. He found them sitting in the parlor. The mother was reading, and the daughter retouch-

ing a sketch of the Lake of Thun. After the usual salutations, Flemming seated himself near the daughter, and said :—

“ We shall have no Staubbach to-day, I presume ; only this Giessbach from the clouds.”

“ Nothing more, I suppose. So we must be content to stay in-doors, and listen to the sound of the eaves-dropping rain. It gives me time to finish some of these rough sketches.”

“ It is a pleasant pastime,” said Flemming ; “ and I perceive you are very skilful. I am delighted to see that you can draw a straight line. I never before saw a lady’s sketch-book in which all the towers did not resemble the Leaning Tower of Pisa. I always tremble for the little men under them.”

“ How absurd ! ” exclaimed Mary Ashburton, with a smile that passed through the misty air of Flemming’s thoughts like a sunbeam. “ For one, I succeed much better in straight lines than in any others. Here I have been trying a half-hour to make this water-wheel round ; and round it never will be.”

“ Then let it remain as it is. It looks uncommonly picturesque, and may pass for a new invention.”

The lady continued to sketch, and Flemming to gaze at her beautiful face ; often repeating to himself those lines in Marlow’s *Faust* :—

“ O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars ! ”

He certainly would have betrayed himself to the maternal eye of Mrs. Ashburton, had she not been wholly absorbed in the follies of a fashionable novel. Erelong, the fair sketcher had paused for a moment ; and Flemming had

taken her sketch-book in his hands and was looking it through from the beginning with ever-increasing delight, half of which he dared not express, though he favored her with some comments and bursts of admiration.

“This is truly a very beautiful sketch of Murten and the battle-field ! How quietly the landscape sleeps there by the lake, after the battle ! Did you ever read the ballad of Veit Weber, the shoemaker, on this subject ? He says, the routed Burgundians jumped into the lake, and the Swiss Leaguers shot them down like wild ducks among the reeds. He fought in the battle, and wrote the ballad afterwards :—

‘He had himself laid hand on sword,
He who this rhyme did write ;
Till evening mowed he with the sword,
And sang the song at night.’ ”

“You must give me the whole ballad,” said Miss Ashburton ; “it will serve to illustrate the sketch.”

“And the sketch to illustrate the ballad. And now we suddenly slide down the Alps into Italy, and are even in Rome, if I mistake not. This is surely a head of Homer ?”

“Yes,” replied the lady, with a little enthusiasm. “Do you not remember the marble bust at Rome ? When I first beheld that bust, it absolutely inspired me with awe. It is not the face of a man, but of a god !”

“And you have done it no injustice in your copy,” said Flemming, catching a new enthusiasm from hers. “With what a classic grace the fillet, passing round the majestic forehead, confines his flowing locks, which mingle with his beard ! The countenance, too, is calm, majestic, godlike ! Even the fixed and sightless eyeballs

do not mar the image of the seer ! Such were the sightless eyes of the blind old man of Chios. They seem to look with mournful solemnity into the mysterious future ; and the marble lips to repeat that prophetic passage in the Hymn to Apollo :—‘ Let me also hope to be remembered in ages to come. And when any one, born of the tribes of men, comes hither, a weary traveller, and inquires, who is the sweetest of the Singing-Men that resort to your feasts, and whom you most delight to hear, do you make answer for me : It is the Blind Man who dwells in Chios ; his songs excel all that can ever be sung !’ But do you really believe that this is a portrait of Homer ? ”

“ Certainly not ! It is only an artist’s dream. It was thus that Homer appeared to him in his visions of the antique world. Every one, you know, forms an image in his fancy of persons and things he has never seen ; and the artist reproduces them in marble or on canvas.”

“ And what is the image in your fancy ? Is it like this ? ”

“ No ; not entirely. I have drawn my impressions from another source. Whenever I think of Homer, which is not often, he walks before me, solemn and serene, as in the vision of the great Italian ; in countenance neither sorrowful nor glad, followed by other bards, and holding in his right hand a sword ! ”

“ That is a finer conception than even this,” said Flemming. “ And I perceive from your words, as well as from this book, that you have a true feeling for Art, and understand what it is. You have had bright glimpses into the enchanted land.”

“ I trust,” replied the lady, modestly, “ that I am not wholly without this feeling. Certainly I have as strong and passionate a love of Art as of Nature.”

“ But does it not often offend you to hear people speaking of Art and Nature as opposite and discordant things ? Surely nothing can be more false. Nature is a revelation of God ; Art a revelation of man. Indeed, Art signifies no more than this. Art is Power. That is the original meaning of the word. It is the creative power by which the soul of man makes itself known, through some external manifestation or outward sign. As we can always hear the voice of God, walking in the garden, in the cool of the day, or under the starlight, where, to quote one of this poet’s verses, ‘ high prospects and the brows of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,’—so under the twilight and the starlight of past ages do we hear the voice of man, walking amid the works of his hands, and city walls and towers, and the spires of churches, thrust up themselves for shows.”

The lady smiled at his warmth ; and he continued :—

“ This, however, is but a similitude ; and Art and Nature are more nearly allied than by similitudes only. Art is the revelation of man ; and not merely that, but likewise the revelation of Nature, speaking through man. Art pre-exists in Nature, and Nature is reproduced in Art. As vapors from the ocean, floating landward and dissolved in rain, are carried back in rivers to the ocean, so thoughts and the semblances of things that fall upon the soul of man in showers, flow out again in living streams of Art, and lose themselves in the great ocean, which is Nature. Art and Nature are not, then, discordant, but ever harmoniously working in each other.”

Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm. Flemming spake with such evident interest in the subject, that Miss Ashburton did not fail to manifest some interest in what he said ; and encouraged by this, he proceeded :—

“Thus in this wondrous world wherein we live, which is the World of Nature, man has made unto himself another world hardly less wondrous, which is the World of Art. And it lies infolded and compassed about by the other,

‘And the clear region where ’t was born
Round in itself encloses.’

Taking this view of Art, I think we understand more easily the skill of the artist, and the difference between him and the mere amateur. What we call miracles and wonders of Art are not so to him who created them; for they were created by the natural movements of his own great soul. Statues, paintings, churches, poems, are but shadows of himself;—shadows in marble, colors, stone, words. He feels and recognizes their beauty; but he thought these thoughts and produced these things as easily as inferior minds do thoughts and things inferior. Perhaps more easily. Vague images and shapes of beauty floating through the soul, the semblances of things as yet indefinite or ill-defined, and perfect only when put in Art,—this Possible Intellect, as the Scholastic Philosophers have termed it,—the artist shares in common with us all. The lovers of Art are many. But the Active Intellect, the creative power,—the power to put these shapes and images in Art, to embody the indefinite, and render perfect,—is his alone. He shares the gift with few. He knows not even whence nor how this is. He knows only that it is; that God has given him the power, which has been denied to others.”

“I should have known you were just from Germany,” said the lady, with a smile, “even if you had not told

me so. You are an enthusiast for the Germans. For my part, I cannot endure their harsh language."

"You would like it better, if you knew it better," answered Flemming. "It is not harsh to me ; but homelike, hearty, and full of feeling,—like the sound of happy voices at a fireside, of a winter's night, when the wind blows, and the fire crackles, and hisses, and snaps. I do indeed love the Germans ; the men are so hale and hearty, and the Fräuleins so tender and true !"

"I always think of men with pipes and beer, and women with knitting-work."

"O, those are English prejudices !" exclaimed Flemming. "Nothing can be more—"

"And their very literature presents itself to my imagination under the same forms."

"I see you have read only English criticisms ; and have an idea, that all German books smell, as it were, 'of groceries, of brown papers filled with greasy cakes and slices of bacon, and of fryings in frowzy back-parlors' ; and this shuts you out from a glorious world of poetry, romance, and dreams !"

Mary Ashburton smiled, and Flemming continued to turn over the leaves of the sketch-book, with an occasional criticism and witticism. At length he came to a leaf which was written in pencil. People of a lively imagination are generally curious, and always so when a little in love.

"Here is a pencil-sketch," said he, with an entreating look, "which I would fain examine with the rest."

"You may do so, if you wish ; but you will find it the poorest sketch in the book. I was trying one day to draw the picture of an artist's life in Rome, as it presented itself to my imagination ; and this is the result. Perhaps

it may awaken some pleasant recollection in your mind."

Flemming waited no longer ; but read with the eyes of a lover, not of a critic, the following description, which inspired him with a new enthusiasm for Art, and for Mary Ashburton.

"I often reflect with delight upon the young artist's life in Rome. A stranger from the cold and gloomy North, he has crossed the Alps, and with the devotion of a pilgrim journeyed to the Eternal City. He dwells, perhaps, upon the Pincian Hill ; and hardly a house there, which is not inhabited by artists from foreign lands. The very room he lives in has been their abode from time out of mind. Their names are written all over the walls ; perhaps some further record of them is left in a rough sketch upon the window-shutter, with an inscription and a date. These things consecrate the place, in his imagination. Even these names, though unknown to him, are not without associations in his mind.

"In that warm latitude he rises with the day. The night-vapors are already rolling away over the Campagna seaward. As he looks from his window, above and beyond their white folds he recognizes the tremulous blue sea at Ostia. Over Soracte rises the sun,—over his own beloved mountain ; though no longer worshipped there, as of old. Before him, the antique house of Claude Lorraine casts its long brown shadow down into the heart of modern Rome. The city lies still asleep and silent. But above its dark roofs, more than two hundred steeples catch the sunshine on their gilded weathercocks. Presently the bells begin to ring, and, as the artist listens to their pleasant chimes, he knows that in each of those churches, over the high altar, hangs a painting by

some great master's hand, whose beauty comes between him and heaven, so that he cannot pray, but wonder only.

“ Among these works of art he passes the day ; but oftenest in St. Peter's and the Vatican. Up the vast marble staircase, through the Corridor Chiaramonti, through vestibules, galleries, chambers, he passes as in a dream. All are filled with busts and statues, or painted in daring frescos. What forms of strength and beauty ! what glorious creations of the human mind ! and in that last chamber of all, standing alone upon his pedestal, the Apollo found at Actium,—in such a majestic attitude,—with such a noble countenance, life-like, god-like !

“ Or perhaps he passes into the chambers of the painters ; but goes no farther than the second. For in the middle of that chamber a large painting stands upon the heavy easel, as if unfinished, though more than three hundred years ago the great artist completed it, and then laid his pencil away forever, leaving this last benediction to the world. It is the Transfiguration of Christ, by Raphael. A child looks not at the stars with greater wonder than the artist at this painting. He knows how many studious years are in that picture. He knows the difficult path that leads to perfection, having himself taken some of the first steps. Thus he recalls the hour when that broad canvas was first stretched upon its frame, and Raphael stood before it, and laid the first colors upon it, and beheld the figures one by one born into life, and looked upon the work of his own hands with a smile, that it should have succeeded so well. He recalls, too, the hour, when, the task accomplished, the pencil dropped from the master's dying hand, and his eyes closed to open on a more glorious transfiguration, and at length the dead Ra-

phael lay in his own studio, before this wonderful painting, more glorious than any conqueror under the banners and armorial hatchments of his funeral !

“Think you that such sights and thoughts as these do not move the heart of a young man and an artist ? And when he goes forth into the open air, the sun is going down, and the gray ruins of an antique world receive him. From the Palace of the Cæsars he looks down into the Forum, or towards the Coliseum ; or westward sees the last sunshine strike the Bronze Archangel which stands upon the Tomb of Adrian. He walks amid a world of Art in ruins. The very street-lamps, that light him homeward, burn before some painted or sculptured image of the Madonna ! What wonder is it, if dreams visit him in his sleep,—nay, if his whole life seem to him a dream ? What wonder, if, with a feverish heart and quick hand, he strive to reproduce those dreams in marble or on canvas ?”

Foolish Paul Flemming ! who both admired and praised this little sketch, and yet was too blind to see that it was written from the heart, and not from the imagination ! Foolish Paul Flemming ! who thought that a girl of twenty could write thus without a reason ! Close upon this followed another pencil sketch, which he likewise read, with the lady’s permission. It was this.

“The whole period of the Middle Ages seems very strange to me. At times I cannot persuade myself that such things could have been as history tells us ; that such a strange world was a part of our world,—that such a strange life was a part of the life which seems to us, who are living it now, so passionless and commonplace. It is only when I stand amid ruined castles, that look at me so mournfully, and behold the heavy armor of old knights,

hanging upon the wainscot of Gothic chambers ; or when I walk amid the aisles of some dusky minster, whose walls are narrative of hoar antiquity, and whose very bells have been baptized, and see the carved oaken stalls in the choir, where so many generations of monks have sat and sung, and the tombs, where now they sleep in silence, to awake no more to their midnight psalms ;—it is only at such times that the history of the Middle Ages is a reality to me, and not a passage in romance.

“ Likewise the illuminated manuscripts of those ages have something of this power of making the dead Past a living Present in my mind. What curious figures are emblazoned on the creaking parchment, making its yellow leaves laugh with gay colors ! You seem to come upon them unawares. Their faces have an expression of wonder. They seem all to be just startled from their sleep by the sound you made when you unloosed the brazen clasps, and opened the curiously carved oaken covers, that turn on hinges, like the great gates of a city. To the building of that city some diligent monk gave the whole of a long life. With what strange denizens he peopled it ! Adam and Eve standing under a tree, she with the apple in her hand ;—the patriarch Abraham, with a tree growing out of his body, and his descendants sitting owl-like upon its branches ;—ladies with flowing locks of gold ; knights in armor, with most fantastic, long-toed shoes ; jousts and tournaments ; and Minnesingers, and lovers whose heads reach to the towers where their ladies sit ;—and all so angular, so simple, so child-like,—all in such simple attitudes, with such great eyes, and holding up such long, lank fingers !—These things are characteristic of the Middle Ages, and persuade me of the truth of history.”

At this moment Berkley entered, with a Swiss cottage, which he had bought as a present for somebody's child in England ; and a cane with a chamois-horn on the end of it, which he had bought for himself. This was the first time that Flemming had been sorry to see the good-natured man. His presence interrupted the delightful conversation he was carrying on under four eyes with Mary Ashburton. He really thought Berkley a bore, and wondered it had never occurred to him before. Mrs. Ashburton, too, must needs lay down her book ; and the conversation became general. Strange to say, the Swiss dinner-hour of one o'clock did not come a moment too soon for Flemming. It did not even occur to him that it was early ; for he was seated beside Mary Ashburton ; and at dinner one can say so much, without being overheard.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER DINNER, AND AFTER THE MANNER OF THE BEST CRITICS.

WHEN the learned Thomas Diafoirus wooed the fair Angélique, he drew from his pocket a medical thesis, and presented it to her, as the first-fruits of his genius ; and at the same time invited her, with her father's permission, to attend the dissection of a woman, upon whom he was to lecture. Paul Flemming did nearly the same thing ; and so often, that it had become a habit. He was continually drawing from his pocket or his memory some scrap of song or story ; and inviting some fair Angélique, either with her father's permission or without, to attend the dissection of an author upon whom he was to lecture. He soon gave proofs of this to Mary Ashburton.

“What books have we here for afternoon reading ?” said Flemming, taking a volume from the parlor table, when they had returned from the dining-room. “O, it is Uhland's Poems. Have you read anything of his ? He and Tieck are the best living poets of Germany. They dispute the palm of superiority. Let me give you a lesson in German this afternoon, Miss Ashburton ; so that no one may accuse you of ‘omitting the sweet benefit of time, to clothe your age with angel-like perfection.’ I have opened at random upon the ballad of the Black Knight. You repeat the German after me,

and I will translate to you. *Pfingsten war, das Fest der Freude!* ”

“I should never persuade my unwilling lips to pronounce such sounds. So I beg you not to perplex me with your German, but read me the ballad in English.”

“Well, then, listen. I will improvise a translation for your own particular benefit.

“ ’Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king, and spake :
‘So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg’s walls
A luxuriant spring shall break.’

“ Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king looked on ;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

“ To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.
‘Sir Knight ! your name and scutcheon ? say.’
‘Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear ;
Am a prince of mighty sway !’

“ When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle ’gan to rock.
At the first blow,
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,—
Hardly rises from the shock.

“ Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torchlight through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in ;

With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin :

“Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, wilted, to the ground.

“To the sumptuous banquet came
Every Knight and every Dame.
’Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient King reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

“Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took :
‘Golden wine will make you whole !’
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank :
‘O, that draught was very cool !’

“Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter ; and their faces
Colorless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

“‘Woe ! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth :
Take me, too, the joyless father !’
Spake the Grim Guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast :
‘Roses in the spring I gather !’”

“That is indeed a striking ballad !” said Miss Ashburton, “but rather too grim and ghostly for this dull afternoon.”

“It begins joyously enough with the feast of Pentecost, and the crimson banners at the old castle. Then the contrast is well managed. The Knight in black mail, and the waving in of the mighty shadow in the dance, and the dropping of the faded flowers, are all strikingly presented to the imagination. However, it tells its own story, and needs no explanation. Here is something in a different vein, though still melancholy. The Castle by the Sea. Shall I read it ?”

“Yes, if you like.”

Flemming read :—

“ ‘ Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea ?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

“ ‘ And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below ;
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening’s crimson glow.’

“ ‘ Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.’

“ ‘ The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime ?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel’s rhyme ? ’

“ ‘ The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly ;

But I heard on the gale a sound of wall,
And tears came to my eye.'

“ ‘And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?

“ ‘Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?’

“ ‘Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!

“ ‘How do you like that?’

“ ‘It is very graceful and pretty. But Uhland seems to leave a great deal to his reader’s imagination. All his readers should be poets themselves, or they will hardly comprehend him. I confess, I hardly understand the passage where he speaks of the castle stooping downward to the mirrored wave below, and then soaring upward into the gleaming sky. I suppose, however, he wishes to express the momentary illusion we experience at beholding a perfect reflection of an old tower in the sea, and look at it as if it were not a mere shadow in the water; and yet the real tower rises far above, and seems to float in the crimson evening clouds. Is that the meaning?’

“ ‘I should think it was. To me it is all a beautiful cloud landscape, which I comprehend and feel, and yet should find some difficulty, perhaps, in explaining.’

“ ‘And why need one always explain? Some feelings are quite untranslatable. No language has yet been

found for them. They gleam upon us beautifully through the dim twilight of fancy, and yet, when we bring them close to us, and hold them up to the light of reason, lose their beauty, all at once ; as glowworms, which glimmer with such a spiritual light in the shadows of evening, when brought in where the candles are lighted, are found to be only worms, like so many others."

"Very true. We ought sometimes to be content with feeling. Here, now, is an exquisite piece, which soothes one like the fall of evening shadows,—like the dewy coolness of twilight after a sultry day. I shall not give you a bald translation of my own, because I have laid up in my memory another, which, though not very literal, equals the original in beauty. Observe how finely it commences.

"Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

"Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

"One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

"So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

“ Yet what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend ?
Soul-like were those hours of yore ;
Let us walk in soul once more !

“ Take, O boatmen, thrice thy fee ;
Take,—I give it willingly ;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me !”

“ O, that is beautiful,—beautiful exceedingly ! Who translated it ?”

“ I do not know. I wish I could find him out. It is certainly admirably done ; though in the measure of the original there is something like the rocking motion of a boat, which is not preserved in the translation.”

“ And is Uhland always so soothing and spiritual ?”

“ Yes, he generally looks into the spirit-world. I am now trying to find here a little poem on the Death of a Country Clergyman, in which he introduces a striking picture. But I cannot turn to it. No matter. He describes the spirit of the good old man, returning to earth on a bright summer morning, and standing amid the golden corn and the red and blue flowers, and mildly greeting the reapers as of old. The idea is beautiful, is it not ?”

“ Yes, very beautiful !”

“ But there is nothing morbid in Uhland’s mind. He is always fresh and invigorating, like a breezy morning. In this he differs entirely from such writers as Salis and Matthisson.”

“ And who are they ?”

“ Two melancholy gentlemen to whom life was only a Dismal Swamp, upon whose margin they walked with

cambric handkerchiefs in their hands, sobbing and sighing, and making signals to Death to come and ferry them over the lake. And now their spirits stand in the green fields of German song like two weeping-willows bending over a grave. To read their poems is like wandering through a village church-yard on a summer evening, reading the inscriptions upon the grave-stones, and recalling sweet images of the departed ; while above you,

‘ Hark ! in the holy grove of palms,
Where the stream of life runs free,
Echoes, in the angels’ psalms,
Sister spirit ! hail to thee ! ’ ”

“ How musically those lines flow ! Are they Matthisson’s ? ”

“ Yes ; and they do indeed flow musically. I wish I had his poems here. I should like to read to you his *Elegy on the Ruins of an Ancient Castle*. It is an imitation of Gray’s *Elegy*. You have been at Baden-Baden ? ”

“ Yes ; last summer. ”

“ And have not forgotten —— ”

“ The old castle ? Of course not. What a magnificent ruin it is ! ”

“ That is the scene of Matthisson’s poem, and seems to have filled the melancholy bard with more than wonted inspiration. ”

“ I should very much like to see the poem,—I remember that old ruin with so much delight. ”

“ I am sorry I have not a translation of it for you. Instead of it, I will give you a sweet and mournful poem from Salis. It is called *The Song of the Silent Land*.

“ Into the Silent Land !

Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, O, thither,

Into the Silent Land ?

“ Into the Silent Land !

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection ! Tender morning-visions

Of beauteous souls ! Eternity's own band !

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land !

“ O Land ! O Land !

For all the broken-hearted

The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

Into the land of the great departed,

Into the Silent Land !

Is not that a beautiful poem ?”

Mary Ashburton made no answer. She had turned away to hide her tears. Flemming wondered that Berkeley could say she was not beautiful. Still he was rather pleased than offended at it. He felt at that moment how sweet a thing it would be to possess one who should seem beautiful to him alone, and yet to him be more beautiful than all the world beside ! How bright the world became to him at that thought ! It was like one of those paintings in which all the light streams from the face of the Virgin. O, there is nothing holier, in this life of ours, than the first consciousness of love,—the first fluttering of its silken wings ; the first rising sound and breath of

wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul, to purify or to destroy !

Old histories tell us that the great Emperor Charlemagne stamped his edicts with the hilt of his sword. The greater Emperor, Death, stamps his with the blade ; and they are signed and executed with the same stroke. Fleming received that night a letter from Heidelberg, which told him that Emma of Ilmenau was dead. The fate of this poor girl affected him deeply ; and he said in his heart :

“ Father in heaven ! Why was the lot of this weak and erring child so hard ? What had she done, to be so tempted in her weakness, and perish ? Why didst thou suffer her gentle affections to lead her thus astray ? ”

And, through the silence of the awful midnight, the voice of an avalanche answered from the distant mountains, and seemed to say :—

“ Peace ! peace ! Why dost thou question God’s providence ? ”

CHAPTER VII

TAKE CARE !

FAIR is the valley of Lauterbrunnen, with its green meadows and overhanging cliffs. The ruined castle of Unspunnen stands like an armed warder at the gate of the enchanted land. In calm serenity the snowy mountains rise beyond. Fairer than the Rock of Balmarusa, yon frowning precipice looks down upon us ; and, from the topmost cliff, the white pennon of the Brook of Dust shimmers and waves in the sunny air !

It was a bright, beautiful morning after night-rain. Every dew-drop and rain-drop had a whole heaven within it ; and so had the heart of Paul Flemming, as, with Mrs. Ashburton and her dark-eyed daughter, he drove up the Valley of Lauterbrunnen,—the Valley of Fountains-Only.

“How beautiful the Jungfrau looks this morning !” exclaimed he, looking at Mary Ashburton.

She thought he meant the mountain, and assented. But he meant her likewise.

“And the mountains beyond,” he continued ; “the Monk and the Silver-horn, the Wetter-horn, the Schreck-horn, and the Schwarz-horn,—all those sublime apostles of Nature, whose sermons are avalanches ! Did you ever behold anything more grand ?”

“O yes ! Mont Blanc is more grand, when you behold it from the hills opposite. It was there that I was most

moved by the magnificence of Swiss scenery. It was a morning like this ; and the clouds, that were hovering about on their huge, shadowy wings, made the scene only the more magnificent. Before me lay the whole panorama of the Alps ; pine forests standing dark and solemn at the base of the mountains ; and half-way up a veil of mist ; above which rose the snowy summits and sharp needles of rock, which seemed to float in the air, like a fairy world. Then the glaciers stood on either side, winding down through the mountain ravines ; and high above all rose the white, dome-like summit of Mont Blanc. And ever and anon from the shroud of mist came the awful sound of an avalanche, and a continual roar, as of the wind through a forest of pines, filled the air. It was the roar of the Arve and Aveiron, breaking from their icy fountains. Then the mists began to pass away ; and it seemed as if the whole firmament were rolling together. It recalled to my mind that sublime passage in the Apocalypse : ‘I saw a great white throne, and him that sat thereon, before whose face the heavens and the earth fled away, and found no place !’—I cannot believe that upon this earth there is a more magnificent scene !”

“It must be grand indeed,” replied Flemming. “And those mighty glaciers,—huge monsters with bristling crests, creeping down into the valley ! for it is said they really move.”

“Yes ; it filled me with a strange sensation of awe to think of this. They seemed to me like the dragons of Northern Romance, which come down from the mountains and devour whole villages. A little hamlet in Chamouni was once abandoned by its inhabitants, terrified at the approach of the icy dragon. But is it possible you have never been at Chamouni ?”

“Never. The great marvel still remains unseen by me.”

“Then how can you linger here so long? Were I in your place, I would not lose an hour.”

These words passed over the opening blossoms of hope in the soul of Flemming like a cold wind over the flowers in spring-time. He bore it as best he could, and changed the subject.

I do not mean to describe the valley of Lauterbrunnen, nor the bright day passed there. I know that my gentle reader is blessed with the divine gift of a poetic fancy; and can see already how the mountains rise, and the torrents fall, and the beautiful valley lies between; and how, along the dusty road, the herdsman blows his horn, and travellers come and go in *charabancs*, like Punch and Judy in a show-box. He knows already how romantic ladies sketch romantic scenes; and how cold meat tastes under the shadow of trees; and how time flies, when we are in love, and the beloved one near. One little incident I must, however, mention, lest his fancy should not suggest it.

Flemming was still sitting with the ladies on the green slope near the Staubbach, or Brook of Dust, when a young man clad in green came down the valley. It was a German mechanic, with flaxen ringlets hanging over his shoulders, and a guitar in his hand. His step was free and elastic, and his countenance wore the joyous expression of youth and health. He approached the company with a courteous salutation; and, after the manner of travelling students, asked charity with the confident air of one unaccustomed to refusal. Nor was he refused in this instance. The presence of those we love makes us compassionate and generous. Flemming gave him a piece

of gold ; and, after a short conversation, he seated himself at a little distance on the grass, and began to play and sing. Wonderful and many were the sweet accords and plaintive sounds that came from that little instrument, touched by the student's hand. Every feeling of the human heart seemed to find an expression there, and awaken a kindred feeling in the hearts of those who heard him. He sang strange German songs, so full of longing, and of pleasing sadness, and hope, and fear, and passionate desire, and soul-subduing sorrow, that the tears came into Mary Ashburton's eyes, though she understood not the words he sang. Then his countenance glowed with triumph, and he beat the strings like a drum, and sang :—

“O, how the drum beats so loud !
Close beside me in the fight,
My dying brother says, Good Night !
And the cannon's awful breath
Screams the loud halloo of Death !
And the drum,
And the drum,
Beats so loud !”

Many were the words of praise when the young musician ended ; and, as he rose to depart, they still entreated for one song more. Whereupon he played a lively prelude ; and, looking full into Flemming's face, sang, with a pleasant smile and still in German, this little song :—

“I know a maiden fair to see ;
Take care !
She can both false and friendly be.
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

“She has two eyes, so soft and brown ;
Take care !
She gives a side-glance and looks down.
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

“And she has hair of a golden hue ;
Take care !
And what she says, it is not true.
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

“She has a bosom as white as snow ;
Take care !
She knows how much it is best to show.
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !

“She gives thee a garland woven fair ;
Take care !
It is a fool’s cap for thee to wear.
Beware ! Beware !
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee !”

The last stanza he sung in a laughing, triumphant tone, which resounded above the loud clang of his guitar like the jeering laugh of Till Eulenspiegel. Then, slinging his guitar over his shoulder, he took off his green cap, and made a leg to the ladies, in the style of Gil Blas ; waved his hand in the air, and walked quickly down the valley, singing, “Adé ! Adé ! Adé !”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.

THE power of magic in the Middle Ages created monsters who followed the unhappy magician everywhere. The power of love in all ages creates angels, who likewise follow the happy or unhappy lover everywhere, even in his dreams. By such an angel was Paul Fleming now haunted, both when he waked and when he slept. He walked as in a dream, and was hardly conscious of the presence of those around him. A sweet face looked at him from every page of every book he read ; and it was the face of Mary Ashburton !—a sweet voice spake to him in every sound he heard ; and it was the voice of Mary Ashburton ! Day and night succeeded each other, with pleasant interchange of light and darkness ; but to him the passing of time was only as a dream. When he arose in the morning, he thought only of her, and wondered if she were yet awake ; and when he lay down at night, he thought only of her, and how, like the Lady Christabel,

“ Her gentle limbs she did undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.”

And the livelong day he was with her, either in reality or in day-dreams hardly less real ; for, in each delirious vision of his waking hours, her beauteous form passed

like the form of Beatrice through Dante's heaven ; and, as he lay in the summer afternoon, and heard at times the sound of the wind in the trees, and the sound of Sabbath bells ascending up to heaven, holy wishes and prayers ascended with them from his inmost soul, beseeching that he might not love in vain ! And whenever, in silence and alone, he looked into the silent, lonely countenance of Night, he recalled the impassioned lines of Plato :—

“ Lookest thou at the stars ? If I were heaven,
With all the eyes of heaven would I look down on thee ! ”

O, how beautiful it is to love ! Even thou, that sneerest at this page, and laughest in cold indifference or scorn, if others are near thee,—thou too must acknowledge its truth, when thou art alone ; and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reverences, as one of the highest impulses of our nature,—namely, Love !

One by one the objects of our affection depart from us. But our affections remain, and like vines stretch forth their broken, wounded tendrils for support. The bleeding heart needs a balm to heal it ; and there is none but the love of its kind,—none but the affection of a human heart ! Thus the wounded, broken affections of Fleming began to lift themselves from the dust and cling around this new object. Days and weeks passed ; and, like the student Crisostomo, he ceased to love, because he began to adore. And with this adoration mingled the prayer, that, in that hour when the world is still, and the voices that praise are mute, and reflection cometh like twilight, and the maiden, in her day-dreams, counted the number of her friends, some voice in the sacred silence of her thoughts might whisper his name ! And was it in-

deed so ? Did any voice in the sacred silence of her thoughts whisper his name ? We shall soon learn.

They were sitting together one morning, on the green, flowery meadow, under the ruins of Burg Unspunnen. She was sketching the ruins. The birds were singing, one and all, as if there were no aching hearts, no sin nor sorrow in the world. So motionless was the bright air, that the shadow of the trees lay engraven on the grass. The distant snow-peaks sparkled in the sun, and nothing frowned, save the square tower of the old ruin above them.

“What a pity it is,” said the lady, as she stopped to rest her weary fingers, “what a pity it is, that there is no old tradition connected with this ruin !”

“I will make you one, if you wish,” said Flemming.

“Can you make old traditions ?”

“O, yes ! I made three, the other day, about the Rhine; and one very old one about the Black Forest. A lady with dishevelled hair ; a robber with a horrible slouched hat ; and a night storm among the roaring pines.”

“Delightful ! Do make one for me.”

“With the greatest pleasure. Where will you have the scene ? Here, or in the Black Forest ?”

“In the Black Forest, by all means ! Begin.”

“First promise not to interrupt me. If you snap the golden threads of thought, they will float away on the air like the film of the gossamer threads, and I shall never be able to recover them.”

“I promise.”

“Listen, then, to the tradition of THE FOUNTAIN OF OBLIVION.”

“Begin.”

Flemming was reclining on the flowery turf, at the

lady's feet, looking up with dreamy eyes into her sweet face, and then into the leaves of the linden-trees overhead.

“Gentle lady ! Dost thou remember the linden-trees of Bülach,—those tall and stately trees, with velvet down upon their shining leaves, and rustic benches underneath their overhanging eaves ? A leafy dwelling, fit to be the home of elf or fairy, where first I told my love to thee, thou cold and stately Hermione ! A little peasant-girl stood near, and listened all the while, with eyes of wonder and delight, and an unconscious smile, to hear the stranger still speak on, in accents deep yet mild,—none else was with us in that hour, save God and that peasant child !”

“Why, it is in rhyme !”

“No, no ! the rhyme is only in your imagination. You promised not to interrupt me, and you have already snapped asunder the gossamer threads of as sweet a dream as was ever spun from a poet's brain.”

“It certainly did rhyme !”

“This was the reverie of the student Hieronymus, as he sat at midnight in his chamber, with his hands clasped together, and resting upon an open volume, which he should have been reading. His pale face was raised, and the pupils of his eyes dilated, as if the spirit-world were open before him, and some beauteous vision were standing there, and drawing the student's soul through his eyes up into heaven,—as the evening sun, through parting summer-clouds, seems to draw into its bosom the vapors of the earth. O, it was a sweet vision ! I can see it before me now !

“Near the student stood an antique bronze lamp, with strange figures carved upon it. It was a magic lamp,

which once belonged to the Arabian astrologer El Geber, in Spain. Its light was beautiful as the light of stars ; and, night after night, as the lonely wight sat alone and read in this lofty tower, through the mist, and murk, and dropping rain, it streamed out into the darkness, and was seen by many wakeful eyes. To the poor student Hieronymus it was a wonderful Aladdin's Lamp ; for in its flame a Divinity revealed herself unto him, and showed him treasures. Whenever he opened a ponderous, antiquated tome, it seemed as if some angel opened for him the gates of Paradise ; and already he was known in the city as Hieronymus the Learned.

“ But, alas ! he could read no more. The charm was broken. Hour after hour he passed with his hands clasped before him, and his fair eyes gazing at vacancy. What could so disturb the studies of this melancholy wight ? Lady, he was in love ! Have you ever been in love ? He had seen the face of the beautiful Hermione ; and as, when we have thoughtlessly looked at the sun, our dazzled eyes, though closed, behold it still, so he beheld by day and by night the radiant image of her upon whom he had too rashly gazed. Alas ! he was unhappy ; for the proud Hermione disdained the love of a poor student, whose only wealth was a magic lamp. In marble halls, and amid the gay crowd that worshipped her, she had almost forgotten that such a being lived as the student Hieronymus. The adoration of his heart had been to her only as the perfume of a wild-flower which she had carelessly crushed with her foot in passing. But he had lost all ; for he had lost the quiet of his thoughts ; and his agitated soul reflected only broken and distorted images of things. The world laughed at the poor student, who, in his threadbare cassock, dared to lift his eyes to

the Lady Hermione; while he sat alone, in his desolate chamber, and suffered in silence. He remembered many things which he would fain forget, but which, if he had forgotten them, he would wish again to remember. Such were the linden-trees of Bülach, under whose pleasant shades he had told his love to Hermione. This was the scene which he wished most to forget, yet loved most to remember; and of this he was now dreaming, with his hands clasped upon his book, and that kind of music in his thoughts, which you, lady, mistook for rhyme.

“Suddenly, the cathedral clock struck twelve with a melancholy clang. It roused the student Hieronymus from his dream; and rang in his ears, like the iron hoofs of the steeds of Time. The magic hour had come, when the Divinity of the lamp most willingly revealed herself to her votary. The bronze figures seemed alive; a white cloud rose from the flame and spread itself through the chamber, whose four walls dilated into magnificent cloud-vistas; a fragrance, as of wild-flowers, filled the air; and a dreamy music, like distant, sweet-chiming bells, announced the approach of the midnight Divinity. Through his streaming tears the heart-broken student beheld her once more descending a pass in the snowy cloud-mountains, as, at evening, the dewy Hesperus comes from the bosom of the mist, and assumes his station in the sky. At her approach, his spirit grew more calm; for her presence was, to his feverish heart, like a tropical night,—beautiful and soothing and invigorating. At length she stood before him, revealed in all her beauty; and he comprehended the visible language of her sweet but silent lips, which seemed to say, ‘What would the student Hieronymus to-night?’—‘Peace!’ he answered, raising his clasped hands, and smiling through his tears. ‘The stu-

dent Hieronymus imploreth peace !’—‘Then go,’ said the spirit, ‘go to the Fountain of Oblivion, in the deepest solitude of the Black Forest, and cast this scroll into its waters ; and thou shalt be at peace once more.’ Hieronymus opened his arms to embrace the Divinity, for her countenance assumed the features of Hermione ; but she vanished away ; the music ceased ; the gorgeous cloud-land sank and fell asunder ; and the student was alone within the four bare walls of his chamber. As he bowed his head downward, his eye fell upon a parchment scroll, which was lying beside the lamp. Upon it was written only the name of Hermione !

“The next morning Hieronymus put the scroll into his bosom, and went his way in search of the Fountain of Oblivion. A few days brought him to the skirts of the Black Forest. He entered, not without a feeling of dread, that land of shadows ; and passed onward, under melancholy pines and cedars, whose branches grew abroad and mingled together, and, as they swayed up and down, filled the air with solemn twilight and a sound of sorrow. As he advanced into the forest, the waving moss hung, like curtains, from the branches overhead, and more and more shut out the light of heaven ; and he knew that the Fountain of Oblivion was not far off. Even then the sound of falling waters was mingling with the roar of the pines overhead ; and ere long he came to a river, moving in solemn majesty through the forest, and falling, with a dull, leaden sound into a motionless and stagnant lake, above which the branches of the forest met and mingled, forming perpetual night. This was the Fountain of Oblivion.

“Upon its brink the student paused, and gazed into the dark waters with a steadfast look. They were limpid

waters, dark with shadows only. And as he gazed, he beheld, far down in their silent depths, dim and ill-defined outlines, wavering to and fro, like the folds of a white garment in the twilight. Then more distinct and permanent shapes arose,—shapes familiar to his mind, yet forgotten and remembered again, as the fragments of a dream ; till at length, far, far below him, he beheld the great City of the Past, with silent marble streets, and moss-grown walls, and spires uprising with a wave-like, flickering motion.

“ And amid the crowd that thronged those streets, he beheld faces once familiar and dear to him ; and heard sorrowful, sweet voices singing, O, forget us not ! forget us not ! and then the distant, mournful sound of funeral bells, that were tolling below, in the City of the Past. But in the gardens of that city there were children playing, and among them one who wore his features, as they had been in childhood. He was leading a little girl by the hand, and caressed her often, and adorned her with flowers. Then, like a dream, the scene changed, and the boy had grown older, and stood alone, gazing into the sky ; and as he gazed, his countenance changed again, and Hieronymus beheld him, as if it had been his own image in the clear water ; and before him stood a beautiful maiden, whose face was like the face of Hermione, and he feared lest the scroll had fallen into the water, as he bent over it.

“ Starting, as from a dream, he put his hand into his bosom, and breathed freely again, when he found the scroll still there. He drew it forth, and read the blessed name of Hermione, and the city beneath him vanished away, and the air grew fragrant as with the breath of May-flowers, and a light streamed through the shadowy

forest, and gleamed upon the lake ; and the student Hieronymus pressed the dear name to his lips, and exclaimed, with streaming eyes : ‘ O, scorn me as thou wilt, still, still will I love thee ; and thy name shall irradiate the gloom of my life, and make the waters of Oblivion smile ! ’ And the name was no longer Hermione, but was changed to Mary ; and the student Hieronymus—is lying at your feet ! O gentle Lady,

‘ I did hear you talk
Far above singing ; after you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and searched
What stirred it so ! Alas ! I found it love. ’ ”

CHAPTER IX.

A TALK ON THE STAIRS.

NO ! I will not describe that scene ; nor how pale the stately lady sat on the border of the green, sunny meadow ! The hearts of some women tremble like leaves at every breath of love which reaches them, and then are still again. Others, like the ocean, are moved only by the breath of a storm, and not so easily lulled to rest. And such was the proud heart of Mary Ashburton. It had remained unmoved by the presence of this stranger ; and the sound of his footsteps and his voice excited in it no emotion. He had deceived himself ! Silently they walked homeward through the green meadow. The very sunshine was sad ; and the rising wind, through the old ruin above them, sounded in his ears like a hollow laugh !

Flemming went straight to his chamber. On the way, he passed the walnut-trees under which he had first seen the face of Mary Ashburton. Involuntarily he closed his eyes. They were full of tears. O, there are places in this fair world which we never wish to see again, however dear they may be to us ! The towers of the old Franciscan convent never looked so gloomily as then, though the bright summer sun was shining full upon them.

In his chamber he found Berkley. He was looking out of the window, whistling.

“ This evening I leave Interlachen forever,” said Fleming, rather abruptly. Berkley stared.

“Indeed! Pray what is the matter? You look as pale as a ghost!”

“And have good reason to look pale,” replied Flemming bitterly. “Hoffmann says, in one of his notebooks, that on the eleventh of March, at half past eight o’clock, precisely, he was an ass. That is what I was this morning, at half past ten o’clock, precisely, and am now, and I suppose always shall be.”

He tried to laugh, but could not. He then related to Berkley the whole story, from beginning to end.

“This is a miserable piece of business!” exclaimed Berkley, when he had finished. “Strange enough! And yet I have long ceased to marvel at the caprices of women. Did not Pan captivate the chaste Diana? Did not Titania love Nick Bottom with his ass’s head. Do you think that maidens’ eyes are no longer touched with the juice of love-in-idleness? Take my word for it, she is in love with somebody else. There must be some reason for this. No; women never have any reasons, except their will. But never mind. Keep a stout heart. Care killed a cat. After all,—what is she? Who is she? Only a——”

“Hush! hush!” exclaimed Flemming, in great excitement. “Not one word more, I beseech you. Do not think to console me by depreciating her. She is very dear to me still; a beautiful, high-minded, noble woman.”

“Yes,” answered Berkley; “that is the way with you all, you young men. You see a sweet face, or a something, you know not what, and flickering reason says, Good night; amen to common sense! The imagination invests the beloved object with a thousand superlative charms; adorns her with all the purple and fine linen, all the rich apparel and furniture, of human nature. I did the

same when I was young. I was once as desperately in love as you are now ; and went through all the

‘ Delicious deaths, soft exhalations
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations ;
A thousand unknown rites
Of joys, and rarefied delights.’

I adored and was rejected. ‘ You are in love with certain attributes,’ said the lady. ‘ Damn your attributes, Madam,’ said I ; ‘ I know nothing about attributes.’—‘ Sir,’ said she, with dignity, ‘ you have been drinking.’—So we parted. She was married afterwards to another, who knew something about attributes, I suppose. I have seen her once since, and only once. She had a baby in a yellow gown. I hate a baby in a yellow gown. How glad I am she did not marry me ! One of these days, you will be glad you have been rejected. Take my word for it.”

“ All that does not prevent my lot from being a very melancholy one ! ” said Flemming sadly.

“ O, never mind the lot,” cried Berkley laughing, “ so long as you don’t get Lot’s wife. If the cucumber is bitter, throw it away, as the philosopher Marcus Antoninus says, in his Meditations. Forget her, and all will be as if you had not known her.”

“ I shall never forget her,” replied Flemming, rather solemnly. “ Not my pride, but my affections are wounded ; and the wound is too deep ever to heal. I shall carry it with me always. I enter no more into the world, but will dwell only in the world of my own thoughts. All great and unusual occurrences, whether of joy or sorrow, lift us above this earth ; and we should do well always to preserve this elevation. Hitherto I have not done so.

But now I will no more descend ; I will sit apart and above the world, with my mournful, yet holy thoughts."

"Whew ! You had better go into society ; the whirl and delirium will cure you in a week. If you find a lady who pleases you very much, and you wish to marry her, and she will not listen to such a horrid thing, I see but one remedy, which is to find another, who pleases you more, and who will listen to it."

"No, my friend ; you do not understand my character," said Flemming, shaking his head. "I love this woman with a deep and lasting affection. I shall never cease to love her. This may be madness in me ; but so it is. Alas and alas ! Paracelsus of old wasted life in trying to discover its elixir, which after all turned out to be alcohol ; and instead of being made immortal upon earth, he died drunk on the floor of a tavern. The like happens to many of us. We waste our best years in distilling the sweetest flowers of life into love-potions, which after all do not immortalize, but only intoxicate us. By Heaven ! we are all of us mad."

"But are you sure the case is utterly hopeless ?"

"Utterly ! utterly !"

"And yet I perceive you have not laid aside all hope. You still flatter yourself that the lady's heart may change. The great secret of happiness consists not in enjoying, but in renouncing. But it is hard, very hard. Hope has as many lives as a cat or a king. I dare say you have heard the old Italian proverb, 'The king never dies.' But perhaps you have never heard that, at the court of Naples, when the dead body of a monarch lies in state, his dinner is carried up to him as usual, and the court physician tastes it, to see that it be not poisoned, and then the servants bear it out again, saying, 'The king

does not dine to-day.' Hope in our souls is king ; and we also say, 'The king never dies.' Even when in reality he lies dead within us, in solemn mockery we offer him his accustomed food, but are constrained to say, 'The king does not dine to-day.' It must be an evil day, indeed, when a king of Naples has no heart for his dinner ! but you yourself are a proof that the king never dies. You are feeding your king, although you say he is dead."

"To show you that I do not wish to cherish hope," replied Flemming, "I shall leave Interlachen to-morrow morning. I am going to the Tyrol."

"You are right," said Berkley ; "there is nothing so good for sorrow as rapid motion in the open air. I shall go with you ; though probably your conversation will not be very various ; nothing but Edward and Kunigunde."

"What do you mean by that ?"

"Go to Berlin, and you will find out. However, jesting apart, I will do all I can to cheer you, and make you forget the Dark Ladie, and this untoward accident."

"Accident !" said Flemming. "This is no accident, but God's providence, which brought us together, to punish me for my sins."

"O my friend," interrupted Berkley, "if you see the finger of Providence so distinctly in every act of your life, you will end by thinking yourself an Apostle and Envoy Extraordinary. I see nothing so very uncommon in what has happened to you."

"What ! not when our souls are so akin to each other ? when we seemed so formed to be together,—to be one ?"

"I have often observed," replied Berkley coldly, "that those who are of kindred souls rarely wed together ; almost as rarely as those who are akin by blood. There-

fore, mad lover, do not think to persuade thyself and thy scornful lady that you have kindred souls ; but rather the contrary,—that you are much unlike, and each wanting in those qualities which most mark and distinguish the other. Trust me, thy courtship will then be more prosperous. But good morning. I must prepare for this sudden journey.”

On the following morning, Flemming and Berkley started on their way to Innsbruck, like Huon of Bordeaux and Scherasmin on their way to Babylon. Berkley’s self-assumed duty was to console his companion ; a duty which he performed like an ancient Spanish Matadora, a woman whose business was to attend the sick, and put her elbow into the stomach of the dying, to shorten their agony.

BOOK THE FOURTH

CHAPTER I.

A MISERERE.

IN the Orlando Innamorato, Malagigi, the necromancer, puts all the company to sleep by reading to them from a book. Some books have this power of themselves and need no necromancer. Fearing, Gentle Reader, that mine may be of this kind, I have provided these introductory chapters from time to time, like stalls or Misereres in a church, with flowery canopies and poppy-heads over them, where thou mayest sit down and sleep.

No,—the figure is not a bad one. This book does somewhat resemble a minster, in the Romanesque style, with pinnacles, and flying buttresses and roofs,

“Gargoyled with greyhounds, and with many lions
Made of fine gold, with divers sundry dragons.”

You step into its shade and coolness out of the hot streets of life ; a mysterious light streams through the painted glass of the marigold windows, staining the cusps and crumpled leaves of the window-shafts, and the cherubs and holy-water-stoups below. Here and there is an image of the Virgin Mary ; and other images, “ in divers vestures

called weepers, stand in housings made about the tomb"; and above all swells the vast dome of heaven, with its star-mouldings, and the flaming constellations, like the mosaics in the dome of St. Peter's. Have you not heard funeral psalms from the chauntry? Have you not heard the sound of church-bells, as I promised,—mysterious sounds from the Past and Future, as from the belfries outside the cathedral,—even such a mournful, mellow, watery peal of bells, as is heard sometimes at sea, from cities afar off below the horizon?

I know not how this Romanesque, and at times flamboyant, style of architecture may please the critics. They may wish, perhaps, that I had omitted some of my many ornaments, my arabesques, and roses, and fantastic spouts, and Holy-Roods and Galilee-steeple. But would it then have been Romanesque?

But perhaps, Gentle Reader, thou art one of those who think the day of romance gone forever. Believe it not! O, believe it not! 'Thou hast at this moment in thy heart as sweet a romance as was ever written. Thou art not less a woman, because thou dost not sit aloft in a tower, with a tassel-gentle on thy wrist. Thou art not less a man, because thou wearest no hauberk, nor mail-sark, and goest not on horseback after foolish adventures. Nay, nay! Every one has a romance in his own heart. All that has blessed or awed the world lies there; and

“ The oracle within him, that which lives,
He must invoke and question,—not dead books,
Not ordinances, not mould-rotten papers.”

Sooner or later, some passages of every one's romance must be written, either in words or actions. They will proclaim the truth; for Truth is thought which has

assumed its appropriate garments, either of words or actions ; while Falsehood is thought which, disguised in words or actions not its own, comes before the blind old world, as Jacob came before the patriarch Isaac, clothed in the goodly raiment of his brother Esau. And the world, like the patriarch, is often deceived ; for though the voice is Jacob's voice, yet the hands are the hands of Esau, and the False takes away the birthright and the blessing from the True. Hence it is that the world so often lifts up its voice and weeps.

That very pleasing and fanciful Chinese romance, the *Shadow in the Water*, ends with the hero's marrying both the heroines. I hope my gentle reader feels curious to know the end of this romance, which is a shadow upon the earth ; and see whether there be any marriage at all in it.

That is the very point I am now thinking of, as I sit here at my pleasant chamber-window, and enjoy the balmy air of a bright summer morning, and watch the motions of the golden robin that sits on its swinging nest on the outermost pendulous branch of yonder elm. The broad meadows and the steel-blue river remind me of the meadows of Unterseen and the river Aar ; and beyond them rise magnificent snow-white clouds, piled up like Alps. Thus the shades of Washington and William Tell seem to walk together on these Elysian Fields ; for it was here that, in days long gone, our great patriot dwelt ; and yonder clouds so much resemble the snowy Alps, that they remind me irresistibly of the Swiss. Noble examples of a high purpose and a fixed will ! Do they not move, Hyperion-like, on high ? Were they not, likewise, sons of Heaven and Earth ?

Nothing can be more lovely than these summer morn-

ings; nor than the southern window at which I sit and write, in this old mansion, which is like an Italian villa. But O this lassitude,—this weariness,—when all around me is so bright! I have this morning a singular longing for flowers; a wish to stroll among the roses and carnations, and inhale their breath, as if it would revive me. I wish I knew the man who called flowers “the fugitive poetry of Nature.” From this distance, from these scholastic shades,—from this leafy, blossoming, and beautiful Cambridge,—I stretch forth my hand to grasp his, as the hand of a poet!—Yes; this morning I would rather stroll with him among the gay flowers, than sit here and write. I feel so weary!

Old men with their staves, says the Spanish poet, are ever knocking at the door of the grave. But I am not old. The Spanish poet might have included the young also.—No matter! Courage, and forward! The romance must be finished, and finished soon.

O thou poor authorling! Reach a little deeper into the human heart! Touch those strings,—touch those deeper strings, and more boldly, or the notes will die away like whispers, and no ear shall hear them, save thine own! And, to cheer thy solitary labor, remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of Oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure!

And now, Reader, since the sermon is over, and we are still sitting here in this Miserere, let us read aloud a page from the old parchment manuscript on the letter-n before us; let us sing it through these dusky aisles, like a Gregorian chant, and startle the sleeping congregation!

“I have read of the great river Euripus, which ebbeth

and floweth seven times a day, and with such violence that it carrieth ships upon it with full sail directly against the wind. Seven times in an hour ebbeth and floweth rash opinion in the torrent of indiscreet and troublesome apprehensions, carrying critic calumny and squint-eyed detraction mainly against the wind of wisdom and judgment."

In secula seculorum ! Amen !

CHAPTER II.

CURFEW BELLS.

WELCOME, Disappointment ! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend ! Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend ! O, there is something sublime in calm endurance, something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment oftentimes better than success !

The Emperor Isaac Angelus made a treaty with Saladin, and tried to purchase the Holy Sepulchre with gold. Richard Lion-heart scorned such alliance, and sought to recover it by battle. Thus do weak minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome, and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle. But the resolute will of a strong man scorns such means, and struggles nobly with his foe to achieve great deeds. Therefore, whosoever thou art that sufferest, try not to dissipate thy sorrow by the breath of the world, nor drown its voice in thoughtless merriment. It is a treacherous peace that is purchased by indulgence. Rather take this sorrow to thy heart, and make it a part of thee, and it shall nourish thee till thou art strong again.

The shadows of the mind are like those of the body. In the morning of life, they all lie behind us ; at noon, we trample them under foot ; and in the evening, they stretch long, broad, and deepening before us. Are not,

then, the sorrows of childhood as dark as those of age? Are not the morning shadows of life as deep and broad as those of its evening? Yes; but morning shadows soon fade away, while those of evening reach forward into the night, and mingle with the coming darkness. Man is begotten in delight and born in pain; and in these are the rapture and labor of his life foreshadowed from the beginning. But the life of man upon this fair earth is made up, for the most part, of little pains and little pleasures. The great wonder-flowers bloom but once in a lifetime.

A week has already elapsed since the events recorded in the last chapter. Paul Flemming went his way, a melancholy man, "drinking the sweet wormwood of his sorrow." He did not rail at Providence and call it fate, but suffered and was silent. It is a beautiful trait in the lover's character, that he thinks no evil of the object loved. What he suffered was no swift storm of feeling, that passes away with the noise and leaves the heart clearer; but a dark phantom had risen up in the clear night, and, like that of Adamastor, hid the stars; and if it ever vanished away for a season, still the deep sound of the moaning main would be heard afar, through many a dark and lonely hour. And thus he journeyed on, wrapped in desponding gloom, and mainly heedless of all things around him. His mind was distempered. That one face was always before him; that one voice was forever saying :—

"You are not the Magician."

Painful indeed it is to be misunderstood and undervalued by those we love. But this, too, in our life, must we learn to bear without a murmur; for it is a tale often repeated.

There are persons in this world to whom all local associations are naught. The genius of the place speaks not to them. Even on battle-fields, where the voice of this genius is wont to be loudest, they hear only the sound of their own voices ; they meet there only their own dull and pedantic thoughts, as the old grammarian Brunetto Latini met on the plain of Roncesvalles a poor student riding on a bay mule. This was not always the case with Paul Flemming, but it had become so now. He felt no interest in the scenery around him. He hardly looked at it. Even the difficult mountain-passes, where, from his rocky eyrie, the eagle-eyed Tyrol-ese peasant had watched his foe, and the roaring, turbid torrent underneath, which had swallowed up the bloody corse, that fell from the rocks like a crushed worm, awakened no lively emotion in his breast. All around him seemed dreamy and vague ; all within dim, as in a sun's eclipse. As the moon, whether visible or invisible, has power over the tides of the ocean, so the face of that lady, whether present or absent, had power over the tides of his soul ; both by day and night, both waking and sleeping. In every pale face and dark eye he saw a resemblance to her ; and what the day denied him in reality the night gave him in dreams.

“This is a strange, fantastic world,” said Berkley, after a very long silence, during which the two travellers had been sitting each in his corner of the travelling-carriage, wrapped in his own reflections. “A very strange, fantastic world ; where each one pursues his own golden bubble, and laughs at his neighbor for doing the same. I have been thinking how a moral Linnæus would classify our race. I think he would divide it,—not as Lord Byron did, into two great classes, the bores and those

who are bored,—but into three, namely, Happy Men, Lucky Dogs, and Miserable Wretches. This is more true and philosophical, though perhaps not quite so comprehensive. He is the Happy Man, who, blessed with modest ease, a wife and children, sits enthroned in the hearts of his family, and knows no other ambition than that of making those around him happy. But the Lucky Dog is he, who, free from all domestic cares, saunters up and down his room, in morning gown and slippers; drums on the window, of a rainy day; and, as he stirs his evening fire, snaps his fingers at the world, and says, ‘I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for.’ I had a friend who is now no more. He was taken away in the bloom of life, by a very rapid — widow. He was by birth and by profession a beau,—born with a quizzing-glass and a cane. Cock of the walk, he flapped his wings, and crowed among the feathered tribe. But, alas! a fair, white partlet, has torn his crest out, and he shall crow no more. You will generally find him of a morning, smelling round a beef-cart, with domestic felicity written in every line of his countenance; and sometimes meet him in a cross-street at noon, hurrying homeward, with a beefsteak on a wooden skewer, or a fresh fish, with a piece of tarred twine run through its gills. In the evening he rocks the cradle, and gets up in the night when the child cries. Like a Goth of the Dark Ages, he consults his wife on all mighty matters, and looks upon her as a being of more than human goodness and wisdom. In short, the women all say he is a very domestic man, and makes a good husband; which, under the rose, is only a more polite way of saying he is hen-pecked. He is a Happy Man. I have another dear friend, who is a sexagenary bachelor. He has one of

those well-oiled dispositions which turn upon the hinges of the world without creaking. The heyday of life is over with him ; but his old age is sunny and chirping ; and a merry heart still nestles in his tottering frame, like a swallow that builds in a tumble-down chimney. He is a professed Squire of Dames. The rustle of a silk gown is music to his ears, and his imagination is continually lantern-led by some will-with-a-wisp in the shape of a lady's stomacher. In his devotion to the fair sex—the muslin, as he calls it—he is the gentle flower of chivalry. It is amusing to see how quick he strikes into the scent of a lady's handkerchief. When once fairly in pursuit, there is no such thing as throwing him off. His heart looks out at his eye ; and his inward delight tingles down to the tail of his coat. He loves to bask in the sunshine of a smile ; when he can breathe the sweet atmosphere of kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs, his soul is in its element ; and his supreme delight is to pass the morning, to use his own quaint language, in making dodging calls, and wiggling round among the ladies ! He is a Lucky Dog."

"And as a specimen of the class of Miserable Wretches, I suppose you will take me," said Flemming, making an effort to enter into his friend's humor. "Certainly I am wretched enough. You may make me the stuffed bear,—the specimen of this class."

"By no means," replied Berkley ; "you are not reduced so low. He only is utterly wretched, who is the slave of his own passions, or those of others. This, I trust, will never be your condition. Why so wan and pale, fond lover ? Do you remember Sir John Suckling's song ?

‘ Why so wan and pale, fond lover ?
 Pr’ythee why so pale ?
 Will, if looking well can’t move her,
 Looking ill prevail ?
 Pr’ythee why so pale ?

‘ Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
 Pr’ythee why so mute ?
 Will, if speaking well can’t win her,
 Saying nothing do’t ?
 Pr’ythee why so mute ?

‘ Quit, quit, for shame ! this cannot move,
 This cannot take her !
 If of herself she do not love,
 Nothing will make her !
 The devil take her ! ’

How do you like that ? ”

“ To you I say quit, quit for shame ! ” replied Fleming. “ Why quote the songs of that witty and licentious age ? Have you no better consolation to offer me ? How many, many times must I tell you, that I bear the lady no ill-will ? I do not blame her for not loving me. I desire her happiness, even at the sacrifice of my own. ”

“ That is generous in you, and deserves a better fate. But you are so figurative in all you say, that a stranger would think you had no real feeling, and only fancied yourself in love ! ”

“ Expression of feeling is different with different minds. It is not always simple. Some minds, when excited, naturally speak in figures and similitudes. They do not on that account feel less deeply. This is obvious in our commonest modes of speech. It depends upon the individual. ”

“ Kyrie Eleëson ! ”

“ Well, abuse my figures of speech as much as you please. What I insist upon is, that you shall not abuse the lady. When did you ever hear me breathe a whisper against her ? ”

“ Oho ! Now you speak like Launce to his dog ! ”

Their conversation, which had begun so merrily, was here suddenly interrupted by a rattling peal of thunder, that announced a near-approaching storm. It was late in the afternoon, and the whole heaven black with low, trailing clouds. Still blacker the storm came sailing up majestically from the southwest, with almost unbroken volleys of distant thunder. The wind seemed to be storming a cloud-redoubt ; and marched onward with dust, and the green banners of the trees flapping in the air, and heavy cannonading, and occasionally an explosion, like the blowing up of a powder-wagon. Mingled with this was the sound of thunder-bells from a village not far off. They were all ringing dolefully to ward off the thunderbolt. At the entrance of the village stood a large wooden crucifix, around which was a crowd of priests and peasants, kneeling in the wet grass, by the roadside, with their hands and eyes lifted to heaven, and praying for rain. Their prayer was soon answered.

The travellers drove on with the driving wind and rain. They had come from Landeck, and hoped to reach Innsbruck before midnight. Night closed in, and Flemming fell asleep with the loud storm overhead, and at his feet the roaring Inn, a mountain torrent leaping onward as wild and restless as when it first sprang from its cradle in the solitudes of Engaddin ; meet emblem of himself, thus rushing through the night. His slumber was long, but broken ; and at length he awoke in terror ; for he heard a voice pronounce in his ear distinctly these words :—

“They have brought the dead body.”

They were driving by a churchyard at the entrance of a town ; and among the tombs a dim lamp was burning before an image of the Virgin. It had a most unearthly appearance. Flemming almost feared to see the congregation of the dead go into the church and sing their midnight mass. He spoke to Berkley, but received no answer ; he was in a deep sleep.

“Then it was only a dream,” he said to himself ; “yet how distinct the voice was ! O, if we had spiritual organs, to see and hear things now invisible and inaudible to us, we should behold the whole air filled with the departing souls of that vast multitude which every moment dies,—should behold them streaming up like thin vapors heavenward, and hear the startling blast of the archangel’s trump sounding incessant through the universe, and proclaiming the awful judgment-day ! Truly, the soul departs not alone on its last journey, but spirits of its kind attend it, when not ministering angels ; and they go in families to the unknown land ! Neither in life nor in death are we alone.”

He slept again at intervals ; and at length, though long after midnight, reached Innsbruck between sleeping and waking ; his mind filled with dim recollections of the unspeakably dismal night journey ;—the climbing of hills, and plunging into dark ravines ; the momentary rattling of the wheels over paved streets of towns, and the succeeding hollow rolling and tramping on the wet earth ; the blackness of the night ; the thunder and lightning and rain ; the roar of waters, leaping through deep chasms by the roadside ; and the wind through the mountain-passes, sounding loud and long, like the irrepressible laughter of the gods.

The travellers on the morrow lingered not long in Innsbruck. They did not fail, however, to visit the tomb of Maximilian in the Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross, and gaze with some admiration upon the twenty-eight gigantic bronze statues of Godfrey of Bouillon, and King Arthur, and Ernest the Iron-man, and Frederick of the Empty Pockets, kings and heroes, and others, which stand leaning on their swords between the columns of the church, as if guarding the tomb of the dead. These statues reminded Flemming of the bronze giants which strike the hours on the belfry of San Basso, in Venice, and of the flail-armed monsters that guarded the gateway of Angulaffer's castle in Oberon. After gazing awhile at these motionless sentinels, they went forth, and strolled through the public gardens, with the jagged mountains right over their heads, and all around them tall, melancholy pines, like Tyrolese peasants, with shaggy hair; and at their feet the mad torrent of the Inn, sweeping with turbid waves through the midst of the town. In the afternoon, they drove on towards Salzburg, through the magnificent mountain-passes of Waidering and Unken.

CHAPTER III.

SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

ON the following morning, Flemming awoke in a chamber of the Golden Ship at Salzburg, just as the clock in the Dome Church opposite was striking ten. The window-shutters were closed, and the room was nearly dark. He was lying with his hands crossed upon his breast, and his eyes looking up at the white curtains overhead. He thought them the white marble canopy of a tomb, and himself the marble statue lying beneath. When the clock ceased striking, the eight-and-twenty gigantic bronze statues from the Church of Holy Rood in Innsbruck stalked into the chamber, and arranged themselves along the walls, which spread into dimly lighted aisles and arches. On the painted windows he saw Interlachen, with its Franciscan cloister, and the Square Tower of the ruins. In a pendant, overhead, stood the German mechanic, as Saint Vitus; and on a lavatory, below, sat a cherub, with the form and features of Berkley. Then the organ-pipes began to blow, and he heard the voices of an invisible choir chanting. And anon the gilded gates in the bronze screen before the chancel opened, and a bridal procession passed through. The bride was clothed in the garb of the Middle Ages; and held a book in her hand, with velvet covers, and golden clasps. It was Mary Ashburton. She looked at him as she passed. Her face was pale, and there were tears in her sweet eyes. Then

the gates closed again ; and one of the oaken poppy-heads over a carved stall, in the shape of an owl, flapped its broad wings, and hooted, "To-whit ! to-whoo !" Then the whole scene changed ; and he thought himself a monk's-head on a gutter-spout ; and it rained dismally ; and Berkley was standing underneath with an umbrella, laughing !

In other words, Flemming was in a raging fever, and delirious. He remained in this state for a week. The first thing he was conscious of was hearing the doctor say to Berkley :—

"The crisis is passed. I now consider him out of danger."

He then fell into a sweet sleep ; the wild fever had swept away like an angry, red cloud, and the refreshing summer rain began to fall like dew upon the parched earth. Still another week, and Flemming was "sitting clothed, and in his right mind." Berkley had been reading to him ; and still held the book in his hand, with his fore-finger between the leaves. It was a volume of Hoffmann's writings.

"How very strange it is," said he, "that you can hardly open the biography of any German author, but you will find it begin with an account of his grandfather ! It will tell you how the venerable old man walked up and down the garden among the gay flowers, wrapped in his morning gown, which is likewise covered with flowers, and perhaps wearing on his head a little velvet cap. Or you will find him sitting by the chimney-corner in the great chair, smoking his ancestral pipe, with shaggy eyebrows, and eyes like bird's-nests under the eaves of a house, and a mouth like a Nuremberg nutcracker's. The future poet climbs upon the old man's knees. His genius

is not recognized yet. He is thought for the most part a dull boy. His father is an austere man, or perhaps dead. But the mother is still there, a sickly, saint-like woman, with knitting-work ; and an elder sister, who has already been in love, and wears rings on her fingers :—

‘Death’s heads and such mementoes,
Her grandmother and worm-eaten aunts left to her,
To tell her what her beauty must arrive at.’”

“But this is not the case with the life of Hoffmann, if I recollect right.”

“No, not precisely. Instead of the grandfather, we have the grandmother, a stately dame, who has long since shaken hands with the vanities of life. The mother, separated from her husband, is sick in mind and body, and flits to and fro like a shadow. Then there is an affectionate maiden aunt ; and an uncle, a retired judge, the terror of little boys,—the Giant Despair of this Doubting Castle in Königsberg ; and occasionally the benign countenance of a venerable grand-uncle, whom Lamotte Fouqué called a hero of the olden time in morning gown and slippers, looks in at the door and smiles. In the upper story of the same house lived a poor boy with his mother, who was so far crazed as to believe herself to be the Virgin Mary, and her son the Saviour of the world.

Wild fancies, likewise, were to sweep through the brain of that child. He was to meet Hoffmann elsewhere and be his friend in after years, though as yet they knew nothing of each other. This was Werner, who has made some noise in German literature as the author of many wild Destiny-Dramas,”

“Hoffmann died, I believe, in Berlin.”

“Yes. He left Königsberg at twenty years of age, and

passed the next eight years of his life in the Prussian-Polish provinces, where he held some petty office under government, and took to himself many bad habits and a Polish wife. After this he was Music-Director at various German theatres, and led a wandering, wretched life for ten years. He then went to Berlin as Clerk of the Exchange, and there remained till his death, which took place some seven or eight years afterward."

"Did you ever see him?"

"I was in Berlin during his lifetime, and saw him frequently. I shall never forget the first time. It was at one of the *Æsthetic Teas* given by a literary lady *unter den Linden*, where the lions were fed with convenient food, from tea and bread and butter up to oysters and Rhine-wine. During the evening, my attention was arrested by the entrance of a strange little figure, with a wild head of brown hair. His eyes were bright gray; and his thin lips closely pressed together with an expression of not unpleasing irony. This strange-looking personage began to bow his way through the crowd, with quick, nervous, hinge-like motions, much resembling those of a marionnette. He had a hoarse voice, and such a rapid utterance, that, although I understand German well enough for ordinary purposes, I could not make out one half he said. Ere long he had seated himself at the piano-forte, and was improvising such wild, sweet fancies, that the music of one's dreams is not more sweet and wild. Then suddenly some painful thought seemed to pass over his mind, as if he imagined that he was there to amuse the company. He rose from the piano-forte, and seated himself in another part of the room; where he began to make grimaces, and talk loud while others were singing. Finally he disappeared like a hobgoblin, laughing, 'Ho !

ho ! ho !' I asked a person beside me who this strange being was. 'That is Hoffmann,' was the answer. 'The Devil !' said I. 'Yes,' continued my informant, 'and if you should follow him now you would see him plunge into an obscure and unfrequented wine-cellar, and there, amid boon companions, with wine and tobacco-smoke, and quirks and quibbles, and quaint, witty sayings, turn the dim night into glorious day.'"

"What a strange being !"

"I once saw him at one of his night carouses. He was sitting in his glory at the head of the table ; not stupidly drunk, but warmed with wine, which made him madly eloquent, as the Devil's Elixir did the monk Medardus. There, in the full tide of witty discourse, or, if silent, his gray hawk-eye flashing from beneath his matted hair, and taking note of all that was grotesque in the company round him, sat this unfortunate genius till the day began to dawn. Then he found his way homeward, having, like the souls of the envious in Purgatory, his eyelids sewed together with iron wire ;—though his was from champagne bottles. At such hours he wrote his wild, fantastic tales. To his excited fancy everything assumed a spectral look. The shadows of familiar things about him stalked like ghosts through the haunted chambers of his soul ; and the old portraits on the walls winked at him, and seemed stepping down from their frames ; till, aghast at the spectral throng about him, he would call his wife from her bed, to sit by him while he wrote."

"No wonder he died in the prime of life !"

"No. The only wonder is, that he could have followed this course of life for six years. I am astonished that it did not kill him sooner."

"But death came at last in an appalling shape."

“Yes; his forty-sixth birthday found him sitting at home in his arm-chair, with his friends around him. But the rare old wine—he always drank the best—touched not the sick man’s lips that night. His wonted humor was gone. Of all his ‘jibes, his gambols, his songs, his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar, not one now to mock his own grinning!—quite chap-fallen.’ The conversation was of death and the grave. And when one of his friends said that life was the highest good, Hoffmann interrupted him, exclaiming, with a startling earnestness, ‘No, no! Life, life, only life! on any condition whatsoever!’ Five months after this he had ceased to suffer, because he had ceased to live. He died piecemeal. His feet and hands, his legs and arms, gradually, and in succession, became motionless, dead. But his spirit was not dead, nor motionless; and, through the solitary day or sleepless night, lying in his bed, he dictated to an amanuensis his last stories. Strange stories, indeed, were they for a dying man to write! Yet such delight did he take in dictating them, that he said to his friend Hitzig, that, upon the whole, he was willing to give up forever the use of his hands, if he could but preserve the power of writing by dictation. Such was his love of life,—of what he called the sweet habitude of being!”

“Was it not he, who in his last hours expressed such a longing to behold the green fields once more, and exclaimed, ‘Heaven! it is already summer, and I have not yet seen a single green tree’?”

“Yes, that was Hoffmann. Soon afterwards he died. The closing scene was striking. He gradually lost all sensation, though his mind remained vigorous. Feeling no more pain, he said to his physician: ‘It will soon be

over now. I feel no more pain.' He thought himself well again ; but the physician knew that he was dying, and said, ' Yes, it will soon be over ! ' The next morning he called his wife to his bedside, and begged her to fold his motionless hands together. Then, as he raised his eyes to heaven, she heard him say, ' We must, then, think of God, also ! ' More sorrowful words than these have seldom fallen from the lips of man. Shortly afterwards the flame of life glared up within him ; he said he was well again ; that in the evening he should go on with the story he was writing ; and wished that the last sentence might be read over to him. Shortly after this they turned his face to the wall, and he died."

" And thus passed to its account a human soul, after much self-inflicted suffering. Let us tread lightly upon the poet's ashes. For my part, I confess that I have not the heart to take him from the general crowd of erring, sinful men, and judge him harshly. The little I have seen of the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed,—the brief pulsations of joy, the feverish inquietude of hope and fear, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the pressure of want, the desertion of friends, the scorn of a world, that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within,—health gone, happiness gone, even hope, that stays longest with us gone,—I have little heart for aught else than thankfulness that it is not so with me, and would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came,

‘Even as a little girl,
Weeping and laughing in her childish sport.’”

“You are right. And it is worth a student’s while to observe calmly how tobacco, wine, and midnight did their work like fiends upon the delicate frame of Hoffmann ; and no less thoroughly upon his delicate mind. He who drinks beer thinks beer ; and he who drinks wine thinks wine ; and he who drinks midnight thinks midnight. He was a man of rare intellect. He was endowed with racy humor, and sarcastic wit, and a glorious imagination. But the fire of his genius burned not peacefully and with a steady flame upon the hearth of his home. It was a glaring and irregular flame ; for the branches that he fed it with were not branches from the Tree of Life, but from another tree that grew in Paradise, and they were wet with the unhealthy dews of night, and more unhealthy wine ; and thus, amid smoke and ashes, the fire burned fitfully, and went out with a glare which leaves the beholder blind.”

“This fire within him was a Meleager’s fire-brand ; and when it burned out, he died. And, as you say, marks of all this are clearly visible in Hoffmann’s writings. Indeed, when I read his strange fancies, it is with me as when in the summer night I hear the rising wind among the trees, and the branches bow, and beckon with their long fingers, and voices go gibbering and mocking through the air. A feeling of awe and mysterious dread comes over me. I wish to hear the sound of living voice or footstep near me,—to see a friendly and familiar face. In truth, if it be late at night, the reader as well as the writer of these unearthly fancies would fain have a patient, meek-eyed wife, with her knitting-work, at his elbow.”

Berkley smiled ; but Flemming continued without noticing the smile, though he knew what was passing in the mind of his friend :—

“ The life and writings of this singular being interest me in a high degree. Often one may learn more from a man’s errors than from his virtues. Moreover, from the common sympathies of our nature, souls that have struggled and suffered are dear to me. Willingly do I recognize their brotherhood. Scars upon their foreheads do not so deform them that they cease to interest. They are always signs of struggle ; though, alas ! too often, likewise, of defeat. Seasons of unhealthy, dreamy, vague delight are followed by seasons of weariness and darkness. Where are then the bright fancies, that, amid the great stillness of the night, arise like stars in the firmament of our souls ? The morning dawns, the light of common day shines in upon us, and the heavens are without a star ! From the lives of such men we learn that mere pleasant sensations are not happiness ; that sensual pleasures are to be drunk sparingly, and, as it were, from the palm of the hand ; and that those who bow down upon their knees to drink of these bright streams that water life, are not chosen of God either to overthrow or to overcome ! ”

“ I think you are very lenient in your judgment. This is not the usual defect of critics. Like Shakespeare’s samphire-gatherer, they have a dreadful trade ! and, to make the simile complete, they ought to hang for it ! ”

“ Methinks it would be hard to hang a man for the sake of a simile. But which of Hoffmann’s works is it that you have in your hand ? ”

“ His Phantasy-Pieces in Callot’s manner. Who was this Callot ? ”

“ He was a Lorraine painter, of the seventeenth cen-

ture, celebrated for his wild and grotesque conceptions. These sketches of Hoffmann are imitations of his style. They are full of humor, poetry, and brilliant imagination."

"And which of them shall I read to you? The Ritter Glück; or the Musical sufferings of John Kreisler; or that exquisite story of the Golden Jar, wherein is depicted the life of Poesy in this commonplace world of ours?"

"Read the shortest. Read Kreisler. That will amuse me. It is a picture of his own sufferings at the *Æsthetic Teas* in Berlin, supposed to be written in pencil on the blank leaves of a music-book."

Thereupon Berkley leaned back in his easy-chair, and read as follows.

CHAPTER IV.

MUSICAL SUFFERINGS OF JOHN KREISLER.

“THEY are all gone ! I might have known it by the whispering, shuffling, coughing, buzzing through all the notes of the gamut. It was a true swarm of bees, leaving the old hive. Gottlieb has lighted fresh candles for me, and placed a bottle of Burgundy on the piano-forte. I can play no more, I am perfectly exhausted. My glorious old friend here on the music-stand is to blame for that. Again he has borne me away through the air, as Mephistopheles did Faust, and so high, that I took not the slightest notice of the little men under me, though I dare say they made noise enough. A rascally, worthless, wasted evening ! But now I am well and merry ! However, while I was playing, I took out my pencil, and on page sixty-three, under the last staff, noted down a couple of good flourishes in cipher with my right hand, while the left was struggling away in the torrent of sweet sounds. Upon the blank page at the end I go on writing. I leave all ciphers and sweet sounds, and with true delight, like a sick man restored to health, who can never stop relating what he has suffered, I note down here circumstantially the dire agonies of this evening’s tea-party. And not for myself alone, but likewise for all those who from time to time may amuse and edify themselves with my copy of John Sebastian Bach’s Variations for the Piano-forte, published by Nægeli in Zürich, and who find my marks

at the end of the thirtieth variation, and led on by the great Latin *Verte* (I will write it down the moment I get through this doleful statement of grievances,) turn over the leaf and read.

“They will at once see the connection. They know the Geheimerath Rödelein’s house is a charming house to visit in, and that he has two daughters, of whom the whole fashionable world proclaims with enthusiasm that they dance like goddesses, speak French like angels, and play and sing and draw like the Muses. The Geheimerath Rödelein is a rich man. At his quarterly dinners he sends up the most delicious wines and richest dishes. All is established on a footing of the greatest elegance; and whoever at his tea-parties does not amuse himself heavenly, has no *ton*, no *esprit*, and particularly no taste for the fine arts. It is with an eye to these, that, with the tea, punch, wine, ice creams, etc., a little music is always served up, which, like the other refreshments, is very quietly swallowed by the fashionable world.

“The arrangements are as follows. After every guest has had time enough to drink as many cups of tea as he may wish, and punch and ices have been handed round twice, the servants wheel out the card-tables for the elder and more solid part of the company, who had rather play cards than any musical instrument; and, in fact, this kind of playing does not make such a useless noise as others, and you hear only the clink of money.

“This is a hint for the younger part of the company to pounce upon the Misses Rödelein. A great tumult ensues; in the midst of which you can distinguish these words:—

“ ‘*Schönes Fräulein!* do not refuse us the gratification of your heavenly talent! O, sing something! that’s a

good dear!—impossible,—bad cold,—the last ball! have not practised anything.—O, do, do, we beg of you,’ etc.

“Meanwhile Gottlieb has opened the piano-forte, and placed the well-known music-book on the stand; and from the card-table cries the respectable mamma,—

“ ‘*Chantez donc, mes enfants!*’

“That is the cue of *my* part. I place myself at the piano-forte, and the Rödeleins are led up to the instrument in triumph.

“And now another difficulty arises. Neither wishes to sing first.

“ ‘You know, dear Nanette, how dreadfully hoarse I am.’

“ ‘Why, my dear Marie, I am as hoarse as you are.’

“ ‘I sing so badly!—’

“ ‘O my dear child; *do* begin!’

“My suggestion, (I always make the same!) that they should both begin together with a duet, is loudly applauded;—the music-book is thumbed over, and the leaf, carefully folded down, is at length found, and away we go with *Dolce dell’ anima*, etc.

“To tell the truth, the talent of the Misses Rödelein is not the smallest. I have been an instructor here only five years, and little short of two years in the Rödelein family. In this short time, Fräulein Nanette has made such progress, that a tune, which she has heard at the theatre only ten times, and has played on the piano-forte, at farthest, ten times more, she will sing right off, so that you know in a moment what it is. Fräulein Marie catches it at the eighth time; and if she is sometimes a quarter of a note lower than the piano-forte, after all it is very tolerable, considering her pretty little doll-face, and very passable rosy lips.

“After the duet, a universal chorus of applause ! And now ariettas and duettinos succeed each other, and right merrily I hammer away at the thousand-times repeated accompaniments. During the singing, the Finanzräthin Eberstein, by coughing and humming, has given us to understand that she also sings. Fräulein Nanette says :—

“ ‘ But, my dear Finanzräthin, now you must let us hear *your* exquisite voice.’

“A new tumult arises. She has a bad cold in her head, —she does not know anything by heart ! Gottlieb brings straightway two armfuls of music-books ; and the leaves are turned over again and again. First she thinks she will sing *Der Hölle Rache*, etc., then *Hebe sich*, etc., then *Ach, Ich liebte*, etc. In this embarrassment, I propose, *Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese*, etc. But she is for the heroic style ; she wants to make a display, and finally selects the aria in Constantia.

“O, scream, squeak, mew, gurgle, groan, agonize, quiver, quaver, just as much as you please, Madam, I have my foot on the fortissimo pedal, and thunder myself deaf ! O Satan, Satan ! which of thy goblins damned has got into this throat, pinching, and kicking, and cuffing the tones about so ! Four strings have snapped already, and one hammer is lamed for life. My ears ring again,—my head hums,—my nerves tremble ! Have all the harsh notes from the cracked trumpet of a strolling player been imprisoned in this little throat ! (But this excites me,—I must drink a glass of Burgundy.)

“The applause was unbounded ; and some one observed, that the Finanzräthin and Mozart had put me quite into a blaze. I smiled with downcast eyes, very stupidly. I could but acknowledge it. And now all talents, which

hitherto had bloomed unseen, were in motion, wildly flitting to and fro. They were bent upon a surfeit of music; *tuttis*, *finales*, choruses, must be performed. The *Canonicus* Kratzer sings, you know, a heavenly bass, as was observed by the gentleman yonder, with the head of Titus Andronicus, who modestly remarked also, that he himself was properly only a second-rate tenor; but, though he said it who should not say it, he was nevertheless member of several academies of music. Forthwith preparations are made for the first chorus in the opera of Titus. It went off gloriously. The *Canonicus*, standing close behind me, thundered out the bass over my head, as if he were singing with bass-drums and trumpet *obligato* in a cathedral. He struck the notes gloriously; but in his hurry he got the *tempo* about twice too slow. However, he was true to himself at least in this, that through the whole piece he dragged along just half a beat behind the rest. The others showed a most decided *penchant* for the ancient Greek music, which, as is well known, having nothing to do with harmony, ran on in *unison* or monotone. They all sang treble, with slight variations, caused by accidental rising or falling of the voice, say some quarter of a note.

“This somewhat noisy affair produced a universal tragic state of feeling, namely a kind of terror, even at the card-tables, which for the moment could no longer, as before, chime in melodramatically, by weaving into the music sundry exclamations; as, for instance:—

“‘Oh! I loved,—eight and forty,—was so happy,—I pass,—then I knew not,—whist,—pangs of love,—follow suit,’ etc.—It has a very pretty effect. (I fill my glass.)

“That was the highest point of the musical exhibition

this evening. 'Now it is all over,' thought I to myself. I shut the book, and got up from the piano-forte. But the Baron, my ancient tenor, came up to me and said :—

“ ‘My dear Herr Capellmeister, they say you play the most exquisite voluntaries ! Now do play us one ; only a short one, I entreat you !’

“ I answered very dryly, that to-day my fantasies had all gone a wool-gathering ; and while we are talking about it, a devil, in the shape of a dandy, with two waistcoats, had smelt out Bach's Variations, which were lying under my hat in the next room. He thinks they are merely little variations, such as *Nel cor mio non più sento*, or *Ah, vous dirai-je, maman*, etc., and insists upon it that I shall play them. I try to excuse myself, but they all attack me. So then, 'Listen, and burst with ennui,' think I to myself,—and begin to work away.

“ When I had got to variation number three, several ladies departed, followed by the gentleman with the Titus-Andronicus head. The Rödeleins, as their teacher was playing, stood it out, though not without difficulty, to number twelve. Number fifteen made the man with two waistcoats take to his heels. Out of most excessive politeness, the Baron stayed till number thirty, and drank up all the punch which Gottlieb placed on the piano-forte for me.

“ I should have brought all to a happy conclusion, but, alas ! this number thirty—the theme—tore me irresistibly away. Suddenly the quarto leaves spread out to a gigantic folio, on which a thousand imitations and developments of the theme stood written, and I could not choose but play them. The notes became alive, and glimmered and hopped all round about me,—an electric fire streamed through the tips of my fingers into the keys,—the spirit from which it gushed forth spread his broad wings over

my soul, the whole room was filled with a thick mist, in which the candles burned dim,—and through which peered forth now a nose, and anon a pair of eyes, and then suddenly vanished away again. And thus it came to pass, that I was left alone with my Sebastian Bach, by Gottlieb attended, as by a familiar spirit. (Your good health, Sir.)

“Is an honest musician to be tormented with music, as I have been to-day, and am so often tormented? Verily, no art is so damnably abused as this same glorious, holy *Musica*, who, in her delicate being, is so easily desecrated. Have you real talent,—real feeling for art? Then study music,—do something worthy of the art,—and dedicate your whole soul to the beloved saint. If without this you have a fancy for quavers and demi-semi-quavers, practise for yourself and by yourself, and torment not therewith the Capellmeister Kreisler and others.

“Well, now I might go home, and put the finishing touch to my sonata for the piano-forte; but it is not yet eleven o’clock, and, withal, a beautiful summer night. I will lay any wager, that at my neighbor’s, the Oberjägermeister, the young ladies are sitting at the window, screaming down into the street, for the twentieth time, with harsh, sharp, piercing voices, ‘When thine eye is beaming, love,’—but only the first stanza, over and over again. Obliquely across the way, some one is murdering the flute, and has, moreover, lungs like Rameau’s nephew; and, in notes of ‘linked sweetness long drawn out,’ his neighbor is trying acoustic experiments on the French horn. The numerous dogs of the neighborhood are growing unquiet, and my landlord’s cat, inspired by that sweet duet, is making, by my window (for, of course, my musico-poetic laboratory is an attic), certain tender confessions,—up-

ward through the whole chromatic scale, soft complaining, to the neighbor's tabby, with whom he has been in love since March last ! Till this is all fairly over, I think I will sit quietly here. Besides, there is still blank paper and Burgundy left, of which I forthwith take a sip.

“There is, as I have heard, an ancient law, forbidding those who follow any noisy handicraft from living near literary men. Should not then musical composers, poor, and hard beset, and who, moreover, are forced to coin their inspiration into gold to spin out the thread of life withal, be allowed to apply this law to themselves, and banish out of the neighborhood all ballad-singers and bagpipers ? What would a painter say, while transferring to his canvas a form of ideal beauty, if you should hold up before him all manner of wild faces and ugly masks ? He might shut his eyes, and in this way, at least, quietly follow out the images of fancy. Cotton, in one's ears, is of no use ; one still hears the dreadful massacre. And then the idea,—the bare idea, ‘Now they are going to sing,—now the horn strikes up,’—is enough to send one's sublimest thoughts to the very Devil.”

CHAPTER V.

SAINT GILGEN.

IT was a bright Sunday morning when Flemming and Berkley left behind them the cloud-capped hills of Salzburg, and journeyed eastward towards the lakes. The landscape around them was one to attune their souls to holy musings. Field, forest, hill and vale, fresh air, and the perfume of clover-fields and new-mown hay, birds singing, and the sound of village bells, and the moving breeze among the branches,—no laborers in the fields, but peasants on their way to church, coming across the green pastures, with roses in their hats,—the beauty and quiet of the holy day of rest,—all, all in earth and air, breathed upon the soul like a benediction.

They stopped to change horses at Hof, a handful of houses on the brow of a breezy hill, the church and inn standing opposite to each other, and nothing between them but the dusty road, and the churchyard, with its iron crosses, and the fluttering tinsel of the funeral garlands. In the churchyard, and at the tavern-door, were groups of peasants, waiting for divine service to begin. They were clothed in their holiday dresses. The men wore breeches and long boots, and frock-coats with large metal buttons; the women, straw hats, and gay calico gowns with short waists and scant folds. They were adorned with a profusion of great trumpery ornaments, and reminded Flemming of the Indians in the frontier

villages of America. Near the churchyard-gate was a booth, filled with flaunting calicoes; and opposite sat an old woman behind a table, which was loaded with gingerbread. She had a roulette at her elbow, where the peasants risked a kreutzer for a cake. On other tables, cases of knives, scythes, reaping-hooks, and other implements of husbandry were offered for sale.

The travellers continued their journey, without stopping to hear mass. In the course of the forenoon, they came suddenly in sight of the beautiful lake of Saint Wolfgang, lying deep beneath them in the valley. On its shore, under them, sat the white village of Saint Gilgen, like a swan upon its reedy nest. They seemed to have taken it unawares, and as it were clapped their hands upon it in its sleep, and almost expected to see it spread its broad snow-white wings and fly away. The whole scene was one of surpassing beauty.

They drove leisurely down the steep hill, and stopped at the village inn. Before the door was a magnificent broad-armed tree, with benches and tables beneath its shadow. On the front of the house was written in large letters, "Post-Tavern by Franz Schöndorfer"; and over this was a large sun-dial, and a half-effaced painting of a bear-hunt, covering the whole side of the house, and mostly red. Just as they drove up, a procession of priests with banners, and peasants with their hats in their hands, passed by towards the church. They were singing a solemn psalm. At the same moment, a smart servant-girl, with a black straw hat set coquettishly on her flaxen hair, and a large silver spoon stuck in her girdle, came out of the inn, and asked Flemming what he would please to order for breakfast.

Breakfast was soon ready, and was served at the head

of the stairs, on an old-fashioned oaken table in the great hall, into which the chambers opened. Berkley ordered at the same time a tub of cold water, in which he seated himself, with his coat on, and a bed-quilt thrown round his knees. Thus he sat for an hour ; ate his breakfast, and smoked a pipe, and laughed a good deal. He then went to bed and slept till dinner-time. Meanwhile Flemming sat in his chamber and read. It was a large room in the front of the house, looking upon the village and the lake. The windows were latticed, with small panes, and the window-sills filled with fragrant flowers.

At length the heat of the noon was over. Day, like a weary pilgrim, had reached the western gate of heaven, and Evening stooped down to unloose the latches of his sandal-shoon. Flemming and Berkley sallied forth to ramble by the borders of the lake. Down the cool green glades and alleys, beneath the illuminated leaves of the forest, over the rising grounds in the glimmering fretwork of sunshine and leaf-shadow,—an exhilarating walk ! The cool evening air by the lake was like a bath. They drank the freshness of the hour in thirsty draughts, and their breasts heaved rejoicing and revived, after the feverish, long confinement of the sultry summer day. And there, too, lay the lake, so beautiful and still ! Did it not recall, think ye, the lake of Thun ?

On their return homeward, they passed near the village churchyard.

“ Let us go in and see how the dead rest,” said Flemming, as they passed beneath the belfry of the church ; and they went in, and lingered among the tombs and the evening shadows.

How peaceful is the dwelling-place of those who inhabit the green hamlets and populous cities of the dead ! They

need no antidote for care,—no armor against fate. No morning sun shines in at the closed windows and awakens them, nor shall until the last great day. At most, a straggling sunbeam creeps in through the crumbling wall of an old, neglected tomb,—a strange visitor, that stays not long. And there they all sleep, the holy ones, with their arms crossed upon their breasts, or lying motionless by their sides,—not carved in marble by the hand of man, but formed in dust by the hand of God. God's peace be with them! No one comes to them now, to hold them by the hand, and with delicate fingers to smooth their hair. They heed no more the blandishments of earthly friendship. They need us not, however much we may need them. And yet they silently await our coming.

Beautiful is that season of life, when we can say, in the language of Scripture, “Thou hast the dew of thy youth.” But of these flowers Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not; for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes, Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us, and we shall not live long. They have gone before us, and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave to welcome us, with the countenance of affection which they wore on earth; yet more lovely, more radiant, more spiritual! He spake well who said that graves are the footprints of angels!

Death has taken thee, too, and thou hast the dew of thy youth. He has placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wears a smile. The far country, toward which we journey, seems nearer to us, and the way

less dark ; for thou hast gone before, passing so quietly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly !

It was in an hour of blessed communion with the souls of the departed, that the sweet poet Henry Vaughan wrote those few lines which have made death lovely, and his own name immortal !

“They are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

“It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed
After the sun’s remove.

“I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

“O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

“Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark !
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

“He that hath found some fledged bird’s nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

“And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep.”

Such were Flemming's thoughts, as he stood among the tombs at evening in the churchyard of Saint Gilgen. A holy calm stole over him. The fever of his heart was allayed. He had a moment's rest from pain ; and went back to his chamber in peace. Whence came this holy calm, this long-desired tranquillity ? He knew not ; yet the place seemed consecrated. He resolved to linger there beside the lake, which was a Pool of Bethesda for him ; and let Berkley go on alone to the baths of Ischel. He would wait for him there in the solitude of Saint Gilgen. Long after they had parted for the night, he sat in his chamber, and thought of what he had suffered, and enjoyed the silence within and without. Hour after hour slipped by unheeded, as he sat lost in his reverie. At length, his candle sank in its socket, gave one flickering gleam, and expired with a sob. This aroused him.

He went to the window, and peered out into the dark night. It was very late. Twice already since midnight had the great pulpit-orator Time, like a preacher in the days of the Puritans, turned the hour-glass on his high pulpit, the church-belfry, and still went on with his sermon, thundering downward to the congregation in the churchyard and in the village. But they heard him not. They were all asleep in their narrow pews, namely, in their beds and in their graves. Soon afterward the cock crew ; and the cloudy heaven, like the Apostle who denied his Lord, wept bitterly.

CHAPTER VI.

SAINT WOLFGANG.

THE morning is lovely beyond expression. The heat of the sun is great ; but a gentle wind cools the air. Birds never sang more loud and clear. The flowers, too, on the window-sill, and on the table, rose, geranium, and the delicate crimson cactus, are all so beautiful, that we think the German poet right, when he calls the flowers “ stars in the firmament of the earth.” Out of doors all is quiet. Opposite the window stands the village school-house. There are two parasite trees, with their outspread branches nailed against the white walls like the wings of culprit kites. There the rods grow. Under them, on a bench at the door, sit school-girls ; and barefoot urchins in breeches are spelling out their lessons. The clock strikes twelve, and one by one they disappear, and go into the hive, like bees at the sound of a brass pan. At the door of the next house sits a poor woman knitting in the shade ; and in front of her is an aqueduct, pouring its cool, clear water into a rough wooden trough. A travelling-carriage, without horses, stands at the inn-door, and a postilion in red jacket is talking with a blacksmith, who wears blue woollen stockings, and a leather apron. Beyond is a stable, and still farther a cluster of houses and the village church. They are repairing the belfry and the bulbous steeple. A little farther, over the roofs of the houses, you can see Saint Wolfgang’s Lake.

Water so bright and beautiful hardly flows elsewhere. Green and blue and silver-white run into each other, with almost imperceptible change, like the streaks on the side of a mackerel. And above are the pinnacles of the mountains ; some bald, and rocky, and cone-shaped, and others bold, and broad, and dark with pines.

• Such was the scene which Paul Flemming beheld from his window a few mornings after Berkley's departure. The quiet of the place had soothed him. He had become more calm. His heart complained less loudly in the holy village silence, as we are wont to lower our voices when those around us speak in whispers. He began to feel at times an interest in the lowly things around him. The face of the landscape pleased him, but more than this the face of the poor woman, who sat knitting in the shade. It was a pale, meek countenance, with more delicacy in its features than is usual among peasantry. It wore also an expression of patient suffering. As he was looking at her, a deformed child came out of the door and hung upon her knees. She caressed him affectionately. It was her child, in whom she beheld her own fair features distorted and hardly to be recognized, as one sometimes sees one's face reflected from the bowl of a spoon.

The child's deformity and the mother's tenderness interested the feelings of Flemming. The landlady told him something of the poor woman's history. She was the widow of a blacksmith, who had died soon after their marriage. But she survived to become a mother, as, in oaks, immediately after fecundation, the male flower fades and falls, while the female continues and ripens into perfect fruit. Alas ! her child was deformed. Yet she looked upon him with eyes of maternal fondness and pity, loving him still more for his deformity. And in her

heart she said, as the Mexicans say to their new-born offspring,—“Child, thou art come into the world to suffer. Endure, and hold thy peace.” Though poor, she was not entirely destitute ; for her husband had left her, besides the deformed child, a life estate in a tomb in the churchyard of Saint Gilgen. During the week she labored for other people, and on Sundays for herself, by going to church and reading the Bible. On one of the blank leaves she had recorded the day of her birth, and that of her child’s, likewise her marriage and her husband’s death. Thus she lived, poor, patient, and resigned. Her heart was a passion-flower, bearing within it the crown of thorns and the cross of Christ. Her ideas of heaven were few and simple. She rejected the doctrine that it was a place of constant activity, and not of repose, and believed that, when she at length reached it, she should work no more, but sit always in a clean white apron and sing psalms.

As Flemming sat meditating on these things, he paid new homage in his heart to the beauty and excellence of the female character. He thought of the absent and the dead ; and said, with tears in his eyes :—

“Shall I thank God for the green summer, and the mild air, and the flowers, and the stars, and all that makes this world so beautiful, and not for the good and beautiful beings I have known in it ? Has not their presence been sweeter to me than flowers ? Are they not higher and holier than the stars ? Are they not more to me than all things else ?”

Thus the morning passed away in musings ; and in the afternoon, when Flemming was preparing to go down to the lake, as his custom was, a carriage drew up before the door, and, to his great astonishment, out jumped Berkley.

The first thing he did was to give the postmaster, who stood near the door, a smart cut with his whip. The sufferer gently expostulated, saying,—

“Pray, Sir, don’t ; I am lame.”

Whereupon Berkley desisted, and began instead to shake the postmaster’s wife by the shoulders, and order his dinner in English. But all this was done so good-naturedly, and with such a rosy, laughing face, that no offence was taken.

“So you have returned much sooner than you intended,” said Flemming, after the first friendly salutations.

“Yes,” replied Berkley ; “I became tired of Ischel,—very tired. I did not find there the friends I expected. Now I am going back to Salzburg, and then to Gastein. There I shall certainly find them. You must go with me.”

Flemming declined the invitation ; and proposed to Berkley that he should join him in his excursion on the lake.

“You shall hear the grand echo of the Falkenstein,” said he, “and behold the scene of the Bridal Tragedy ; and then we will go on as far as the village of Saint Wolfgang, which you have not yet seen, except across the lake.”

Well, this afternoon I devote to you ; for to-morrow we part once more, and who knows when we shall meet again ?”

They went down to the water’s side without further delay ; and, taking a boat with two oars, struck across an elbow of the lake towards a barren rock by the eastern shore, from which a small white monument shone in the sun.

“That monument,” said one of the boatmen, a stout young lad in leather breeches, “was built by a butcher, to the glory of Saint Wolfgang, who saved him from drowning. He was one day riding an ox to market along the opposite bank ; when the animal, taking fright, sprang into the water, and swam over to this place, with the butcher on his back.”

“And do you think he could have done this,” asked Berkley, “if Saint Wolfgang had not helped ?”

“Of course not !” answered leather-breeches ; and the Englishman laughed.

From this point they rowed along under the shore to a low promontory, upon which stood another monument, commemorating a more tragical event.

“This is the place I was speaking of,” said Flemming, as the boatmen rested on their oars. “The melancholy and singular event it commemorates happened more than two centuries ago. There was a bridal party here upon the ice, one winter ; and in the midst of the dance the ice broke, and the whole merry company were drowned together, except the fiddlers, who were sitting on the shore.”

They looked in silence at the monument, and at the blue quiet water under which the bones of the dancers lay buried, hand in hand. The monument is of stone, painted white, with an overhanging roof to shelter it from storms. In a niche in front is a small image of the Saviour ; in a sitting posture ; and an inscription upon a marble tablet below says that it was placed there by Longinus Walther, and his wife, Barbara Juliana Von Hainberg ; themselves long since peacefully crumbled to dust, side by side, in some churchyard.

“That was breaking the ice with a vengeance !” said Berkley, as they pushed out into the lake again ; and

erelong they were floating beneath the mighty precipice of Falkenstein ; a steep wall of rock, crowned with a chapel and a hermitage, where in days of old lived the holy Saint Wolfgang. It is now haunted only by an echo, so distinct and loud, that one might imagine the ghost of the departed saint to be sitting there, and repeating the voices from below,—not word by word, but sentence by sentence, as if he were passing them up to the recording angel.

“Ho ! ho ! ho !” shouted Berkley ; and the sound seemed to strike the wall of stone, like the flapping of steel plates ;—“Ho ! ho ! ho ! How are you to-day, Saint Wolfgang ? You infernal old rascal ! How is the Frau von Wolfgang ?—God save great George, the king ! Damn your eyes ! Hold your tongue ! Ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! hi !”

And the words were recorded above ; and a voice repeated them with awful distinctness in the blue depths overhead ; and Flemming felt in his inmost soul the contrast between the holy heavens, and the mockery of laughter, and the idle words, which fall back from the sky above us and soil not its purity.

In half an hour they were at the village of Saint Wolfgang, threading a narrow street, above which the roofs of quaint, picturesque old houses almost met. It led them to a Gothic church ; a magnificent one for a village ;—in front of which was a small court, shut in by Italian-looking houses, with balconies, and flowers at the windows. Here a bronze fountain of elaborate workmanship was playing in the shade. On its summit stood an image of the patron saint of the village ; and, running round the under lip of the water-basin below, they read this inscription in old German rhymes :—

“I am in the honor of Saint Wolfgang raised. Abbot Wolfgang Habel of Emensee, he hath made me for the use and delight of poor pilgrim wight. Neither gold nor wine hath he; at this water shall he merry be. In the year of the Lord fifteen hundred and fifteen hath the work completed been. God be praised!”

As they were deciphering the rude characters of this pious inscription, a village priest came down a high flight of steps from the parsonage near the church, and courteously saluted the strangers. After returning the salutation, the mad Englishman, without preface, asked him how many natural children were annually born in the parish. The question seemed to astonish the good father; but he answered it civilly, as he did several other questions, which Flemming thought rather indiscreet, to say the least.

“You will excuse our curiosity,” said he to the priest, by way of apology. “We are strangers from distant countries. My friend is an Englishman, and I am an American.”

Berkley, however, was not so easily silenced. After a few moments’ conversation, he broke out into most audacious Latin, in which the only words clearly intelligible were :—

“Plurimum reverende, in Christo, religiosissime ac clarissime Domine, necnon et amice observandissime! Petrus sic est locutus: ‘Nec argentum mihi, nec aurum est; sed quod habeo, hoc tibi do; surge et ambula.’”

He seemed to be speaking of the fountain. The priest answered meekly,—

“Non intellexi, Domine!”

But Berkley continued with great volubility to speak of his being a stranger in the land, and all men being

strangers upon earth, and hoping to meet the good priest hereafter in the kingdom of heaven. The priest seemed confounded and abashed. Through the mist of a strange pronounciation, he could recognize only here and there a familiar word. He took out his snuff-box ; and tried to quote a passage from Saint Paul :—

“ Ut dixit Sanctus Paulus : Qui bene facit —— ”

Here his memory failed him, or, as the French say, he was at the end of his Latin, and, stretching forth his long forefinger, he concluded in German :—

“ Yes ;—I don’t—so clearly remember—what he did say.”

The Englishman helped him through with a moral phrase ; and then, pulling off his hat, exclaimed very solemnly :—

“ Vale, Domine doctissime et reverendissime ! ”

And the Dominie, as if pursued by a demon, made a sudden and precipitate retreat down a flight of steps into the street.

“ There ! ” said Berkley, laughing, “ I beat him at his own weapons. What do you say of my Latin ? ”

“ I say of it,” replied Flemming, “ what Holofernes said of Sir Nathaniel’s :—‘ Priscian a little scratched ; ’twill serve.’ I think I have heard better. But what a whim ! I thought I should have laughed aloud.”

They were still sitting by the bronze fountain, when the priest returned, accompanied by a short man, with large feet, and a long blue surtout, so greasy, that it reminded one of Polilla’s in the Spanish play, which was lined with slices of pork. His countenance was broad and placid, but his blue eyes gleamed with a wild, mysterious, sorrowful expression. Flemming thought the Latin contest was to be renewed, with more powder and heavier guns.

He was mistaken. The stranger saluted him in German, and said, that, having heard he was from America, he had come to question him about that distant country, for which he was on the point of embarking. There was nothing peculiar in his manner, nor in the questions he asked, nor the remarks he made. They were the usual questions and remarks about cities and climate and sailing the sea. At length Flemming asked him the object of his journey to America. The stranger came close to him, and, lowering his voice, said very solemnly :—

“That holy man, Frederick Baraga, missionary among the Indians at Lacroix, on Lake Superior, has returned to his fatherland, Krain ; and I am chosen by Heaven to go forth as Minister Extraordinary of Christ, to unite all nations and people in one church !”

Flemming almost started at the singular earnestness with which he uttered these words ; and looked at him attentively, thinking to see the face of a madman. But the modest, unassuming look of that placid countenance was unchanged ; only in the eyes burned a mysterious light, as if candles had been lighted in the brain, to magnify the daylight there.

“It is truly a high vocation,” said he, in reply. “But are you sure that this is no hallucination ? Are you certain that you have been chosen by Heaven for this great work ?”

“I am certain,” replied the German, in a tone of great calmness and sincerity ; “and if Saint Peter and Saint Paul should come down from heaven to assure me of it, my faith would be no stronger than it now is. It has been declared to me by many signs and wonders. I can no longer doubt nor hesitate. I have already heard the voice of the Spirit, speaking to me at night ; and I know that I am an Apostle, and chosen for this work.”

Such was the calm enthusiasm with which he spoke, that Flemming could not choose but listen. He felt interested in this strange being. There was something awe-inspiring in the spirit that possessed him. After a short pause, he continued :—

“If you wish to know who I am, I can tell you in few words. I think you will not find the story without interest.”

He then went on to relate the circumstances recorded in the following chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

THE STORY OF BROTHER BERNARDUS.

“ I was born in the city of Stein, in the land of Krain. My pious mother, Gertrude, sang me psalms and spiritual songs in childhood ; and often, when I awoke in the night, I saw her still sitting patiently at her work, by the stove, and heard her singing those hymns of heaven, or praying in the midnight darkness when her work was done. It was for me she prayed. Thus, from my earliest childhood, I breathed the breath of pious aspirations. Afterwards I went to Laybach, as a student of theology ; and, after the usual course of study, was ordained a priest. I went forth to the care of souls ; my own soul filled with the faith that ere long all people would be united in one church. Yet at times my heart was heavy, to behold how many nations there are who have not heard of Christ ; and how those who are called Christians are divided into numberless sects, and how among these are many who are Christians in name only. I determined to devote myself to the great work of the one Church Universal, and, for this purpose, to give myself wholly up to the study of the Evangelists and the Fathers. I retired to the Benedictine cloister of Saint Paul in the valley of Lavant. The father-confessor in the nunnery of Laak, where I then lived, strengthened me in this resolve. I had long walked with this angel of God in a human form, and his parting benediction sank deep into my soul. The Prince-Abbot

Berthold, of blessed memory, was then head of the Benedictine convent. He received me kindly, and led me to the library ; where I gazed with secret rapture on the vast folios of the Christian Fathers, from which, as from an arsenal, I was to draw the weapons of holy warfare. In the study of these the year of my novitiate passed. I became a Franciscan friar, and took the name of Brother Bernardus. Yet my course of life remained unchanged. I seldom left the cloister ; but sat in my cell, and pored over those tomes of holy wisdom. About this time the aged confessor in Laak departed this life. His death was made known to me in a dream. It must have been after midnight, when I thought that I came into the church, which was brilliantly lighted up. The dead body of the venerable saint was brought in, attended by a great crowd. It seemed to me that I must go up into the pulpit and pronounce his funeral oration ; and as I ascended the stairs the words of my text came into my mind,—‘Blessed in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.’ My funeral sermon ended in a strain of exultation ; and I awoke with ‘Amen !’ upon my lips. A few days afterwards, I heard that on that night the old man died. After this event, I became restless and melancholy. I strove in vain to drive away my gloomy thoughts. I could no longer study. I was no longer contented in the cloister. I even thought of leaving it.

“One night, I had gone to bed early, according to my custom, and had fallen asleep. Suddenly I was awakened by a bright and wonderful light, which shone all about me, and filled me with heavenly rapture. Shortly after, I heard a voice, which pronounced distinctly these words, in the Slavonian tongue :—‘Remain in the cloister !’ It was the voice of my departed mother. I was fully awake;

yet saw nothing but the bright light, which disappeared when the words had been spoken. Still it was broad daylight in my chamber. I thought I had slept beyond my usual hour. I looked at my watch. It was just one o'clock after midnight. Suddenly the daylight vanished, and it was dark. In the morning I arose, as if new-born, through the wonderful light and the words of my mother's voice. It was no dream. I knew it was the will of God that I should stay; and I could again give myself up to quiet study. I read the whole Bible through once more in the original text; and went on with the Fathers in chronological order. Often, after the apparition of the light, I awoke at the same hour; and though I heard no voice and saw no light, yet was refreshed with heavenly consolation.

“Not long after this, an important event happened in the cloister. In the absence of the deacon of the abbey, I was to preach the Thanksgiving sermon of Harvest-home. During the week, the Prince-Abbot Berthold gave up the ghost; and my sermon became at once a thanksgiving and funeral sermon. Perhaps it may not be unworthy of notice, that I was thus called to pronounce the burial discourse over the body of the last reigning spiritual Prince-Abbot in Germany. He was a man of God, and worthy of this honor.

“One year after this event, I was appointed Professor of Biblical Hermeneutics in Klagenfurt, and left the abbey for ever. In Klagenfurt I remained ten years, dwelling in the same house, and eating at the same table, with seventeen other Professors. Their conversation naturally suggested new topics of study, and brought to my notice books which I had never before seen. One day I heard at table, that Maurus Cappellari, a monk of Camaldoli,

had been elected Pope, under the name of Gregory Sixteenth. He was spoken of as a very learned man, who had written many books. At this time I was a firm believer in the Pope's infallibility ; and when I heard these books mentioned, there arose in me an irresistible longing to read them. I inquired for them ; but they were nowhere to be had. At length I heard that his most important work, 'The Triumph of the Holy See and of the Church,' had been translated into German and published in Augsburg. Erelong the precious volume was in my hands. I began to read it with the profoundest awe. The farther I read, the more my wonder grew. The subject was of the deepest interest to me. I could not lay the book out of my hand, till I had read it through with the closest attention. Now at length my eyes were opened. I saw before me a monk who had been educated in an Italian cloister ; who indeed had read much, and yet only what was calculated to strengthen him in the prejudices of his childhood, and who had entirely neglected those studies upon which a bishop should most rely, in order to work out the salvation of man. I perceived, at the same time, that this was the strongest instrument for battering down the walls which separate Christian from Christian. I saw, though as yet dimly, the way in which the union of Christians in the one true Church was to be accomplished. I knew not whether to be most astonished at my own blindness, that, in all my previous studies, I had not perceived what the reading of this single book made manifest to me ; or at the blindness of the Pope, who had undertaken to justify such follies, without perceiving that at the same moment he was himself lying in fatal error. But since I have learned more thoroughly the ways of the Lord, I am now no more astonished at this, but pray only

to Divine Providence, who so mysteriously prepares all people to be united in one true Church. I no longer believed in the Pope's infallibility; nay, I believed even, that, to the great injury of humanity, he lay in fatal error. I felt, moreover, that now the time had fully come when I should publicly show myself, and found in America a parish and a school, and become the spiritual guide of men and the schoolmaster of children.

“It was then, and on that account, that I wrote in the Latin tongue my great work on Biblical Hermeneutics. But in Germany it cannot be published. The Austrian censor of the press cannot find time to read it; though I think, that, if I have spent so many laborious days and sleepless nights in writing it, this man ought likewise to find time enough not only to read it, but to examine all the grounds of my reasoning, and point out to me my errors, if he can find any. Notwithstanding, the Spirit gave me no repose, but urged me ever mightily on to the perfection of my great work.

“One morning I sat writing, under peculiar influences of the Spirit, upon the Confusion of Tongues, the Division of the People, and the importance of the study of Comparative Philology, in reference to their union in one Church. So wrapped was I in the thought, that I came late into my lecture-room; and after lecture returned to my chamber, where I wrote till the clock struck twelve. At dinner, one of the Professors asked if any one had seen the star about which so much was said. The Professor of Physics said that the student Johannes Schminke had come to him in the greatest haste, and besought him to go out and see the wonderful star; but, being incredulous about it, he made no haste, and when they came into the street, the star had disappeared. When I heard the

star spoken of, my soul was filled with rapture ; and a voice within me seemed to say, ‘The great time is approaching ; labor unweariedly in thy work.’ I sought out the student, and, like Herod, inquired diligently at what time the star appeared. He informed me, that, just as the clock was striking eight in the morning, he went out of his house to go to the college, and saw on the square a crowd looking at a bright star. It was the very hour when I was writing alone in my chamber on the importance of Comparative Philology in bringing about the union of all nations. I felt that my hour had come. Strangely moved, I walked up and down my chamber. The evening twilight came on. I lighted my lamp, and drew the green curtains before the windows, and sat down to read. But hardly had I taken the book into my hand, when the Spirit began to move me, and urge me then to make my last decision and resolve. I made a secret vow that I would undertake the voyage to America. Suddenly my troubled thoughts were still. An unwonted rapture filled my heart. I sat and read till the supper-bell rang. They were speaking at table of a red, glaring meteor, which had just been seen in the air, southeast from Klagenfurt, and had suddenly disappeared with a dull, hollow sound. It was the very moment at which I had taken my final resolution to leave my native land. Every great purpose and event of my life seemed heralded and attended by divine messengers, —the voices of the dead, the bright morning star shining in the clear sunshine, and the red meteor in the evening twilight.

“I now began seriously to prepare for my departure. The chamber I occupied had once been the library of a Franciscan convent. Only a thick wall separated it from

the church. In this wall was a niche, with heavy folding-doors, which had served the Franciscans as a repository for prohibited books. Here also I kept my papers, and my great work on Biblical Hermeneutics. The inside of the doors was covered with horrible caricatures of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, and other great men. I used often to look at them with the deepest melancholy, when I thought that these great men likewise had labored upon earth, and fought with Satan in the Church. But they were persecuted, denounced, condemned to die. So perhaps will it be with me. I thought of this often, and armed myself against the fear of death. I was in constant apprehension, lest the police should search my chamber during my absence, and, by examining my papers, discover my doctrine and designs. But the Spirit said to me : ‘Be of good cheer ; I will so blind the eyes of thy enemies, that it shall not once occur to them to think of thy writings.’

“At length, after many difficulties and temptations of the Devil, I am on my way to America. Yesterday I took leave of my dearest friend, Gregory Kuscher, in Hallstadt. He seemed filled with the Spirit of God, and has wonderfully strengthened me in my purpose. All the hosts of heaven looked on, and were glad. The old man kissed me, at parting ; and I ascended the mountain as if angels bore me up in their arms. Near the summit lay a newly fallen avalanche, over which, as yet, no footsteps had passed. This was my last temptation. ‘Ha !’ cried I aloud, ‘Satan has prepared a snare for me ; but I will conquer him with godly weapons.’ I sprang over the treacherous snow, with greater faith than St. Peter walked the waters of the Lake of Galilee ; and came down the valley, while the mountain peaks yet shone in the

setting sun. God smiles upon me. I go forth full of hopeful courage. On Christmas next, I shall excommunicate the Pope."

Saying these words, he slowly and solemnly took his leave, like one conscious of the great events which awaited him, and withdrew with the other priest into the church. Flemming could not smile as Berkley did ; for in the solitary, singular enthusiast, who had just left them, he saw only another melancholy victim to solitude and over-labor of the brain ; and felt how painful a thing it is thus to become unconsciously the almsman of other men's sympathies, a kind of blind beggar for the charity of a good wish or a prayer.

The sun was now setting. Silently they floated back to Saint Gilgen, amid the cool evening shadows. The village clock struck nine, as they landed ; but as Berkley was to depart early in the morning, he went to bed betimes. On bidding Flemming good night, he said :—

"I shall not see you in the morning ; so good by, and God bless you. Remember my parting words. Never mind trifles. In this world a man must either be anvil or hammer. Care killed a cat !"

"I have heard you say that so often," replied Flemming, laughing, "that I begin to believe it. But I wonder if Care shaved his left eyebrow after doing the deed, as the ancient Egyptians used to do !"

"Aha ! now you are sweeping cobwebs from the sky ! Good night ! Good night !"

A sorrowful event happened in the neighborhood that night. The widow's child died suddenly. "Woe is me !"—thus mourns the childless mother in one of the funeral songs of Greenland ;—"Woe is me, that I should gaze upon thy place and find it vacant ! In vain for thee

thy mother dries the sea-drenched garments !” Not in these words, but in thoughts like these, did the poor mother bewail the death of her child, thinking mostly of the vacant place, and the daily cares and solitudes of maternal love. Flemming saw a light in her chamber, and shadows moving to and fro, as he stood by the window, gazing into the starry, silent sky. But he little thought of the awful domestic tragedy which was even then enacted behind those thin curtains !

CHAPTER VIII.

FOOTPRINTS OF ANGELS.

It was Sunday morning ; and the church bells were all ringing together. From the neighboring villages came the solemn, joyful sounds, floating through the sunny air, mellow and faint and low,—all mingling into one harmonious chime, like the sound of some distant organ in heaven. Anon they ceased ; and the woods, and the clouds, and the whole village, and the very air itself, seemed to pray,—so silent was it everywhere.

Two venerable old men, high-priests and patriarchs were they in the land—went up the pulpit stairs, as Moses and Aaron went up Mount Hor, in the sight of all the congregation,—for the pulpit stairs were in front, and very high.

Paul Flemming will never forget the sermon he heard that day,—no, not even if he should live to be as old as he who preached it. The text was, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” It was meant to console the pious, poor widow, who sat right below him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, all in black, and her heart breaking. He said nothing of the terrors of death, nor of the gloom of the narrow house ; but, looking beyond these things, as mere circumstances to which the imagination mainly gives importance, he told his hearers of the innocence of childhood upon earth, and the holiness of childhood in heaven, and how the beautiful Lord Jesus was once a lit-

the child, and now in heaven the spirits of little children walked with him, and gathered flowers in the fields of Paradise. Good old man! In behalf of humanity, I thank thee for these benignant words! And still more than I, the bereaved mother thanked thee; and from that hour, though she wept in secret for her child, yet

“She knew he was with Jesus,
And she asked him not again.”

After the sermon, Paul Flemming walked forth alone into the churchyard. There was no one there, save a little boy, who was fishing with a pin hook in a grave half full of water. But a few moments afterward, through the arched gateway under the belfry came a funeral procession. At its head walked a priest in white surplice, chanting. Peasants, old and young, followed him, with burning tapers in their hands. A young girl carried in her arms a dead child, wrapped in its little winding-sheet. The grave was close under the wall, by the church-door. A vase of holy water stood beside it. The sexton took the child from the girl's arms, and put it into a coffin; and, as he placed it in the grave, the girl held over it a cross wreathed with roses, and the priests and peasants sang a funeral hymn. When this was over, the priest sprinkled the grave and the crowd with holy water; and then they all went into the church, each one stopping, as he passed the grave, to throw a handful of earth into it, and sprinkle it with holy water.

A few moments afterwards, the voice of the priest was heard saying mass in the church, and Flemming saw the toothless old sexton treading the fresh earth into the grave of the little child with his clouted shoes. He approached

him, and asked the age of the deceased. The sexton leaned a moment on his spade, and, shrugging his shoulders, replied :—

“Only an hour or two. It was born in the night, and died this morning early.”

“A brief existence,” said Flemming. “The child seems to have been born only to be buried and have its name recorded on a wooden tombstone.”

The sexton went on with his work, and made no reply. Flemming still lingered among the graves, gazing with wonder at the strange devices by which man has rendered death horrible and the grave loathsome.

In the temple of Juno at Elis, Sleep and his twin-brother, Death, were represented as children reposing in the arms of Night. On various funeral monuments of the ancients, the Genius of Death is sculptured as a beautiful youth, leaning on an inverted torch, in the attitude of repose, his wings folded and his feet crossed. In such peaceful and attractive forms did the imagination of ancient poets and sculptors represent death. And these were men in whose souls the religion of Nature was like the light of stars, beautiful, but faint and cold ! Strange, that, in later days, this angel of God, which leads us with a gentle hand into the “Land of the great departed, into the silent Land,” should have been transformed into a monstrous and terrific thing ! Such is the spectral rider on the white horse ;—such the ghastly skeleton with scythe and hour-glass,—the Reaper, whose name is Death !

One of the most popular themes of poetry and painting in the Middle Ages, and continuing down even into modern times, was the Dance of Death. In almost all languages is it written,—the apparition of the grim spec-

tre putting a sudden stop to all business, and leading men away into the “remarkable retirement” of the grave. It is written in an ancient Spanish poem, and painted on a wooden bridge in Switzerland. The designs of Holbein are well known. The most striking among them is that, where, from a group of children sitting round a cottage hearth, Death has taken one by the hand, and is leading it out of the door. Quietly and unresisting goes the little child, and in its countenance no grief, but wonder only ; while the other children are weeping and stretching forth their hands in vain towards their departing brother. It is a beautiful design, in all save the skeleton. An angel had been better, with folded wings, and torch inverted.

And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion ; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak,—weak as a child’s. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And, O, how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride and requited love, were in those tears through which he read, on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription :—

“Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.”

It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words

of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright morning heaven, he said :—

“I will be strong !”

Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the divine poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Fleming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would

no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance, —no longer be a child's plaything in the hands of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others ; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed ;—no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfilment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires ; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong ; he was reconciled with himself. His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable sweet feeling rose within him.

“Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps,” said he, “and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality ! I will work in my own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life,—

‘ Life that shall send
A challenge to its end,
And when it comes, say, Welcome, friend ! ’

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner ? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience ? Alas ! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would

fain read over again. Then come listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair ; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child's story with which the book began."

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST PANG.

“FAREWELL to thee, Saint Gilgen !” said Fleming, as he turned on the brow of the hill, to take his last look at the lake and the village below, and felt that this was one of the few spots on the wide earth to which he could say farewell with regret. “Thy majestic hills have impressed themselves upon my soul, as a seal upon wax. The quiet beauty of thy lake shall be to me forever an image of peace and purity and stillness, and that inscription in thy little churchyard a sentence of wisdom for my after life.”

Before the setting of the same sun which then shone on that fair landscape, he was far on his way towards Munich. He had left behind him the mountains of the Tyrol ; and beheld them for the last time in the soft evening twilight, their bases green with forest-trees, and here and there a sharp rocky spire, and a rounded summit capped with snow. There they lay, their backs like the backs of camels ; a mighty caravan, reposing at evening in its march across the desert.

From Munich he passed through Augsburg and Ulm, on his way to Stuttgard. At the entrances of towns and villages, he saw large crucifixes, ; and on the fronts of many houses, coarse paintings and images of saints. In Gunzburg three priests in black were slowly passing down the street, and women fell on their knees to receive

a blessing. There were many beggars, too, in the streets; and an old man who was making hay in a field by the road-side, when he saw the carriage approaching, threw down his rake, and came tumbling over the ditch, with his hat held out in both hands, uttering the most dismal wail. The next day, the bright yellow jackets of the postilions, and the two great tassels of their bugle-horns, dangling down their backs, like cauliflowers, told him he was in Würtemberg; and, late in the evening, he stopped at a hotel in Stuttgard, and from his chamber-window saw, in the bright moonlight, the old Gothic cathedral, with its narrow, lancet windows and jutting buttresses, right in front of him. Erelong he had forgotten all his cares and sorrows in sleep, and with them his hopes, and wishes, and good resolves.

He was still sitting at breakfast in his chamber, the next morning, when the great bell of the cathedral opposite began to ring, and reminded him that it was Sunday. Erelong the organ answered from within, and from its golden lips breathed forth a psalm. The congregation began to assemble, and Flemming went up with them to the house of the Lord. In the body of the church he found the pews all filled or locked; they seemed to belong to families. He went up into the gallery, and looked over the psalm-book of a peasant, while the congregation sang the sublime old hymn of Martin Luther,—

“Our God, he is a tower of strength,
A trusty shield and weapon.”

During the singing, a fat clergyman, clad in black, with a surplice thrown loosely about him, came pacing along one of the aisles, from beneath the organ-loft, and as-

ended the pulpit. After the hymn, he read a portion of Scripture, and then said :—

“Let us unite in silent prayer.”

And turning round, he knelt in the pulpit, while the congregation remained standing. For a while there was a breathless silence in the church, which to Flemming was more solemnly impressive than any audible prayer. The clergyman then arose, and began his sermon. His theme was the Reformation ; and he attempted to prove how much easier it was to enter the kingdom of Heaven through the gateways of the Reformed Evangelical German Church, than by the aisles and penitential staircases of Saint Peter's. He then gave a history of the Reformation ; and when Flemming thought he was near the end, he heard him say that he should divide his discourse into four heads. This reminded him of the sturdy old Puritan, Cotton Mather, who, after preaching an hour, would coolly turn the hour-glass on the pulpit, and say : “Now, my beloved hearers, let us take another glass.” He stole out into the silent, deserted street, and went to visit the veteran sculptor, Dannecker. He found him sitting alone, with his psalm-book, and the reminiscences of a life of eighty years. As Flemming entered, he arose from the sofa, and tottered towards him ; a venerable old man of low stature, dressed in a loose white jacket, with a face like Franklin's, his white hair flowing over his shoulders, and a pale blue eye.

“So you are from America,” said he. “But you have a German name. Paul Flemming was one of our old poets. I have never been in America, and never shall go there. I am now too old. I have been in Paris and in Rome. But that was long ago. I am now eight-and-seventy years old.”

Here he took Flemming by the hand, and made him sit down by his side, on the sofa. And Flemming felt a mysterious awe creep over him, on touching the hand of the good old man, who sat so serenely amid the gathering shade of years, and listened to life's curfew-bell, telling, with eight-and-seventy solemn strokes, that the hour had come when the fires of all earthly passion must be quenched within, and man must prepare to lie down and rest till the morning.

"You see," he continued, in a melancholy tone, "my hands are cold ; colder than yours. They were warmer once. I am now an old man."

"Yet these are the hands," answered Flemming, "that sculptured the beautiful Ariadne and the Panther. The soul never grows old."

"Nor does Nature," said the old man, pleased with this allusion to his great work, and pointing to the green trees before his window. "This pleasure I have left to me. My sight is still good. I can even distinguish objects on the side of yonder mountain. My hearing is also unimpaired. For all which I thank God."

Then, directing Flemming's attention to a fine engraving, which hung on the opposite wall of the room, he continued:—

"That is an engraving of Canova's Religion. I love to sit here and look at it, for hours together. It is beautiful. He made the statue for his native town, where they had no church until he built them one. He placed the statue in it. This engraving he sent me as a present. Ah, he was a dear, good man. The name of his native town I have forgotten. My memory fails me. I cannot remember names."

Fearful that he had disturbed the old man in his morn-

ing devotions, Flemming did not remain long, but took his leave with regret. There was something impressive in the scene he had witnessed ;—this beautiful old age of the artist ; sitting by the open window, in the bright summer morning,—the labor of life accomplished, the horizon reached, where heaven and earth meet,—thinking it was angel's music, when he heard the church-bells ring ; himself too old to go. As he walked back to his chamber, he thought within himself whether he likewise might not accomplish something which should live after him,—might not bring something permanent out of this fast-fleeting life of man, and then sit down, like the artist, in serene old age, and fold his hands in silence. He wondered how a man felt when he grew so old that he could no longer go to church, but must sit at home and read the Bible in large print. His heart was full of indefinite longings, mingled with regrets ; longings to accomplish something worthy of life ; regret that as yet he had accomplished nothing, but had felt and dreamed only. Thus the warm days in spring bring forth passion-flowers and forget-me-nots. It is only after midsummer, when the days grow shorter and hotter, that fruit begins to appear. Then the heat of the day brings forward the harvest, and after the harvest the leaves fall, and there is a gray frost. Much meditating upon these things, Paul Flemming reached his hotel. At that moment a person clad in green came down the church steps, and crossed the street. It was the German student of Interlachen. Flemming started, as if a green snake had suddenly crossed his path. He took refuge in his chamber.

That night, as he was sitting alone, having made his preparations to depart the following morning, his attention was arrested by the sound of a female voice in the

OUTRE-MER :

A PILGRIMAGE BEYOND THE SEA

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I have passed manye landes and manye yles and contrees, and cherched manye fulle straunge places, and have ben in manye a fulle gode honourable companye. Now I am comen home to reste. And thus recordyng the tyme passed, I have fulfilled these thynges and putte hem wryten in this boke, as it woulde come into my mynde.

—SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE

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OUTRE-MER.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

The cheerful breeze sets fair ; we fill our sail,
And scud before it. When the critic starts,
And angrily unties his bags of wind,
Then we lay to, and let the blast go by.

HURDIS.

WORTHY AND GENTLE READER,—

I DEDICATE this little book to thee with many fears and misgivings of heart. Being a stranger to thee, and having never administered to thy wants nor to thy pleasures, I can ask nothing at thy hands saving the common courtesies of life. Perchance, too, what I have written will be little to thy taste ;—for it is little in accordance with the stirring spirit of the present age. If so, I crave thy forbearance for having thought that even the busiest mind might not be a stranger to those moments of repose, when the clock of time clicks drowsily

behind the door, and trifles become the amusement of the wise and great.

Besides, what perils await the adventurous author who launches forth into the uncertain current of public favor in so frail a bark as this ! The very rocking of the tide may upset him ; or peradventure some freebooting critic, prowling about the great ocean of letters, may descry his strange colors, hail him through a gray goose-quill, and perhaps sink him without more ado. Indeed, the success of an unknown author is as uncertain as the wind. “ When a book is first to appear in the world,” says a celebrated French writer, “ one knows not whom to consult to learn its destiny. The stars preside not over its nativity. Their influences have no operation on it ; and the most confident astrologers dare not foretell the diverse risks of fortune it must run.”

It is from such considerations, worthy reader, that I would fain bespeak thy friendly offices at the outset. But, in asking these, I would not forestall thy good opinion too far, lest in the sequel I should disappoint thy kind wishes. I ask only a welcome and God-speed ; hoping, that, when thou hast read these pages, thou wilt say to me, in the words of Nick Bottom, the weaver, “ I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb.”

Very sincerely thine,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PILGRIM OF OUTRE-MER.

I am a Palmer, as ye se,
Whiche of my lyfe muche part have spent
In many a fayre and farre cuntrie,
As pilgrims do of good intent.

THE FOUR PS.

“**L**YSTENYTH, ye godely gentylmen, and all that ben hereyn !” I am a pilgrim benighted on my way, and crave a shelter till the storm is over, and a seat by the fireside in this honorable company. As a stranger I claim this courtesy at your hands ; and will repay your hospitable welcome with tales of the countries I have passed through in my pilgrimage.

This is a custom of the olden time. In the days of chivalry and romance, every baron bold, perched aloof in his feudal castle, welcomed the stranger to his halls, and listened with delight to the pilgrim’s tale and the song of the troubadour. Both pilgrim and troubadour had their tales of wonder from a distant land, embellished with magic of Oriental exaggeration. Their salutation was,—

“ Lordyng lystnith to my tale,
That is meryer than the nightingale.”

The soft luxuriance of the Eastern clime bloomed in the song of the bard ; and the wild and romantic tales of regions so far off as to be regarded as almost a fairy land were well suited to the childish credulity of an age when what is now called the Old World was in its childhood.

Those times have passed away. The world has grown wiser and less credulous ; and the tales which then delighted delight no longer. But man has not changed his nature. He still retains the same curiosity, the same love of novelty, the same fondness for romance and tales by the chimney-corner, and the same desire of wearing out the rainy day and the long winter evening with the illusions of fancy and the fairy sketches of the poet's imagination. It is as true now as ever, that

“ Off talys, and tryfulles, many man tellys ;
Sume byn trew, and sume byn ellis ;
A man may dryfe forthe the day that long tyme dwellis
Wyth harpying, and pipyng, and other mery spellis,
Wyth gle, and wyth game.”

The Pays d'Outre-Mer, or the Land beyond the Sea, is a name by which the pilgrims and crusaders of old usually designated the Holy Land. I, too, in a certain sense, have been a pilgrim of Outre-Mer ; for to my youthful imagination the Old World was a kind of Holy Land, lying afar off beyond the blue horizon of the ocean ; and when its shores first rose upon my sight, looming through the hazy atmosphere of the sea, my heart swelled with the deep emotions of the pilgrim, when he sees afar the spire which rises above the shrine of his devotion.

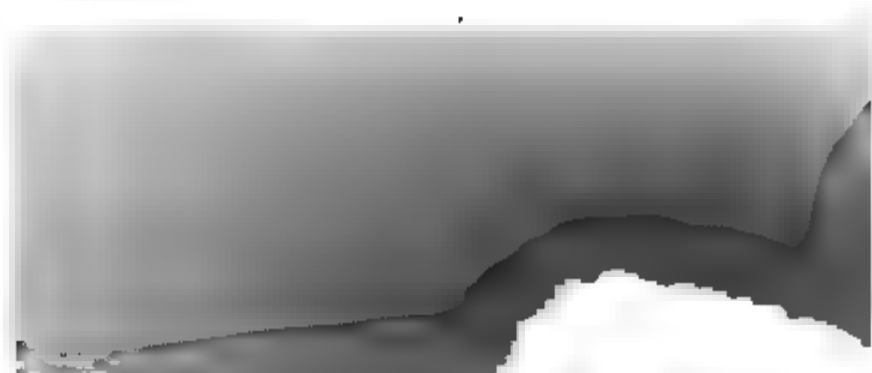
In this my pilgrimage, “ I have passed many lands and countries, and searched many full strange places.” I have traversed France from Normandy to Navarre ; smoked my pipe in a Flemish inn ; floated through Holland in a Trekschuit ; trimmed my midnight lamp in a German university ; wandered and mused amid the classic scenes of Italy ; and listened to the gay guitar and merry castanet on the borders of the blue Guadalquivir. The recollection of many of the scenes I have passed through

is still fresh in my mind ; while the memory of others is fast fading away, or is blotted out forever. But now I will stay the too busy hand of time, and call back the shadowy past. Perchance the old and the wise may accuse me of frivolity ; but I see in this fair company the bright eye and listening ear of youth,—an age less rigid in its censure and more willing to be pleased. “To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love-passions, and sweet embraces feigned by the Muse ’mongst hills and rivers ; whatsoever tastes of description, battel, story, abstruse antiquity, and law of the kingdome, to the more severe critic. To the one, be contenting enjoyments of their auspicious desires ; to the other, a happy attendance of their chosen Muses.” *

And now, fair dames and courteous gentlemen, give me attentive audience :—

“Lordyng lystnith to my tale,
That is meryer than the nightingale.”

* Selden's Prefatory Discourse to the Notes in Drayton's *Poly-Olbien*.



THE NORMAN DILIGENCE.

The French guides, otherwise called the postilions, have one most diabolical custom in their travelling upon the ways. Diabolical it may be well called; for, whensoever their horses do a little anger them, they will say, in their fury, *Allons, diable*,—that is, Go, thou devil. This I know by mine own experience.

CORYAT'S CRUDITIES.

IT was early in the “leafy month of June” that I travelled through the beautiful province of Normandy. As France was the first foreign country I visited, everything wore an air of freshness and novelty, which pleased my eye, and kept my fancy constantly busy. Life was like a dream. It was a luxury to breathe again the free air, after having been so long cooped up at sea; and, like a long-imprisoned bird let loose from its cage, my imagination revelled in the freshness and sunshine of the morning landscape.

On every side, valley and hill were covered with a carpet of soft velvet green. The birds were singing merrily in the trees, and the landscape wore that look of gayety so well described in the quaint language of an old romance, making the “sad, pensive, and aching heart to rejoice, and to throw off mourning and sadness.” Here and there a cluster of chestnut-trees shaded a thatched-roofed cottage, and little patches of vineyard were scattered on the slope of the hills, mingling their delicate green with the deep hues of the early summer grain. The whole landscape had a fresh, breezy look. It was not hedged in from the highways, but lay open to the eye of the traveller, and seemed to welcome him with open

arms. I felt less a stranger in the land ; and as my eye traced the dusty road winding along through a rich cultivated country, skirted on either side with blossomed fruit-trees, and occasionally caught glimpses of a little farmhouse resting in a green hollow and lapped in the bosom of plenty, I felt that I was in a prosperous, hospitable, and happy land.

I had taken my seat on top of the diligence, in order to have a better view of the country. It was one of those ponderous vehicles which totter slowly along the paved roads of France, laboring beneath a mountain of trunks and bales of all descriptions ; and, like the Trojan horse, bore a groaning multitude within it. It was a curious and cumbersome machine, resembling the bodies of three coaches placed upon one carriage, with a cabriolet on top for outside passengers. On the panels of each door were painted the fleurs-de-lis of France, and upon the side of the coach, emblazoned in golden characters, "*Exploitation Générale des Messageries Royales des Diligences pour le Havre, Rouen, et Paris.*"

It would be useless to describe the motley groups that filled the four quarters of this little world. There was the dusty tradesman, with green coat and cotton umbrella ; the sallow invalid, in skullcap and cloth shoes ; the priest in his cassock ; the peasant in his frock ; and a whole family of squalling children. My fellow-travelers on top were a gay subaltern, with fierce mustache, and a nut-brown village beauty of sweet sixteen. The subaltern wore a military undress, and a little blue cloth cap, in the shape of a cow-bell, trimmed smartly with silver lace, and cocked on one side of his head. The brunette was decked out with a staid white Norman cap, nicely starched and plaited, and nearly three feet high,

a rosary and cross about her neck, a linsey-woolsey gown, and wooden shoes.

The personage who seemed to rule this little world with absolute sway was a short, pursy man, with a busy, self-satisfied air, and the sonorous title of *Monsieur le Conducteur*. As insignia of office, he wore a little round fur cap and fur-trimmed jacket ; and carried in his hand a small leathern portfolio, containing his way-bill. He sat with us on top of the diligence, and with a comic gravity issued his mandates to the postilion below, like some petty monarch speaking from his throne. In every dingy village we thundered through, he had a thousand commissions to execute and to receive ; a package to throw out on this side, and another to take in on that ; a whisper for the landlady at the inn ; a love-letter and a kiss for her daughter ; and a wink or a snap of his fingers for the chambermaid at the window. Then there were so many questions to be asked and answered, while changing horses ! Everybody had a word to say. It was *Monsieur le Conducteur* ! here ; *Monsieur le Conducteur* ! there. He was in complete bustle ; till at length crying, *En route* ! he ascended the dizzy height, and we lumbered away in a cloud of dust.

But what most attracted my attention was the grotesque appearance of the postilion and the horses. He was a comical-looking little fellow, already past the heyday of life, with a thin, sharp countenance, to which the smoke of tobacco and the fumes of wine had given the dusty look of wrinkled parchment. He was equipped in a short jacket of purple velvet, set off with a red collar, and adorned with silken cord. Tight pantaloons of bright yellow leather arrayed his pipe-stem legs, which were swallowed up in a huge pair of wooden boots, iron-

fastened, and armed with long, rattling spurs. His shirt-collar was of vast dimensions, and between it and the broad brim of his high, bell-crowned, varnished hat, projected an eel-skin queue, with a little tuft of frizzled hair, like a powder-puff, at the end, bobbing up and down with the motion of the rider, and scattering a white cloud around him.

The horses which drew the diligence were harnessed to it with ropes and leather, and in the most uncouth manner imaginable. They were five in number, black, white, and gray,—as various in size as in color. Their tails were braided and tied up with wisps of straw; and when the postilion mounted and cracked his heavy whip, off they started: one pulling this way, another that,—one on the gallop, another trotting, and the rest dragging along at a scrambling pace, between a trot and a walk. No sooner did the vehicle get comfortably in motion, than the postilion, throwing the reins upon his horse's neck, and drawing a flint and steel from one pocket and a short-stemmed pipe from another, leisurely struck fire, and began to smoke. Ever and anon some part of the rope-harness would give way; *Monsieur le Conducteur* from on high would thunder forth an oath or two; a head would be popped out at every window; half a dozen voices exclaim at once, "What's the matter?" and the postilion, apostrophizing the *diable* as usual, thrust his long whip into the leg of his boot, leisurely dismount, and, drawing a handful of packthread from his pocket, quietly set himself to mend matters in the best way possible.

In this manner we toiled slowly along the dusty highway. Occasionally the scene was enlivened by a group of peasants, driving before them a little ass, laden with vegetables for a neighboring market. Then we would

pass a solitary shepherd, sitting by the road-side, with a shaggy dog at his feet, guarding his flock, and making his scanty meal on the contents of his wallet; or perchance a little peasant girl, in wooden shoes, leading a cow by a cord attached to her horns, to browse along the side of the ditch. Then we would all alight to ascend some formidable hill on foot, and be escorted up by a clamorous group of sturdy mendicants,—annoyed by the ceaseless importunity of worthless beggary, or moved to pity by the palsied limbs of the aged, and the sightless eyeballs of the blind.

Occasionally, too, the postilion drew up in front of a dingy little cabaret, completely overshadowed by wide-spreading trees. A lusty grape-vine clambered up beside the door; and a pine-bough was thrust out from a hole in the wall, by way of tavern-bush. Upon the front of the house was generally inscribed in large black letters, “*ICI ON DONNE À BOIRE ET À MANGER : ON LOGE À PIED ET À CHEVAL*”; a sign which may be thus paraphrased,—“*Good entertainment for man and beast*”; but which was once translated by a foreigner, “*Here they give to eat and drink : they lodge on foot and on horseback !*”

Thus one object of curiosity succeeded another : hill, valley, stream, and woodland flitted by me like the shifting scenes of a magic lantern, and one train of thought gave place to another : till at length, in the after part of the day, we entered the broad and shady avenue of fine old trees which leads to the western gate of Rouen, and a few moments afterward were lost in the crowds and confusion of its narrow streets.

THE GOLDEN LION INN AT ROUEN.

Monsieur Vinot. Je veux absolument un Lion l'Or ; parce qu'on dit, Où allez vous ? Au Lion d'Or !—D'où venez-vous ? Du Lion d'Or !—Où irons-nous ? Au Lion d'Or !—Où y a-t-il de bon vin ? Au Lion d'Or !

LA ROSE ROUGE.

THIS answer of Monsieur Vinot must have been running in my head as the diligence stopped at the Messagerie ; for when the porter, who took my luggage, said :—

“ *Où allez-vous, Monsieur ?* ”

I answered, without reflection (for, be it said with all the veracity of a traveller, at that time I did not know there was a Golden Lion in the city),—

“ *Au Lion d'Or.* ”

And so to the Lion d'Or we went.

The hostess of the Golden Lion received me with a courtesy and a smile, rang the house-bell for a servant, and told him to take the gentleman's things to number thirty-five. I followed him up stairs. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven ! Seven stories high, by Our Lady !—I counted them every one ; and when I went down to remonstrate, I counted them again ; so that there was no possibility of a mistake. When I asked for a lower room, the hostess told me the house was full ; and when I spoke of going to another hotel, she said she should be so very sorry, so *désolée*, to have Monsieur leave her, that I marched up again to number thirty-five.

After finding all the fault I could with the chamber, I

ended, as is generally the case with most men on such occasions, by being very well pleased with it. The only thing I could possibly complain of was my being lodged in the seventh story, and in the immediate neighborhood of a gentleman who was learning to play the French horn. But to remunerate me for these disadvantages, my window looked down into a market-place, and gave me a distant view of the towers of the cathedral, and the ruins of the church and abbey of St. Ouen.

When I had fully prepared myself for a ramble through the city, it was already sundown ; and after the heat and dust of the day, the freshness of the long evening twilight was delightful. When I enter a new city, I cannot rest till I have satisfied the first cravings of curiosity by rambling through its streets. Nor can I endure a cicerone, with his eternal "This way, Sir." I never desire to be led directly to an object worthy of a traveller's notice, but prefer a thousand times to find my own way, and come upon it by surprise. This was particularly the case at Rouen. It was the first European city of importance that I visited. There was an air of antiquity about the whole city that breathed of the Middle Ages ; and so strong and delightful was the impression that it made upon my youthful imagination, that nothing which I afterward saw could either equal or efface it. I have since passed through that city, but I did not stop. I was unwilling to destroy an impression which, even at that distant day, is as fresh upon my mind as if it were of yesterday.

With these delightful feelings I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the

effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overwhelmed my imagination ; and I stood for a long time motionless, and gazing entranced upon the stupendous edifice. I had before seen no specimen of Gothic architecture, save the remains of a little church at Havre ; and the massive towers before me, the lofty windows of stained glass, the low portal, with its receding arches and rude statues, all produced upon my untravelled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church, the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place, the lamps that burned on the distant altar, the kneeling crowd, the tinkling bell, and the chant of the evening service that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes, filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church, the huge columns that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above, the long and shadowy aisles, the statues of saints and martyrs that stood in every recess, the figures of armed knights upon the tombs, the uncertain light that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel, and the form of the cowed and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favorite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church,—all I had read of, but had not seen,—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I shall never feel again.

On the following day, I visited the remains of an old palace, built by Edward the Third, now occupied as the Palais de Justice, and the ruins of the church and monastery of Saint Antoine. I saw the hole in the tower where the ponderous bell of the abbey fell through ; and took a peep at the curious illuminated manuscript of

Daniel d'Aubonne in the public library. The remainder of the morning was spent in visiting the ruins of the ancient abbey of St. Ouen, which is now transformed into the Hotel de Ville, and in strolling through its beautiful gardens, dreaming of the present and the past, and given up to "a melancholy of my own."

At the *Table d'Hôte* of the Golden Lion, I fell into conversation with an elderly gentleman, who proved to be a great antiquarian, and thoroughly read in all the forgotten lore of the city. As our tastes were somewhat similar, we were soon upon very friendly terms; and after dinner we strolled out to visit some remarkable localities, and took the *gloria* together in the Chevalier Bayard.

When we returned to the Golden Lion, he entertained me with many curious stories of the spots we had been visiting. Among others, he related the following singular adventure of a monk of the abbey of St. Antoine, which amused me so much that I cannot refrain from presenting it to my readers. I will not, however, vouch for the truth of the story; for that the antiquarian himself would not do. He said he found it in an ancient manuscript of the Middle Ages, in the archives of the public library; and I give it as it was told me, without note or comment.

MARTIN FRANC AND THE MONK OF SAINT ANTHONY.*

Seignor, oiez une merveille,
C'onques n'oïstes sa pareille,
Que je vos vueil dire et conter ;
Or metez cuer a l'escouter.

FABLIAU DU BOUCHIER D'ABBEVILLE.

Lystyn Lordyngs to my tale,
And ye shall here of one story,
Is better than any wyne or ale,
That ever was made in this cuntry.

ANCIENT METRICAL ROMANCE.

IN times of old, there lived in the city of Rouen a tradesman named Martin Franc, who, by a series of misfortunes, had been reduced from opulence to poverty. But poverty, which generally makes men humble and laborious, only served to make him proud and lazy ; and in proportion as he grew poorer and poorer, he grew also prouder and lazier. He contrived, however, to live along from day to day, by now and then pawning a silken robe

* The outlines of the following tale were taken from a Norman Fabliau of the thirteenth century, entitled *Le Segretain Moine*. To judge by the numerous imitations of this story which still exist in old Norman poetry, it seems to have been a prodigious favorite in its day, and to have passed through as many hands as did the body of Friar Gui. It probably had its origin in "The Story of the Little Hunchback," a tale of the Arabian Nights ; and in modern times has been imitated in the poetic tale of "The Knight and the Friar," by George Colman. Unfortunately, I was not aware of this circumstance till after the first publication of the following pages.

of his wife, or selling a silver spoon, or some other trifle, saved from the wreck of his better fortunes ; and passed his time pleasantly enough in loitering about the market-place, and walking up and down on the sunny side of the street.

The fair Marguerite, his wife, was celebrated through the whole city for her beauty, her wit, and her virtue. She was a brunette, with the blackest eye, the whitest teeth, and the ripest nut-brown cheek in all Normandy ; her figure was tall and stately, her hands and feet most delicately moulded, and her swimming gait like the motion of a swan. In happier days she had been the delight of the richest tradesmen in the city, and the envy of the fairest dames ; and when she became poor, her fame was not a little increased by her cruelty to several substantial burghers, who, without consulting their wives, had generously offered to stand between her husband and bankruptcy, and do all in their power to raise a worthy and respectable family.

The friends of Martin Franc, like the friends of many a ruined man before and since, deserted him in the day of adversity. Of all that had eaten his dinners, and drunk his wine, and philandered with his wife, none sought the narrow alley and humble dwelling of the broken tradesman save one, and that one was Friar Gui, the sacristan of the abbey of St. Anthony. He was a little, jolly, red-faced friar, with a leer in his eye, and rather a naughty reputation for a man of his cloth ; but as he was a kind of travelling gazette, and always brought the latest news and gossip of the city, and besides was the only person that condescended to visit the house of Martin Franc,—in fine, for the want of a better, he was considered in the light of a friend.

In these constant assiduities, Friar Gui had his secret motives, of which the single heart of Martin Franc was entirely unsuspecting. The keener eye of his wife, however, soon discovered two faces under the hood. She observed that the friar generally timed his visits so as to be at the house when Martin Franc was not at home—that he seemed to prefer the edge of the evening; and that as his visits became more frequent, he always had some little apology ready; such as “being obliged to pass that way, he could not go by the door without just dropping in to see how the good man Martin did.” Occasionally, too, he ventured to bring her some ghostly present—such as a picture of the Madonna and Child, or one of those little naked images which are hawked about the streets at the nativity. Though the object of all this was but too obvious, yet the fair Marguerite persevered in misconstruing the friar’s intentions, and in dexterously turning aside any expressions of gallantry that fell from his venerable lips. In this way Friar Gui was for a long time kept at bay; and Martin Franc preserved in the day of poverty and distress that consolation of all this world’s afflictions,—a friend. But, finally, things came to such a pass, that the honest tradesman opened his eyes, and wondered he had been asleep so long. Whereupon he was irreverent enough to tweak the nose of Friar Gui, and then to thrust him into the street by the shoulders.

Meanwhile the times grew worse and worse. One family relic followed another,—the last silken robe was pawned, the last silver spoon sold; until at length poor Martin Franc was forced to “drag the devil by the tail”; in other words, beggary stared him full in the face. But the fair Marguerite did not even then despair. In those days a belief in the immediate guardianship of the saints

was much more strong and prevalent than in these lewd and degenerate times ; and as there seemed no great probability of improving their condition by any lucky change which could be brought about by mere human agency, she determined to try what could be done by intercession with the patron saint of her husband. Accordingly she repaired one evening to the abbey of St. Anthony, to place a votive candle and offer her prayer at the altar, which stood in the little chapel dedicated to St. Martin.

It was already sundown when she reached the church, and the evening service of the Virgin had commenced. A cloud of incense floated before the altar of the Madonna, and the organ rolled its deep melody along the dim arches of the church. Marguerite mingled with the kneeling crowd, and repeated the responses in Latin, with as much devotion as the most learned clerk of the convent. When the service was over, she repaired to the chapel of St. Martin, and lighting her votive taper at the silver lamp which burned before his altar, knelt down in a retired part of the chapel, and, with tears in her eyes, besought the saint for aid and protection. While she was thus engaged, the church became gradually deserted, till she was left, as she thought, alone. But in this she was mistaken : for, when she arose to depart, the portly figure of Friar Gui was standing close at her elbow !

“ A fair good evening to my lady Marguerite,” said he, significantly. “ St. Martin has heard your prayer, and sent me to relieve your poverty.”

“ Then, by the Virgin,” replied she, “ the good saint is not very fastidious in the choice of his messengers.”

“ Nay, goodwife,” answered the friar, not at all abashed by this ungracious reply, “ if the tidings are good, what

matters it who the messenger may be? And how does Martin Franc these days?"

"He is well, Sir Gui," replied Marguerite; "and were he present, I doubt not would thank you heartily for the interest you still take in him and his poor wife."

"He has done me wrong," continued the friar, without seeming to notice the pointedness of Marguerite's reply. "But it is our duty to forgive our enemies; and so let the past be forgotten. I know that he is in want. Here, take this to him, and tell him I am still his friend."

So saying, he drew a small purse from the sleeve of his habit, and proffered it to his companion. I know not whether it were a suggestion of St. Martin, but true it is that the fair lady of Martin Franc seemed to lend a more willing ear to the earnest whispers of the friar. At length she said,—

"Put up your purse; to-day I can neither deliver your gift nor your message. Martin Franc has gone from home."

"Then keep it for yourself."

"Nay, Sir Monk," replied Marguerite, casting down her eyes; "I can take no bribes here in the church, and in the very chapel of my husband's patron saint. You shall bring it to me at my house, an you will, Sir Gui."

The friar put up the purse, and the conversation which followed was in a low and indistinct undertone, audible only to the ears for which it was intended. At length the interview ceased; and—O woman!—the last words that the virtuous Marguerite uttered, as she glided from the church, were,—

"To-night;—when the abbey-clock strikes twelve;—remember!"

It would be useless to relate how impatiently the friar

counted the hours and the quarters as they chimed from the ancient tower of the abbey, while he paced to and fro along the gloomy cloister. At length the appointed hour approached ; and just before the convent-bell sent forth its summons to call the friars of St. Anthony to their midnight devotions, a figure with a cowl stole out of a postern-gate, and, passing silently along the deserted streets, soon turned into the little alley which led to the dwelling of Martin Franc. It was none other than Friar Gui. He rapped softly at the tradesman's door, and casting a look up and down the street, as if to assure himself that his motions were unobserved, slipped into the house.

"Has Martin Franc returned?" inquired he in a whisper.

"No," answered the sweet voice of his wife ; "he will not be back to-night."

"Then all good angels befriend us!" continued the monk, endeavoring to take her hand.

"Not so, Sir Monk," said she, disengaging herself. "You forget the conditions of our meeting."

The friar paused a moment ; and then, drawing a heavy leathern purse from his girdle, he threw it upon the table ; at the same moment a footstep was heard behind him, and a heavy blow from a club threw him prostrate upon the floor. It came from the strong arm of Martin Franc himself !

It is hardly necessary to say that his absence was feigned. His wife had invented the story to decoy the lewd monk, and thereby to keep her husband from beggary, and to relieve herself, once for all, from the importunities of a false friend. At first Martin Franc would not listen to the proposition ; but at length

yielded to the urgent entreaties of his wife ; and the plan finally agreed upon was, that Friar Gui, after leaving his purse behind him, should be sent back to the convent with a severer discipline than his shoulders had ever received from any penitence of his own.

The affair, however, took a more serious turn than was intended ; for, when they tried to raise the friar from the ground,—he was dead. The blow aimed at his shoulders fell upon his shaven crown ; and, in the excitement of the moment, Martin Franc had dealt a heavier stroke than he intended. Amid the grief and consternation which followed this discovery, the quick imagination of his wife suggested an expedient of safety. A bunch of keys at the friar's girdle caught her eye. Hastily unfastening the ring, she gave the keys to her husband, exclaiming,—

“For the holy Virgin's sake, be quick ! One of these keys unlocks the postern gate of the convent-garden. Carry the body thither, and leave it among the trees !”

Martin Franc threw the dead body of the monk across his shoulders, and with a heavy heart took the way to the abbey. It was a clear, starry night ; and though the moon had not yet risen, her light was in the sky, and came reflected down in a soft twilight upon earth. Not a sound was heard through all the long and solitary streets, save at intervals the distant crowing of a cock, or the melancholy hoot of an owl from the lofty tower of the abbey. The silence weighed like an accusing spirit upon the guilty conscience of Martin Franc. He started at the sound of his own breathing, as he panted under the heavy burden of the monk's body ; and if, perchance, a bat flitted near him on drowsy wings, he paused, and his heart beat audibly with terror ; such cowards does conscience make of even the most courageous. At length he

reached the garden-wall of the abbey, opened the postern-gate with the key, and, bearing the monk into the garden, seated him upon a stone bench by the edge of the fountain, with his head resting against a column, upon which was sculptured an image of the Madonna. He then replaced the bunch of keys at the monk's girdle, and returned home with hasty steps.

When the prior of the convent, to whom the repeated delinquencies of Friar Gui were but too well known, observed that he was again absent from his post at midnight prayers, he waxed exceedingly angry; and no sooner were the duties of the chapel finished, than he sent a monk in pursuit of the truant sacristan, summoning him to appear immediately at his cell. By chance it happened that the monk chosen for this duty was a bitter enemy of Friar Gui; and very shrewdly supposing that the sacristan had stolen out of the garden-gate on some midnight adventure, he took that direction in pursuit. The moon was just climbing the convent-wall, and threw its silvery light through the trees of the garden, and on the sparkling waters of the fountain, that fell with a soft lulling sound into the deep basin below. As the monk passed on his way, he stopped to quench his thirst with a draught of the cool water, and was turning to depart, when his eye caught the motionless form of the sacristan, sitting erect in the shadow of the stone column.

“How is this, Friar Gui?” quoth the monk. “Is this the place to be sleeping at midnight, when the brotherhood are all in their dormitories?”

Friar Gui made no answer.

“Up, up! thou eternal sleeper, and do penance for thy negligence. The prior calls for thee all!”

continued the monk, growing angry, and shaking the sacristan by the shoulder.

But still no answer.

“Then, by Saint Anthony, I’ll wake thee! So, so! Sir Gui!”

And saying this, he dealt the sacristan a heavy box on the ear. The body bent slowly forward from its erect position, and giving a headlong plunge, sank with a heavy splash into the basin of the fountain. The monk waited a few moments in expectation of seeing Friar Gui rise dripping from his cold bath; but he waited in vain; for he lay motionless at the bottom of the basin,—his eyes open, and his ghastly face distorted by the ripples of the water. With a beating heart the monk stooped down, and, grasping the skirt of the sacristan’s habit, at length succeeded in drawing him from the water. All efforts, however, to resuscitate him were unavailing. The monk was filled with terror, not doubting that the friar had died untimely by his hand; and as the animosity between them was no secret in the convent, he feared that, when the deed was known, he should be accused of wilful murder. He therefore looked round for an expedient to relieve himself from the dead body; and the well-known character of the sacristan soon suggested one. He determined to carry the body to the house of the most noted beauty of Rouen, and leave it on the door-step; so that all suspicion of the murder might fall upon the shoulders of some jealous husband. The beauty of Martin Franc’s wife had penetrated even the thick walls of the convent, and there was not a friar in the whole abbey of Saint Anthony who had not done penance for his transgression. Accordingly, the dead body of Friar Gui was laid upon the monk’s brawny shoulders, carried

back to the house of Martin Franc, and placed in an erect position against the door. The monk knocked loud and long ; and then, gliding through a by-lane, stole back to the convent.

A troubled conscience would not suffer Martin Franc and his wife to close their eyes ; but they lay awake lamenting the doleful events of the night. The knock at the door sounded like a death-knell in their ears. It still continued at intervals, rap—rap—rap !—with a dull, low sound, as if something heavy were swinging against the panel ; for the wind had risen during the night, and every angry gust that swept down the alley swung the arms of the lifeless sacristan against the door. At length Martin Franc mustered courage enough to dress himself and go down, while his wife followed him with a lamp in her hand : but no sooner had he lifted the latch, than the ponderous body of Friar Gui fell stark and heavy into his arms.

“ Jesu Maria ! ” exclaimed Marguerite, crossing herself ; “ here is the monk again ! ”

“ Yes, and dripping wet, as if he had just been dragged out of the river ! ”

“ O, we are betrayed, betrayed ! ” exclaimed Marguerite in agony.

“ Then the Devil himself has betrayed us,” replied Martin Franc, disengaging himself from the embrace of the sacristan ; “ for I met not a living being ; the whole city was as silent as the grave.”

“ Holy Saint Martin defend us ! ” continued his terrified wife. “ Here, take this scapulary to guard you from the Evil One ; and lose no time. You must throw the body into the river, or we are lost ! Holy Virgin ! How bright the moon shines ! ”

Saying this, she threw round his neck a scapulary, with

the figure of a cross on one end, and an image of the Virgin on the other ; and Martin Franc again took the dead friar upon his shoulders, and with fearful misgivings departed on his dismal errand. He kept as much as possible in the shadow of the houses, and had nearly reached the quay, when suddenly he thought he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped to listen ; it was no mistake ; they came along the pavement, tramp, tramp ! and every step grew louder and nearer. 'Martin Franc tried to quicken his pace,—but in vain : his knees smote together, and he staggered against the wall. His hand relaxed its grasp, and the monk slid from his back and stood ghastly and straight beside him, supported by chance against the shoulder of his bearer. At that moment a man came round the corner, tottering beneath the weight of a huge sack. As his head was bent downwards, he did not perceive Martin Franc till he was close upon him ; and when, on looking up, he saw two figures standing motionless in the shadow of the wall, he thought himself waylaid, and, without waiting to be assaulted, dropped the sack from his shoulders and ran off at full speed. The sack fell heavily on the pavement, and directly at the feet of Martin Franc. In the fall the string was broken ; and out came the bloody head, not of a dead monk, as it first seemed to the excited imagination of Martin Franc, but of a dead hog ! When the terror and surprise caused by this singular event had a little subsided, an idea came into the mind of Martin Franc, very similar to what would have come into the mind of almost any person in similar circumstances. He took the hog out of the sack, and putting the body of the monk into its place, secured it well with the remnants of the broken string, and then hurried homeward with the hog upon his shoulders.

He was hardly out of sight when the man of the sack returned, accompanied by two others. They were surprised to find the sack still lying on the ground, with no one near it, and began to jeer the former bearer, telling him he had been frightened at his own shadow on the wall. Then one of them took the sack upon his shoulders, without the least suspicion of the change that had been made in its contents, and all three disappeared.

Now it happened that the city of Rouen was at that time infested by three street robbers, who walked in darkness like the pestilence, and always carried the plunder of their midnight marauding to the Tête-de-Bœuf, a little tavern in one of the darkest and narrowest lanes of the city. The host of the Tête-de-Bœuf was privy to all their schemes, and had an equal share in the profits of their nightly excursions. He gave a helping hand, too, by the length of his bills, and by plundering the pockets of any chance traveller that was luckless enough to sleep under his roof.

On the night of the disastrous adventure of Friar Gui, this little marauding party had been prowling about the city until a late hour, without finding anything to reward their labors. At length, however, they chanced to spy a hog, hanging under a shed in a butcher's yard, in readiness for the next day's market : and as they were not very fastidious in selecting their plunder, but, on the contrary, rather addicted to taking whatever they could lay their hands on, the hog was straightway parboiled, thrust into a large sack, and sent to the Tête-de-Bœuf on the shoulders of one of the party, while the other two continued their nocturnal excursion. It was this person who had been so credited in the appearance of Martin Franc and the dog, monk : and as this encounter had interrupted

any further operations of the party, the dawn of day being now near at hand, they all repaired to their gloomy den in the Tête-de-Bœuf. The host was impatiently waiting their return ; and, asking what plunder they had brought with them, proceeded without delay to remove it from the sack. The first thing that presented itself, on untying the string, was the monk's hood.

“The devil take the devil !” cried the host, as he opened the neck of the sack ; “what's this ? Your hog has caught a cowl !”

“The poor devil has become disgusted with the world, and turned monk !” said he who held the light, a little surprised at seeing the head covered with a coarse gray cloth.

“Sure enough he has,” exclaimed another, starting back in dismay, as the shaven crown and ghastly face of the friar appeared. “Holy St. Benedict be with us ! It is a monk stark dead !”

“A dead monk, indeed !” said a third, with an incredulous shake of the head : “how could a dead monk get into this sack ? No, no ; there is some *diablerie* in this. I have heard it said that Satan can take any shape he pleases ; and you may rely upon it this is Satan himself, who has taken the shape of a monk to get us all hanged.”

“Then we had better kill the devil than have the devil kill us !” replied the host, crossing himself ; “and the sooner we do it the better ; for it is now daylight, and the people will soon be passing in the street.”

“So say I,” rejoined the man of magic ; “and my advice is, to take him to the butcher's yard, and hang him up in the place where we found the hog.”

This proposition so pleased the others that it was

executed without delay. They carried the friar to the butcher's house, and, passing a strong cord round his neck, suspended him to a beam in the shed, and there left him.

When the night was at length past, and daylight began to peep into the eastern windows of the city, the butcher arose, and prepared himself for market. He was casting up in his mind what the hog would bring at his stall, when, looking upward, lo! in its place he recognized the dead body of Friar Gui.

"By St. Dennis!" quoth the butcher, "I always feared that this friar would not die quietly in his cell; but I never thought I should find him hanging under my own roof. This must not be; it will be said that I murdered him, and I shall pay for it with my life. I must contrive some way to get rid of him."

So saying, he called his man, and, showing him what had been done, asked him how he should dispose of the body so that he might not be accused of murder. The man who was of a ready wit, reflected a moment, and then answered,—

"This is indeed a difficult matter; but there is no evil without its remedy. We will place the friar on horseback—"

"What! a dead man on horseback?—impossible!" interrupted the butcher. "Who ever heard of a dead man on horseback!"

"Hear me out, and then judge. We must place the body on horseback as well as we may, and bind it fast with cords; and then set the horse loose in the street, and pursue after him, crying out that the monk has stolen the horse. Thus all who meet him will strike him with their staves as he passes, and it will be thought that he came to his death in that way."

Though this seemed to the butcher rather a mad project, yet, as no better one offered itself at the moment, and there was no time for reflection, mad as the project was, they determined to put it into execution. Accordingly the butcher's horse was brought out, and the friar was bound upon his back, and with much difficulty fixed in an upright position. The butcher then gave the horse a blow upon the crupper with his staff, which set him into a smart gallop down the street, and he and his man joined in pursuit, crying,—

“Stop thief! Stop thief! The friar has stolen my horse!”

As it was now sunrise, the streets were full of people, —peasants, driving their goods to market, and citizens going to their daily avocations. When they saw the friar dashing at full speed down the street, they joined in the cry of “Stop thief!—Stop that horse!” and many who endeavored to seize the bridle, as the friar passed them at full speed, were thrown upon the pavement, and trampled under foot; others joined in the halloo and the pursuit; but this only served to quicken the gallop of the frightened steed, who dashed down one street and up another like the wind, with two or three mounted citizens clattering in full cry at his heels. At length they reached the market-place. The people scattered right and left in dismay; and the steed and rider dashed onward, overthrowing in their course men and women, and stalls, and piles of merchandise, and sweeping away like a whirlwind. Tramp—tramp—tramp! they clattered on; they had distanced all pursuit. They reached the quay; the wide pavement was cleared at a bound,—one more wild leap,—and splash!—both horse and rider sank into the rapid current of the river,—swept down the stream,—and were seen no more!

THE VILLAGE OF AUTEUIL

Il n'est tel plaisir
Que d'estre à gésir
Parmy les beaux champs,
L'herbe verte choisir,
Et prendre bon temps.

MARTIAL D'Auvergne.

THE sultry heat of summer always brings with it, to the idler and the man of leisure, a longing for the leafy shade and the green luxuriance of the country. It is pleasant to interchange the din of the city, the movement of the crowd, and the gossip of society, with the silence of the hamlet, the quiet seclusion of the grove, and the gossip of a woodland brook. As is sung in the old ballad of Robin Hood,—

“ In somer, when the shawes be sheyn,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste,
To here the foulys song ;
To se the dere draw to the dale
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Vnder the grene wode tre.”

It was a feeling of this kind that prompted me, during my residence in the North of France, to pass one of the summer months at Auteuil, the pleasantest of the many little villages that lie in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. It is situated on the outskirts of the Bois de

Boulogne, a wood of some extent, in whose green alleys the dusty cit enjoys the luxury of an evening drive, and gentlemen meet in the morning to give each other satisfaction in the usual way. A cross-road, skirted with green hedge-rows, and overshadowed by tall poplars, leads you from the noisy highway of St. Cloud and Versailles to the still retirement of this suburban hamlet. On either side the eye discovers old châteaux amid the trees, and green parks, whose pleasant shades recall a thousand images of La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière; and on an eminence, overlooking the windings of the Seine, and giving a beautiful though distant view of the domes and gardens of Paris, rises the village of Passy, long the residence of our countrymen Franklin and Count Rumford.

I took up my abode at a *maison de santé*; not that I was a valetudinarian, but because I there found some one to whom I could whisper, "How sweet is solitude!" Behind the house was a garden filled with fruit-trees of various kinds, and adorned with gravel-walks and green arbors, furnished with tables and rustic seats, for the repose of the invalid and the sleep of the indolent. Here the inmates of the rural hospital met on common ground, to breathe the invigorating air of morning, and while away the lazy noon or vacant evening with tales of the sick chamber.

The establishment was kept by Dr. Dentdelion, a dried-up little fellow, with red hair, a sandy complexion, and the physiognomy and gestures of a monkey. His character corresponded to his outward lineaments; for he had all a monkey's busy and curious impertinence. Nevertheless, such as he was, the village Æsculapius strutted forth the little great man of Auteuil. The peasants looked up to him as to an oracle; he contrived to be at

the head of everything, and laid claim to the credit of all public improvements in the village ; in fine, he was a great man on a small scale.

It was within the dingy walls of this little potentate's imperial palace that I chose my country residence. I had a chamber in the second story, with a solitary window, which looked upon the street, and gave me a peep into a neighbor's garden. This I esteemed a great privilege ; for, as a stranger, I desired to see all that was passing out of doors ; and the sight of green trees, though growing on another man's ground, is always a blessing. Within doors—had I been disposed to quarrel with my household gods—I might have taken some objection to my neighborhood ; for, on one side of me was a consumptive patient, whose graveyard cough drove me from my chamber by day ; and on the other, an English colonel, whose incoherent ravings, in the delirium of a high and obstinate fever, often broke my slumbers by night ; but I found ample amends for these inconveniences in the society of those who were so little indisposed as hardly to know what ailed them, and those who, in health themselves, had accompanied a friend or relative to the shades of the country in pursuit of it. To these I am indebted for much courtesy ; and particularly to one who, if these pages should ever meet her eye, will not, I hope, be unwilling to accept this slight memorial of a former friendship.

It was, however, to the Bois de Boulogne that I looked for my principal recreation. There I took my solitary walk, morning and evening ; or, mounted on a little mouse-colored donkey, paced demurely along the woodland pathway. I had a favorite seat beneath the shadow of a venerable oak, one of the few hoary patriarchs of the

wood which had survived the bivouacs of the allied armies. It stood upon the brink of a little glassy pool, whose tranquil bosom was the image of a quiet and secluded life, and stretched its parental arms over a rustic bench, that had been constructed beneath it for the accommodation of the foot-traveller, or, perchance, some idle dreamer like myself. It seemed to look round with a lordly air upon its old hereditary domain, whose stillness was no longer broken by the tap of the martial drum, nor the discordant clang of arms; and, as the breeze whispered among its branches, it seemed to be holding friendly colloquies with a few of its venerable contemporaries, who stooped from the opposite bank of the pool, nodding gravely now and then, and ogling themselves, with a sigh in the mirror below.

In this quiet haunt of rural repose I used to sit at noon, hear the birds sing, and “possess myself in much quietness.” Just at my feet lay the little silver pool, with the sky and the woods painted in its mimic vault, and occasionally the image of a bird, or the soft, watery outline of a cloud, floating silently through its sunny hollows. The water-lily spread its broad, green leaves on the surface, and rocked to sleep a little world of insect life in its golden cradle. Sometimes a wandering leaf came floating and wavering downward, and settled on the water; then a vagabond insect would break the smooth surface into a thousand ripples, or a green-coated frog slide from the bank, and, plump! dive headlong to the bottom.

I entered, too, with some enthusiasm, into all the rural sports and merrimakes of the village. The holidays were so many little eras of mirth and good feeling; for the French have that happy and sunshine temperament,—

that merry-go-mad character,—which makes all their social meetings scenes of enjoyment and hilarity. I made it a point never to miss any of the *fêtes champêtres*, or rural dances, at the woods of Boulogne ; though I confess it sometimes gave me a momentary uneasiness to see my rustic throne beneath the yoke usurped by a noisy group of girls, the silence and decorum of my imaginary realm broken by music and laughter, and, in a word, my whole kingdom turned topsy-turvey with romping, fiddling, and dancing. But I am naturally, and from principle, too, a lover of all those innocent amusements which cheer the laborer's toil, and, as it were, put their shoulders to the wheel of life, and help the poor man along with his load of cares. Hence I saw with no small delight the rustic swain astride the wooden horse of the *carrousel*, and the village maiden whirling round and round in its dizzy car ; or took my stand on a rising ground that overlooked the dance, an idle spectator in a busy throng. It was just where the village touched the outward border of the wood. There a little area had been levelled beneath the trees, surrounded by a painted rail, with a row of benches inside. The music was placed in a slight balcony, built around the trunk of a large tree in the centre ; and the lamps, hanging from the branches above, gave a gay, fantastic, and fairy look to the scene. How often in such moments did I recall the lines of Goldsmith, describing those “kinder skies” beneath which “France displays her bright domain,” and feel how true and masterly the sketch,—

“Alike all ages ; dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gray grandsire, skilled in gestic lore,
Has frisked beneath the burden of threescore.”

Nor must I forget to mention the *fête patronale*,—a kind of annual fair which is held at midsummer, in honor of the patron saint of Auteuil. Then the principal street of the village is filled with booths of every description; strolling players and rope-dancers, and jugglers, and giants, and dwarfs, and wild beasts, and all kinds of wonderful shows excite the gaping curiosity of the throng; and in dust, crowds, and confusion, the village rivals the capital itself. Then the goodly dames of Passy descend into the village of Auteuil; then the brewers of Billancourt and the tanners of Sèvres dance lustily under the greenwood tree; and then, too, the sturdy fish-mongers of Brétigny and Saint-Yon regale their fat wives with an airing in a swing, and their customers with eels and crawfish; or, as is more poetically set forth in an old Christmas carol,—

“ Vous eussiez vu venir
Tous ceux de Saint-Yon,
Et ceux de Brétigny
Apportant du poisson,
Les barbeaux et gardons,
Anguilles et carpettes
Etaient à bon marché
Croyez,
A cette journée-là,
Là, là,
Et aussi les perchettes.”

I found another source of amusement in observing the various personages that daily passed and repassed beneath my window. The character which most of all arrested my attention was a poor blind fiddler, whom I first saw chanting a doleful ballad at the door of a small tavern near the gate of the village. He wore a brown coat, out

at elbows, the fragment of a velvet waistcoat, and a pair of tight nankeens, so short as hardly to reach below his calves. A little foraging-cap, that had long since seen its best days, set off an open, good-humored countenance, bronzed by sun and wind. He was led about by a brisk, middle-aged woman, in straw hat and wooden shoes; and a little barefooted boy, with clear, blue eyes and flaxen hair, held a tattered hat in his hand, in which he collected eleemosynary sous. The old fellow had a favorite song, which he used to sing with great glee to a merry, joyous air, the burden of which ran, "*Chantons l'amour et le plaisir!*" Let us sing of love and pleasure. I often thought it would have been a good lesson for the crabbed and discontented rich man to have heard this remnant of humanity,—poor, blind, and in rags, and dependent upon casual charity for his daily bread, singing in so cheerful a voice the charms of existence, and, as it were, fiddling life away to a merry tune.

I was one morning called to my window by the sound of rustic music. I looked out and beheld a procession of villagers advancing along the road, attired in gay dresses, and marching merrily on in the direction of the church. I soon perceived that it was a marriage-festival. The procession was led by a long orang-outang of a man, in a straw hat and white dimity bob-coat, playing on an asthmatic clarionet, from which he contrived to blow unearthly sounds, ever and anon squeaking off at right angles from his tune, and winding up with a grand flourish on the guttural notes. Behind him, led by his little boy, came the blind fiddler, his honest features glowing with all the hilarity of a rustic bridal, and, as he stumbled along, sawing away upon his fiddle till he made all crack

again. Then came the happy bridegroom, dressed in his Sunday suit of blue, with a large nosegay in his button-hole; and close beside him his blushing bride, with downcast eyes, clad in a white robe and slippers, and wearing a wreath of white roses in her hair. The friends and relatives brought up the procession; and a troop of village urchins came shouting along in the rear, scrambling among themselves for the largess of sous and sugar-plums that now and then issued in large handfuls from the pockets of a lean man in black, who seemed to officiate as master of ceremonies on the occasion. I gazed on the procession till it was out of sight; and when the last wheeze of the clarionet died upon my ear, I could not help thinking how happy were they who were thus to dwell together in the peaceful bosom of their native village, far from the gilded misery and the pestilential vices of the town.

On the evening of the same day I was sitting by the window, enjoying the freshness of the air and the beauty and stillness of the hour, when I heard the distant and solemn hymn of the Catholic burial-service, at first so faint and indistinct that it seemed an illusion. It rose mournfully on the hush of the evening,—died gradually away,—then ceased. Then it rose again, nearer and more distinct, and soon after a funeral procession appeared, and passed directly beneath my window. It was led by a priest, bearing the banner of the church, and followed by two boys, holding long flambeaux in their hands. Next came a double file of priests in white surplices, with a missal in one hand and a lighted wax taper in the other, chanting the funeral dirge at intervals,—now pausing, and then again taking up the mournful burden of their lamentation, accompanied by others, who played

upon a rude kind of horn, with a dismal and wailing sound. Then followed various symbols of the church, and the bier borne on the shoulders of four men. The coffin was covered with a black velvet pall, and a chaplet of white flowers lay upon it, indicating that the deceased was unmarried. A few of the villagers came behind, clad in mourning robes, and bearing lighted tapers. The procession paced slowly along the same street that in the morning had been thronged by the gay bridal company. A melancholy train of thought forced itself home upon my mind. The joys and sorrows of this world are strikingly mingled ! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact ! We laugh while others weep, —and others rejoice when we are sad ! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side and go about together ! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding-feast and the funeral-pall ! The bridal-song mingles with the burial-hymn ! One goes to the marriage-bed, another to the grave ; and all is mutable, uncertain, and transitory !

It is with sensations of pure delight that I recur to the brief period of my existence which was passed in the peaceful shades of Auteuil. There is one kind of wisdom which we learn from the world, and another kind which can be acquired in solitude only. In cities we study those around us ; but in the retirement of the country we learn to know ourselves. The voice within us is more distinctly audible in the stillness of the place ; and the gentler affections of our nature spring up more freshly in its tranquillity and sunshine, —nurtured by the healthy principle which we inhale with the pure air, and invigorated by the genial influences which descend into the heart from the quiet of the sylvan solitude around, and the soft serenity of the sky above.

JACQUELINE.

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost,
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

SHAKESPEARE.

“**D**EAR mother, is it not the bell I hear?”

“Yes, my child; the bell for morning prayers.
It is Sunday to-day.”

“I had forgotten it. But now all days are alike to me. Hark! it sounds again,—louder,—louder. Open the window, for I love the sound. There, the sunshine and the fresh morning air revive me. And the church-bell,—O mother,—it reminds me of the holy Sunday mornings by the Loire,—so calm, so hushed, so beautiful! Now give me my prayer-book, and draw the curtain back, that I may see the green trees and the church spire. I feel better to-day, dear mother.”

It was a bright, cloudless morning in August. The dew still glistened on the trees; and a slight breeze wafted to the sick-chamber of Jacqueline the song of the birds, the rustle of the leaves, and the solemn chime of the church-bells. She had been raised up in bed, and, reclining upon the pillow, was gazing wistfully upon the quiet scene without. Her mother gave her the prayer-book, and then turned away to hide a tear that stole down her cheek.

At length the bells ceased. Jacqueline crossed herself, kissed a pearl crucifix that hung around her neck, and opened the silver clasps of her missal. For a time she seemed wholly absorbed in her devotions. Her lips moved,

but no sound was audible. At intervals the solemn voice of the priest was heard at a distance, and then the confused responses of the congregation, dying away in inarticulate murmurs. Ere long the thrilling chant of the Catholic service broke upon the ear. At first it was low, solemn, and indistinct; then it became more earnest and entreating, as if interceding and imploring pardon for sin; and then arose louder and louder, full, harmonious, majestic, as it wafted the song of praise to heaven—and suddenly ceased. Then the sweet tones of the organ were heard,—trembling, thrilling, and rising higher and higher, and filling the whole air with their rich, melodious music. What exquisite accords!—what noble harmonies!—what touching pathos! The soul of the sick girl seemed to kindle into more ardent devotion, and to be rapt away to heaven in the full, harmonious chorus, as it swelled onward, doubling and redoubling, and rolling upward in a full burst of rapturous devotion! Then all was hushed again. Once more the low sound of the bell smote the air, and announced the elevation of the host. The invalid seemed entranced in prayer. Her book had fallen beside her,—her hands were clasped,—her eyes closed,—her soul retired within its secret chambers. Then a more triumphant peal of bells arose. The tears gushed from her closed and swollen lids; her cheek was flushed; she opened her dark eyes, and fixed them with an expression of deep adoration and penitence upon an image of the Saviour on the cross, which hung at the foot of her bed, and her lips again moved in prayer. Her countenance expressed the deepest resignation. She seemed to ask only that she might die in peace, and go to the bosom of her Redeemer.

The mother was kneeling by the window, with her face

concealed in the folds of the curtain. She arose, and, going to the bedside of her child, threw her arms around her and burst into tears.

“ My dear mother, I shall not live long ; I feel it here. This piercing pain,—at times it seizes me, and I cannot—cannot breathe.”

“ My child, you will be better soon.”

“ Yes, mother, I shall be better soon. All tears, and pain, and sorrow will be over. The hymn of adoration and entreaty I have just heard, I shall never hear again on earth. Next Sabbath, mother, kneel again by that window as to-day. I shall not be here, upon this bed of pain and sickness ; but when you hear the solemn hymn of worship, and the beseeching tones that wing the spirit up to God, think, mother, that I am there, with my sweet sister who has gone before us,—kneeling at our Saviour’s feet, and happy,—O, how happy !”

The afflicted mother made no reply,—her heart was too full to speak.

“ You remember, mother, how calmly Amie died. Poor child, she was so young and beautiful ! I always pray that I may die as she did. I do not fear death, as I did before she was taken from us. But, O,—this pain,—this cruel pain !—it seems to draw my mind back from heaven. When it leaves me, I shall die in peace.”

“ My poor child ! God’s holy will be done !”

The invalid soon sank into a quiet slumber. The excitement was over, and exhausted nature sought relief in sleep.

The persons between whom this scene passed were a widow and her sick daughter, from the neighborhood of Tours. They had left the banks of the Loire to consult the more experienced physicians of the metropolis, and

had been directed to the *Maison de santé* at Auteuil for the benefit of the pure air. But all in vain. The health of the uncomplaining patient grew worse and worse, and it soon became evident that the closing scene was drawing near.

Of this Jacqueline herself seemed conscious ; and towards evening she expressed a wish to receive the last sacraments of the church. A priest was sent for ; and ere long the tinkling of a little bell in the street announced his approach. He bore in his hand a silver vase containing the consecrated wafer, and a small vessel filled with the holy oil of the extreme unction hung from his neck. Before him walked a boy carrying a little bell, whose sound announced the passing of these symbols of the Catholic faith. In the rear, a few of the villagers, bearing lighted wax tapers, formed a short and melancholy procession. They soon entered the sick-chamber, and the glimmer of the tapers mingled with the red light of the setting sun that shot his farewell rays through the open window. The vessel of oil and the vase containing the consecrated wafer were placed upon the table in front of a crucifix that hung upon the wall, and all present, excepting the priest, threw themselves upon their knees. The priest then approached the bed of the dying girl, and said, in a slow and solemn tone,—

“ The King of kings and Lord of lords has passed thy threshold. Is thy spirit ready to receive him ? ”

“ It is, father. ”

“ Hast thou confessed thy sins ? ”

“ Holy father, no. ”

“ Confess thyself, then, that thy sins may be forgiven, and thy name recorded in the book of life. ”

And, turning to the kneeling crowd around, he waved his hand for them to retire, and was left alone with the

sick girl. He seated himself beside her pillow, and the subdued whisper of the confession mingled with the murmur of the evening air, which lifted the heavy folds of the curtains, and stole in upon the holy scene. Poor Jacqueline had few sins to confess,—a secret thought or two towards the pleasures and delights of the world,—a wish to live, unuttered, but which, to the eye of her self-accusing spirit, seemed to resist the wise providence of God;—no more. The confession of a meek and lowly heart is soon made. The door was again opened; the attendants entered, and knelt around the bed, and the priest proceeded,—

“And now prepare thyself to receive with contrite heart the body of our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Dost thou believe that our Lord Jesus Christ was conceived by the Holy Spirit, and born of the Virgin Mary?”

“I believe.”

And all present joined in the solemn response,—

“I believe.”

“Dost thou believe that the Father is God, that the Son is God, and that the Holy Spirit is God,—three persons and one God?”

“I believe.”

“Dost thou believe that the Son is seated on the right hand of the Majesty on high, whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead?”

“I believe.”

“Dost thou believe that by the holy sacraments of the church thy sins are forgiven thee, and that thus thou art made worthy of eternal life?”

“I believe.”

“Dost thou pardon, with all thy heart, all who have offended thee in thought, word, or deed?”

“I pardon them.”

“And dost thou ask pardon of God and thy neighbor for all offences thou hast committed against them, either in thought, word or deed?”

“I do!”

“Then repeat after me,—O Lord Jesus, I am not worthy, nor do I merit, that thy divine majesty should enter this poor tenement of clay; but, according to thy holy promises, be my sins forgiven, and my soul washed white from all transgression.”

Then, taking a consecrated wafer from the vase, he placed it between the lips of the dying girl, and, while the assistant sounded the little silver bell, said,—

“Corpus Domini nostri Jesu Christi custodiat animam tuam in vitam eternam.”

And the kneeling crowd smote their breasts and responded in one solemn voice,—

“Amen!”

The priest then took from the silver box on the table a little golden rod, and, dipping it in holy oil, anointed the invalid upon the hands, feet, and breast in the form of the cross. When these ceremonies were completed, the priest and his attendants retired, leaving the mother alone with her dying child, who, from the exhaustion caused by the preceding scene, sank into a deathlike sleep.

“Between two worlds life hovered like a star,
’Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon’s verge.”

The long twilight of the summer evening stole on; the shadows deepened without, and the night-lamp glimmered feebly in the sick-chamber; but still she slept. She was lying with her hands clasped upon her breast,—her pallid cheek resting upon the pillow, and her bloodless lips

apart, but motionless and silent as the sleep of death. Not a breath interrupted the silence of her slumber. Not a movement of the heavy and sunken eyelid, not a trembling of the lip, not a shadow on the marble brow, told when the spirit took its flight. It passed to a better world than this :—

“There’s a perpetual spring,—perpetual youth ;
No joint-benumbing cold, nor scorching heat,
Famine, nor age, have any being there.”

THE SEXAGENARIAN.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old, with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg?

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE he goes, in his long russet surtout, sweeping down yonder gravel-walk, beneath the trees, like a yellow leaf in autumn wafted along by a fitful gust of wind. Now he pauses,—now seems to be whirled round in an eddy,—and now rustles and brushes onward again. He is talking to himself in an undertone, as usual, and flourishes a pinch of snuff between his forefinger and his thumb, ever and anon drumming on the cover of his box, by way of emphasis, with a sound like the tap of a woodpecker. He always takes a morning walk in the garden,—in fact, I may say he passes the greater part of the day there, either strolling up and down the gravel-walks, or sitting on a rustic bench in one of the leafy arbors. He always wears that same dress, too; at least I have never seen him in any other; a bell-crowned hat, a frilled bosom, and white dimity waistcoat soiled with snuff,—light nankeen smalls, and, over all, that long and flowing surtout of russet-brown Circassian, hanging in wrinkles round his slender body, and toying with his thin, rakish legs. Such is his constant garb, morning and evening; and it gives him a cool and breezy look, even in the heat of a noonday in August.

The personage sketched in the preceding paragraph is Monsieur d'Argentville, a sexagenarian, with whom I

became acquainted during my residence at the *Maison de santé* of Auteuil. I found him there, and left him there. Nobody knew when he came,—he had been there from time immemorial ; nor when he was going away,—for he himself did not know ; nor what ailed him,—for though he was always complaining, yet he grew neither better nor worse, never consulted the physician, and ate voraciously three times a day. At table he was rather peevish, troubled his neighbors with his elbows, and uttered the monosyllable pish ! rather oftener than good breeding and a due deference to the opinions of others seemed to justify. As soon as he seated himself at table, he breathed into his tumbler, and wiped it out with a napkin ; then wiped his plate, his spoon, his knife and fork in succession, and each with great care. After this he placed the napkin under his chin by way of bib and tucker ; and, these preparations being completed, gave full swing to an appetite which was not inappropriately denominated, by one of our guests, “*une faim canine*.”

The old gentleman's weak side was an affectation of youth and gallantry. Though “written down old, with all the characters of age,” yet at times he seemed to think himself in the heyday of life ; and the assiduous court he paid to a fair countess, who was passing the summer at the *Maison de santé*, was the source of no little merriment to all but himself. He loved, too, to recall the golden age of his amours ; and would discourse with prolix eloquence, and a faint twinkle in his watery eye, of his *bonnes fortunes* in times of old, and the rigors that many a fair dame had suffered on his account. Indeed, his chief pride seemed to be to make his hearers believe that he had been a dangerous man in his youth, and was not yet quite safe.

As I also was a peripatetic of the garden, we encountered each other at every turn. At first our conversation was limited to the usual salutations of the day ; but ere long our casual acquaintance ripened into a kind of intimacy. Step by step I won my way,—first into his society,—then into his snuff-box,—and then into his heart. He was a great talker, and he found in me what he found in no other inmate of the house,—a good listener, who never interrupted his long stories, nor contradicted his opinions. So he talked down one alley and up another,—from breakfast till dinner,—from dinner till midnight,—at all times and in all places, when he could catch me by the button, till at last he had confided to my ear all the important and unimportant events of a life of sixty years.

Monsieur d'Argentville was a shoot from a wealthy family of Nantes. Just before the Revolution, he went up to Paris to study law at the University, and, like many other wealthy scholars of his age, was soon involved in the intrigues and dissipation of the metropolis. He first established himself in the Rue de l'Université ; but a roguish pair of eyes at an opposite window soon drove from the field such heavy tacticians as Hugues Doneau and Gui Coquille. A flirtation was commenced in due form ; and a flag of truce, offering to capitulate, was sent in the shape of a billet-doux. In the meantime he regularly amused his leisure hours by blowing kisses across the street with an old pair of bellows. One afternoon, as he was occupied in this way, a tall gentleman with whiskers stepped into the room, just as he had charged the bellows to the muzzle. He muttered something about an explanation,—his sister,—marriage,—and the satisfaction of a gentleman ! Perhaps there is no situation in life so awkward to a man of real sensibility as that of being awed

into matrimony or a duel by the whiskers of a tall brother. There was but one alternative ; and the next morning a placard at the window of the Bachelor of Love, with the words “Furnished Apartment to let,” showed that the former occupant had found it convenient to change lodgings.

He next appeared in the Chaussée-d’Antin, where he assiduously prepared himself for future exigencies by a course of daily lessons in the use of the small-sword. He soon after quarrelled with his best friend, about a little actress on the Boulevard, and had the satisfaction of being jilted, and then run through the body at the Bois de Boulogne. This gave him new *éclat* in the fashionable world, and consequently he pursued pleasure with a keener relish than ever. He next had the *grande passion*, and narrowly escaped marrying an heiress of great expectations, and a countless number of châteaux. Just before the catastrophe, however, he had the good fortune to discover that the lady’s expectations were limited to his own pocket, and that, as for her châteaux, they were all Châteaux en Espagne.

About this time his father died ; and the hopeful son was hardly well established in his inheritance, when the Revolution broke out. Unfortunately he was a firm upholder of the divine right of kings, and had the honor of being among the first of the proscribed. He narrowly escaped the guillotine by jumping on board a vessel bound for America, and arrived at Boston with only a few francs in his pocket ; but, as he knew how to accommodate himself to circumstances, he contrived to live along by teaching fencing and French, and keeping a dancing-school and a milliner.

At the restoration of the Bourbons, he returned to

France ; and from that time to the day of our acquaintance had been engaged in a series of vexatious lawsuits, in the hope of recovering a portion of his property, which had been intrusted to a friend for safe keeping at the commencement of the Revolution. His friend, however, denied all knowledge of the transaction, and the assignment was very difficult to prove. Twelve years of unsuccessful litigation had completely soured the old gentleman's temper, and made him peevish and misanthropic ; and he had come to Auteuil merely to escape the noise of the city, and to brace his shattered nerves with pure air and quiet amusements. There he idled the time away, sauntering about the garden of the *Maison de santé*, talking to himself when he could get no other listener, and occasionally reinforcing his misanthropy with a dose of the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld, or a visit to the scene of his duel in the Bois de Boulogne.

Poor Monsieur d'Argentville ! What a miserable life he led,—or rather dragged on, from day to day ! A petulant, broken-down old man, who had outlived his fortune, and his friends, and his hopes,—yea, everything but the sting of bad passions and the recollection of a life ill-spent ! Whether he still walks the earth or slumbers in its bosom, I know not ; but a lively recollection of him will always mingle with my reminiscences of Auteuil.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.

Oblivion is not to be hired. The greater part must be content to be as though they had not been,—to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S URN BURIAL.

THE cemetery of Père la Chaise is the Westminster Abbey of Paris. Both are the dwellings of the dead ; but in one they repose in green alleys and beneath the open sky,—in the other their resting-place is in the shadowy aisle, and beneath the dim arches of an ancient abbey. One is a temple of nature ; the other a temple of art. In one, the soft melancholy of the scene is rendered still more touching by the warble of birds and the shade of trees, and the grave receives the gentle visit of the sunshine and the shower : in the other, no sound but the passing footfall breaks the silence of the place ; the twilight steals in through high and dusky windows ; and the damps of the gloomy vault lie heavy on the heart, and leave their stain upon the mouldering tracery of the tomb.

Père la Chaise stands just beyond the Barrière d'Aulney, on a hill-side, looking towards the city. Numerous gravel-walks winding through shady avenues and between marble monuments, lead up from the principal entrance to a chapel on the summit. There is hardly a grave that has not its little enclosure planted with shrubbery ; and a thick mass of foliage half conceals each funeral stone. The sighing of the wind, as the branches rise and

fall upon it,—the occasional note of a bird among the trees, and the shifting of light and shade upon the tombs beneath, have a soothing effect upon the mind ; and I doubt whether any one can enter that enclosure, where repose the dust and ashes of so many great and good men, without feeling the religion of the place steal over him, and seeing something of the dark and gloomy expression pass off from the stern countenance of death.

It was near the close of a bright summer afternoon that I visited this celebrated spot for the first time. The first object that arrested my attention, on entering, was a monument in the form of a small Gothic chapel, which stands near the entrance, in the avenue leading to the right hand. On the marble couch within are stretched two figures, in carved stone and dressed in the antique garb of the Middle Ages. It is the tomb of Abélard and Héloïse. The history of these unfortunate lovers is too well known to need recapitulation ; but perhaps it is not so well known how often their ashes were disturbed in the slumber of the grave. Abélard died in the monastery of Saint Marcel, and was buried in the vaults of the church. His body was afterward removed to the convent of the Paraclet, at the request of Héloïse, and at her death her body was deposited in the same tomb. Three centuries they reposed together ; after which they were separated to different sides of the church, to calm the delicate scruples of the lady-abbess of the convent. More than a century afterward they were again united in the same tomb ; and when at length the Paraclet was destroyed, these mouldering remains were transported to the church of Nogent-sur-Seine. They were next deposited in an ancient cloister at Paris ; and now repose near the gateway of the cemetery of Père la Chaise. What a singular destiny was theirs ! that, after

a life of such passionate and disastrous love,—such sorrows, and tears, and penitence,—their very dust should not be suffered to rest quietly in the grave!—that their death should so much resemble their life in its changes and vicissitudes, its partings and its meetings, its inquietudes and persecutions!—that mistaken zeal should follow them down to the very tomb,—as if earthly passion could glimmer, like a funeral lamp, amid the damp of the charnel-house, and “even in their ashes burn their wonted fires!”

As I gazed on the sculptured forms before me, and the little chapel, whose Gothic roof seemed to protect their marble sleep, my busy memory swung back the dark portals of the past, and the picture of their sad and eventful lives came up before me in the gloomy distance. What a lesson for those who are endowed with the fatal gift of genius! It would seem, indeed, that He who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb” tempers also his chastisements to the errors and infirmities of a weak and simple mind,—while the transgressions of him upon whose nature are more strongly marked the intellectual attributes of the Deity are followed, even upon earth, by severer tokens of the Divine displeasure. He who sins in the darkness of a benighted intellect sees not so clearly, through the shadows that surround him, the countenance of an offended God; but he who sins in the broad noonday of a clear and radiant mind, when at length the delirium of sensual passion has subsided, and the cloud flits away from before the sun, trembles beneath the searching eye of that accusing power which is strong in the strength of a godlike intellect. Thus the mind and the heart are closely linked together, and the errors of genius bear with them their own chastisement, even upon earth. The history of

Abélard and Héloïse is an illustration of this truth. But at length they sleep well. Their lives are like a tale that is told ; their errors are “folded up like a book” ; and what mortal hand shall break the seal that death has set upon them ?

Leaving this interesting tomb behind me, I took a pathway to the left, which conducted me up the hill-side. I soon found myself in the deep shade of heavy foliage, where the branches of the yew and willow mingled, interwoven with the tendrils and blossoms of the honeysuckle. I now stood in the most populous part of this city of tombs. Every step awakened a new train of thrilling recollections ; for at every step my eye caught the name of some one whose glory had exalted the character of his native land, and resounded across the waters of the Atlantic. Philosophers, historians, musicians, warriors, and poets slept side by side around me ; some beneath the gorgeous monument, and some beneath the simple headstone. There were the graves of Fourcroi and Haüy ; of Ginguené and Volney ; of Grétry and Méhul ; of Ney, and Foy, and Masséna ; of La Fontaine and Molière, and Chénier and Delille and Parny. But the political intrigue, the dream of science, the historical research, the ravishing harmony of sound, the tried courage, the inspiration of the lyre,—where are they ? With the living, and not with the dead ! The right hand has lost its cunning in the grave ; but the soul, whose high volitions it obeyed, still lives to reproduce itself in ages yet to come.

Among these graves of genius I observed here and there a splendid monument, which had been raised by the pride of family over the dust of men who could lay no claim either to the gratitude or remembrance of posterity.

Their presence seemed like an intrusion into the sanctuary of genius. What had wealth to do there? Why should it crowd the dust of the great? That was no thoroughfare of business,—no mart of gain! There were no costly banquets there; no silken garments, nor gaudy liveries, nor obsequious attendants! “What servants,” says Jeremy Taylor, “shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?” Material wealth gives a factitious superiority to the living, but the treasures of intellect give a real superiority to the dead; and the rich man, who would not deign to walk the street with the starving and penniless man of genius, deems it an honor, when death has redeemed the fame of the neglected, to have his own ashes laid beside him, and to claim with him the silent companionship of the grave.

I continued my walk through the numerous winding paths, as chance or curiosity directed me. Now I was lost in a little green hollow, overhung with thick-leaved shrubbery, and then came out upon an elevation, from which, through an opening in the trees, the eye caught glimpses of the city, and the little esplanade, at the foot of the hill, where the poor lie buried. There poverty hires its grave, and takes but a short lease of the narrow house. At the end of a few months, or at most of a few years, the tenant is dislodged to give place to another, and he in turn to a third. “Who,” says Dr. Thomas Browne, “knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes, or whither they are to be scattered?”

Yet, even in that neglected corner, the hand of affec-

tion had been busy in decorating the hired house. Most of the graves were surrounded with a slight wooden paling, to secure them from the passing footstep ; there was hardly one so deserted as not to be marked with its little wooden cross, and decorated with a garland of flowers ; and here and there I could perceive a solitary mourner, clothed in black, stooping to plant a shrub on the grave, or sitting in motionless sorrow beside it.

As I passed on, amid the shadowy avenues of the cemetery, I could not help comparing my own impressions with those which others have felt when walking alone among the dwellings of the dead. Are, then, the sculptured urn and storied monument nothing more than symbols of family pride ? Is all I see around me a memorial of the living more than of the dead,—an empty show of sorrow, which thus vaunts itself in mournful pageant and funeral parade ? Is it indeed true, as some have said, that the simple wild-flower, which springs spontaneously upon the grave, and the rose, which the hand of affection plants there, are fitter objects wherewith to adorn the narrow house ? No ! I feel that it is not so ! Let the good and the great be honored even in the grave. Let the sculptured marble direct our footsteps to the scene of their long sleep ; let the chiselled epitaph repeat their names, and tell us where repose the nobly good and wise ! It is not true that all are equal in the grave. There is no equality even there. The mere handful of dust and ashes,—the mere distinction of prince and beggar,—of a rich winding-sheet and a shroudless burial,—of a solitary grave and a family vault,—were this all,—then, indeed, it would be true that death is a common leveller. Such paltry distinctions as those of wealth and poverty are soon levelled by the spade and mattock ; the damp breath of the grave

blots them out forever. But there are other distinctions which even the mace of death cannot level or obliterate. Can it break down the distinction of virtue and vice? Can it confound the good with the bad? the noble with the base? all that is truly great, and pure, and godlike, with all that is scorned, and sinful, and degraded? No! Then death is not a common leveller! Are all alike beloved in death and honored in their burial? Is that ground holy where the bloody hand of the murderer sleeps from crime? Does every grave awaken the same emotions in our hearts? and do the footsteps of the stranger pause as long beside each funeral-stone? No! Then all are not equal in the grave! And as long as the good and evil deeds of men live after them, so long will there be distinctions even in the grave. The superiority of one over another is in the nobler and better emotions which it excites; in its more fervent admonitions to virtue; in the livelier recollection which it awakens of the good and the great, whose bodies are crumbling to dust beneath our feet!

If, then, there are distinctions in the grave, surely it is not unwise to designate them by the external marks of honor. These outward appliances and memorials of respect,—the mournful urn,—the sculptured bust,—the epitaph eloquent in praise,—cannot indeed create these distinctions, but they serve to mark them. It is only when pride or wealth builds them to honor the slave of mammon or the slave of appetite, when the voice from the grave rebukes the false and pompous epitaph, and the dust and ashes of the tomb seem struggling to maintain the superiority of mere worldly rank, and to carry into the grave the bawbles of earthly vanity,—it is then, and then only, that we feel how utterly worthless are all the devices of sculpture, and the empty pomp of monumental brass!

After rambling leisurely about for some time, reading the inscriptions on the various monuments which attracted my curiosity, and giving way to the different reflections they suggested, I sat down to rest myself on a sunken tombstone. A winding gravel-walk, overshadowed by an avenue of trees, and lined on both sides with richly sculptured monuments, had gradually conducted me to the summit of the hill, upon whose slope the cemetery stands. Beneath me in the distance, and dim-discovered through the misty and smoky atmosphere of evening, rose the countless roofs and spires of the city. Beyond, throwing his level rays athwart the dusky landscape, sank the broad red sun. The distant murmur of the city rose upon my ear ; and the toll of the evening bell came up, mingled with the rattle of the paved street and the confused sounds of labor. What an hour for meditation ! What a contrast between the metropolis of the living and the metropolis of the dead ! I could not help calling to my mind that allegory of mortality, written by a hand which has been many a long year cold :—

“ Earth goeth upon earth as man upon mould,
Like as earth upon earth never go should,
Earth goeth upon earth as glistening gold,
And yet shall earth unto earth rather than he would.

“ Lo, earth on earth, consider thou may,
How earth cometh to earth naked alway,
Why shall earth upon earth go stout or gay,
Since earth out of earth shall pass in poor array.” *

* I subjoin this relic of old English verse entire, and in its antiquated language, for those of my readers who may have an antiquarian taste. It is copied from a book whose title I have forgotten, and of which I have but a single leaf, containing the poem. In de

Before I left the graveyard the shades of evening had fallen, and the objects around me grown dim and indistinct. As I passed the gateway, I turned to take a parting look. I could distinguish only the chapel on the summit of the hill, and here and there a lofty obelisk of snow-white marble, rising from the black and heavy mass

scribing the antiquities of the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, the writer gives the following account of a very old painting upon the wall, and of the poem which served as its motto. The painting is no longer visible, having been effaced in repairing the church.

“Against the west wall of the nave, on the south side of the arch, was painted the martyrdom of Thomas-à-Becket, while kneeling at the altar of St. Benedict in Canterbury cathedral; below this was the figure of an angel, probably St. Michael, supporting a long scroll, upon which were seven stanzas in old English, being an allegory of mortality:—

“ Erthe oute of Erthe ys wondurly wroght
 Erth hath gotyn uppon erth a dygnyte of noght
 Erth ypon erth hath sett all hys thowht
 How erth apon erth may be hey browght

“ Erth apon erth wold be a kyng
 But how that erth gott to erth he thyngkys nothyng
 When erth byddys erth hys rentys whom bryng
 Then schall erth apon erth have a hard ptyng

“ Erth apon erth wynnys castellys and towrys
 Then seth erth unto erth thys ys all owrys
 When erth apon erth hath bylde hys bowrys
 Then schall erth for erth suffur many hard schowrys

“ Erth goth apon erth as man apon mowld
 Lyke as erth apon erth never goo schold
 Erth goth apon erth as gelsteryng gold
 And yet schall erth unto erth rather than he wold

of foliage around, and pointing upward to the gleam of the departed sun, that still lingered in the sky, and mingled with the soft starlight of a summer evening.

“ Why that erth loveth erth wondur me thynke
Or why that erth wold for erth other swett or swynke
When erth apon erth ys broght wt. yn the brynke
Then schall erth apon erth have a fowll stynke

“ Lo erth on erth consedur thow may
How erth comyth to erth nakyd all way
Why schall erth apon erth goo stowte or gay
Seth erth owt of erth schall passe yn poor aray

“ I counsill erth apon erth that ys wondurly wroght
The whyl yt. erth ys apon erth to torne hys thowht
And pray to god upon erth yt. all erth wroght
That all crystyn soullys to ye. blys may be broght

“ Beneath were two men, holding a scroll over a body wrapped in a winding sheet, and covered with some emblems of mortality,” etc.

THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

Je ne conçois qu'une manière de voyager plus agréable que d'aller à cheval ; c'est d'aller à pied. On part à son moment, on s'arrête à sa volonté, on fait tant et si peu d'exercice qu'on veut.

Quand on ne veut qu'arriver, on peut courir en chaise de poste ; mais quand on veut voyager, il faut aller à pied.

ROUSSEAU.

IN the melancholy month of October, I made a foot excursion along the banks of the Loire, from Orléans to Tours. This luxuriant region is justly called the garden of France. From Orléans to Blois, the whole valley of the Loire is one continued vineyard. The bright green foliage of the vine spreads, like the undulations of the sea, over all the landscape, with here and there a silver flash of the river, a sequestered hamlet, or the towers of an old château, to enliven and variegate the scene.

The vintage had already commenced. The peasantry were busy in the fields,—the song that cheered their labor was on the breeze, and the heavy wagon tottered by, laden with the clusters of the vine. Everything around me wore that happy look which makes the heart glad. In the morning I arose with the lark ; and at night I slept where sunset overtook me. The healthy exercise of foot-travelling, the pure, bracing air of autumn, and the cheerful aspect of the whole landscape about me, gave fresh elasticity to a mind not overburdened with care, and made me forget not only the fatigue of walking, but also the consciousness of being alone.

My first day's journey brought me at evening to a vil-

lage, whose name I have forgotten, situated about eight leagues from Orléans. It is a small, obscure hamlet, not mentioned in the guide-book, and stands upon the precipitous banks of a deep ravine, through which a noisy brook leaps down to turn the ponderous wheel of a thatch-roofed mill. The village inn stands upon the highway; but the village itself is not visible to the traveller as he passes. It is completely hidden in the lap of a wooded valley, and so embowered in trees that not a roof nor a chimney peeps out to betray its hiding-place. It is like the nest of a ground-swallow, which the passing footstep almost treads upon, and yet it is not seen. I passed by without suspecting that a village was near; and the little inn had a look so uninviting that I did not even enter it.

After proceeding a mile or two farther, I perceived, upon my left, a village spire rising over the vineyards. Towards this I directed my footsteps; but it seemed to recede as I advanced, and at last quite disappeared. It was evidently many miles distant; and as the path I followed descended from the highway, it had gradually sunk beneath a swell of the vine-clad landscape. I now found myself in the midst of an extensive vineyard. It was just sunset; and the last golden rays lingered on the rich and mellow scenery around me. The peasantry were still busy at their task; and the occasional bark of a dog, and the distant sound of an evening bell, gave fresh romance to the scene. The reality of many a day-dream of childhood, of many a poetic revery of youth, was before me. I stood at sunset amid the luxuriant vineyards of France!

The first person I met was a poor old woman, a little bowed down with age, gathering grapes into a large basket. She was dressed like the poorest class of peas-

antry, and pursued her solitary task alone, heedless of the cheerful gossip and the merry laugh which came from a band of more youthful vintagers at a short distance from her. She was so intently engaged in her work, that she did not perceive my approach until I bade her good evening. On hearing my voice, she looked up from her labor, and returned the salutation ; and, on my asking her if there were a tavern or a farm-house in the neighborhood where I could pass the night, she showed me the pathway through the vineyard that led to the village, and then added, with a look of curiosity,—

“ You must be a stranger, sir, in these parts.”

“ Yes ; my home is very far from here.”

“ How far ? ”

“ More than a thousand leagues.”

The old woman looked incredulous.

“ I came from a distant land beyond the sea.”

“ More than a thousand leagues ! ” at length repeated she ; “ and why have you come so far from home ? ”

“ To travel ;—to see how you live in this country.”

“ Have you no relations in your own ? ”

“ Yes ; I have both brothers and sisters, a father and—”

“ And a mother ? ”

“ Thank Heaven, I have.”

“ And did you leave *her* ? ”

Here the old woman gave me a piercing look of reproof ; shook her head mournfully, and, with a deep sigh, as if some painful recollection had been awakened in her bosom, turned again to her solitary task. I felt rebuked ; for there is something almost prophetic in the admonitions of the old. The eye of age looks meekly into my heart ! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it ! the

hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies ! I venerate old age ; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sundown of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding !

I pursued the pathway which led towards the village, and the next person I encountered was an old man, stretched lazily beneath the vines upon a little strip of turf, at a point where four paths met, forming a crossway in the vineyard. He was clad in a coarse garb of gray, with a pair of long gaiters or spatter-dashes. Beside him lay a blue cloth-cap, a staff, and an old weather-beaten knapsack. I saw at once that he was a foot-traveller like myself, and therefore, without more ado, entered into conversation with him. From his language, and the peculiar manner in which he now and then wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand, as if in search of the mustache which was no longer there, I judged that he had been a soldier. In this opinion I was not mistaken. He had served under Napoleon, and had followed the imperial eagle across the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the burning sands of Egypt. Like every *vieille moustache*, he spake with enthusiasm of the Little Corporal, and cursed the English, the Germans, the Spanish, and every other race on earth, except the great nation,—his own.

“I like,” said he, “after a long day’s march, to lie down in this way upon the grass, and enjoy the cool of the evening. It reminds me of the bivouacs of other days, and of old friends who are now up there.”

Here he pointed with his finger to the sky.

“They have reached the last *étape* before me, ~~on~~ the

long march. But I shall go soon. We shall all meet again at the last roll-call. A soldier has a heart, and can feel like other men. *Sacré nom de* — ! There's a tear !”

He wiped it away with his sleeve.

Here our colloquy was interrupted by the approach of a group of vintagers, who were returning homeward from their labor. To this party I joined myself, and invited the old soldier to do the same ; but he shook his head.

“I thank you ; my pathway lies in a different direction.”

“But there is no other village near, and the sun has already set.”

“No matter, I am used to sleeping on the ground. Good night.”

I left the old man to his meditations, and walked on in company with the vintagers. Following a well-trodden pathway through the vineyards, we soon descended the valley's slope, and I suddenly found myself in the bosom of one of those little hamlets from which the laborer rises to his toil as the skylark to his song. My companions wished me a good night, as each entered his own thatch-roofed cottage, and a little girl led me out to the very inn which an hour or two before I had disdained to enter.

When I awoke in the morning, a brilliant autumnal sun was shining in at my window. The merry song of birds mingled sweetly with the sound of rustling leaves and the gurgle of the brook. The vintagers were going forth to their toil ; the wine-press was busy in the shade, and the clatter of the mill kept time to the miller's song. I loitered about the village with a feeling of calm delight. I was unwilling to leave the seclusion of this sequestered

hamlet ; but at length, with reluctant step, I took the cross-road through the vineyard, and in a moment the little village had sunk again, as if by enchantment, into the bosom of the earth.

I breakfasted at the town of Mer ; and, leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long, broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day I found myself before the high and massive walls of the château of Chambord. This château is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within, all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the courtyard, and the rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the courtyard I entered the central tower, and, ascending the principal staircase, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stepped back into the precincts of the feudal ages ; and, as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast, deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me ; and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music and revelry and wassail, echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers !

My third day's journey brought me to the ancient city of Blois, the chief town of the department of Loire-et-Cher. This city is celebrated for the purity with which even the lower classes of inhabitants speak their native tongue. It rises precipitously from the northern bank of

the Loire ; and many of its streets are so steep as to be almost impassable for carriages. On the brow of the hill, overlooking the roofs of the city, and commanding a fine view of the Loire and its noble bridge, and the surrounding country, sprinkled with cottages and country-seats, runs an ample terrace, planted with trees, and laid out as a public walk. The view from this terrace is one of the most beautiful in France. But what most strikes the eye of the traveller at Blois is an old, though still unfinished, château. Its huge parapets of hewn stone stand upon either side of the street ; but they have walled up the wide gateway, from which the colossal drawbridge was to have sprung high in air, connecting together the main towers of the château, and the two hills upon whose slope its foundations stand. The aspect of this vast pile is gloomy and desolate. It seems as if the strong hand of the builder had been arrested in the midst of his task by the stronger hand of death ; and the unfinished fabric stands a lasting monument both of the power and weakness of man,—of his vast desires, his sanguine hopes, his ambitious purposes,—and of the unlooked-for conclusion, where all these desires, and hopes, and purposes are so often arrested. There is also at Blois another ancient château, to which some historic interest is attached, as being the scene of the massacre of the Duke of Guise.

On the following day, I left Blois for Amboise ; and, after walking several leagues along the dusty highway, crossed the river in a boat to the little village of Moines, which lies amid luxuriant vineyards upon the southern bank of the Loire. From Moines to Amboise the road is truly delightful. The rich lowland scenery, by the margin of the river, is verdant even in October ; and occa-

sionally the landscape is diversified with the picturesque cottages of the vintagers, cut in the rock along the roadside, and overhung by the thick foliage of the vines above them.

At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the romantic borders of the Cher and the château of Chennanceau. This beautiful château, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis I. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture,—a dwelling for a warrior; but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

The château of Chennanceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious courtyard in front, from which a drawbridge conducts to the outer hall of the castle. There the armor of Francis I. still hangs upon the wall,—his shield, and helm, and lance,—as if the chivalrous prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows, looking up and down the stream, command a fine reach of pleasant river scenery. This is said to be the only château in France in which the ancient furniture of its original age is preserved. In one part of the building, you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favorite hanging over the

mantelpiece. In another you see the apartment of the infamous Catherine de' Medici; a venerable arm-chair and an autograph letter of Henry IV.; and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums, and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber, of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis I. Doubtless the naked walls and the vast solitary chambers of an old and desolate château inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains,—the faded tapestry on the walls, and the arm-chair by the fireside,—the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to have left their halls for the chase or the tournament; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

Rapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble edifice, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the château, and crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road and a clump of woodland at length shut them out from my sight.

A short time after candle-lighting, I reached the little tavern of the Boule d'Or, a few leagues from Tours, where I passed the night. The following morning was lowering

and sad. A veil of mist hung over the landscape, and ever and anon a heavy shower burst from the overburdened clouds, that were driving by before a high and piercing wind. This unpropitious state of the weather detained me until noon, when a cabriolet for Tours drove up ; and, taking a seat within it, I left the hostess of the Boule d'Or in the middle of a long story about a rich countess, who always alighted there when she passed that way. We drove leisurely along through a beautiful country, till at length we came to the brow of a steep hill, which commands a fine view of the city of Tours and its delightful environs. But the scene was shrouded by the heavy drifting mist, through which I could trace but indistinctly the graceful sweep of the Loire, and the spires and roofs of the city far below me.

The city of Tours and the delicious plain in which it lies have been too often described by other travellers to render a new description, from so listless a pen as mine, either necessary or desirable. After a sojourn of two cloudy and melancholy days, I set out on my return to Paris, by the way of Vendôme and Chartres. I stopped a few hours at the former place, to examine the ruins of a château built by Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry the Fourth. It stands upon the summit of a high and precipitous hill, and almost overhangs the town beneath. The French Revolution has completed the ruin that time had already begun ; and nothing now remains but a broken and crumbling bastion, and here and there a solitary tower dropping slowly to decay. In one of these is the grave of Jeanne d'Albret. A marble entablature in the wall above contains the inscription, which is nearly effaced, though enough still remains to tell the curious traveller that there lies buried the mother of the “ Bon

Henri.” To this is added a prayer that the repose of the dead may be respected,—a prayer which has been shamefully disregarded.

Here ended my foot excursion. The object of my journey was accomplished ; and, delighted with this short ramble through the valley of the Loire, I took my seat in the diligence for Paris, and on the following day was again swallowed up in the crowds of the metropolis, like a drop in the bosom of the sea.

THE TROUVÈRES.

Quant recommence et revient biaux estez,
Que foille et flor respandit par boschage,
Que li froiz tanz de l'hyver est passez,
Et cil oisel chantent en lor langage,
Lors chanterai
Et envoisiez serai
De cuer verai.

JAQUES DE CHISON.

THE literature of France is peculiarly rich in poetry of the olden time. We can trace up the stream of song until it is lost in the deepening shadows of the Middle Ages. Even there it is not a shallow tinkling rill; but it comes like a mountain stream, rushing and sounding onward through the enchanted regions of romance, and mingles its voice with the tramp of steeds and the brazen sound of arms.

The glorious reign of Charlemagne,* at the close of

* The following amusing description of this Restorer of Letters, as his biographers call him, is taken from the fabulous Chronicle of John Turpin, Chap. xx.

“The Emperor was of a ruddy complexion, with brown hair; of a well-made, handsome form, but a stern visage. His height was about eight of his own feet, which were very long. He was of a strong, robust make; his legs and thighs very stout, and his sinews firm. His face was thirteen inches long; his beard a palm; his nose half a palm; his forehead a foot over. His lion-like eyes flashed fire like carbuncles; his eyebrows were half a palm over. When he was angry, it was a terror to look upon him. He required eight spans for his girdle beside what hung loose. He ate spar

the eighth and the commencement of the ninth century, seems to have breathed a spirit of learning as well as of chivalry throughout all France. The monarch established schools and academies in different parts of his realm, and took delight in the society and conversation of learned men. It is amusing to see with what evident self-satisfaction some of the magi whom he gathered around him speak of their exertions in widening the sphere of human knowledge, and pouring in light upon the darkness of their age. "For some," says Alcuin, the director of the school of St. Martin de Tours, "I cause the honey of the Holy Scriptures to flow ; I intoxicate others with the old wine of ancient history ; these I nourish with the fruits of grammar, gathered by my own hands ; and those I enlighten by pointing out to them the stars, like lamps attached by the vaulted ceiling of a great palace !"

Besides this classic erudition of the schools, the age had also its popular literature. Those who were untaught in scholastic wisdom were learned in traditionary lore ; for they had their ballads, in which were described the valor and achievements of the early kings of the Franks. These ballads, of which a collection was made by order of Charlemagne, animated the rude soldier as he rushed to battle, and were sung in the midnight bivouacs of the camp. "Perhaps it is not too much to say," observes the lite-

ingly of bread ; but a whole quarter of lamb, two fowls, a goose, or a large portion of pork ; a peacock, a crane, or a whole hare. He drank moderately of wine and water. He was so strong that he could at a single blow cleave asunder an armed soldier on horseback, from the head to the waist, and the horse likewise. He easily vaulted over four horses harnessed together ; and could raise an armed man from the ground to his head, as he stood erect upon his hand."

rary historian Schlegel, "that we have still in our possession, if not the original language and form, at least the substance, of many of those ancient poems which were collected by the orders of that prince ;—I refer to the Nibelungenlied, and the collection which goes by the name of the Heldenbuch."

When at length the old Tudesque language, which was the court language of Charlemagne, had given place to the Langue d'Oil, the northern dialect of the French Romance, these ancient ballads passed from the memories of the descendants of the Franks, and were succeeded by the romances of Charlemagne and his Twelve Peers,—of Rowland and Olivir, and the other paladins who died at Roncesvalles. Robert Wace, a Norman Trouvère of the twelfth century, says in one of his poems, that a minstrel named Talliefer, mounted on a swift horse, went in front of the Norman army at the battle of Hastings, singing these ancient poems.

These *Chansons de Geste*, or old historic romances of France, are epic in their character, though, without doubt, they were written to be chanted to the sound of an instrument. To what period many of them belong, in their present form, has never yet been fully determined ; and should it finally be proved by philological research that they can claim no higher antiquity than the twelfth or thirteenth century, still there can be little doubt that in their original form many of them reached far back into the ninth or tenth. The long prevalent theory, that the romances of the Twelve Peers of France all originated in the fabulous chronicle of Charlemagne and Rowland, written by the Archbishop Turpin in the twelfth century, if not as yet generally exploded, is nevertheless fast losing ground.

To the twelfth and thirteenth centuries also belong most of the *Fabliaux*, or metrical tales of the *Trouvères*. Many of these compositions are remarkable for the inventive talent they display, but as poems they have, generally speaking, little merit, and at times exhibit such a want of refinement, such open and gross obscenity, as to be highly offensive.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the literary history of France, that, while her antiquarians and scholars have devoted themselves to collecting and illustrating the poetry of the *Troubadours*, the early lyric poets of the South, that of the *Trouvères*, or *Troubadours* of the North, has been almost entirely neglected. By a singular fatality, too, what little time and attention have hitherto been bestowed upon the fathers of French poetry have been so directed as to save from oblivion little of the most valuable portions of their writings ; while the more tedious and worthless parts have been brought forth to the public eye, as if to deaden curiosity, and put an end to further research. The ancient historic romances of the land have, for the most part, been left to slumber unnoticed ; while the lewd and tiresome *Fabliaux* have been ushered into the world as fair specimens of the ancient poetry of France. This has created unjust prejudices in the minds of many against the literature of the olden time, and has led them to regard it as nothing more than a confused mass of coarse and vulgar fictions, adapted to a rude and inelegant state of society.

Of late, however, a more discerning judgment has been brought to the difficult task of ancient research ; and, in consequence of this, the long-established prejudices against the crumbling monuments of the national literature of France during the Middle Ages is fast disappear-

ing. Several learned men are engaged in rescuing from oblivion the ancient poetic romances of Charlemagne and the Twelve Peers of France, and their labors seem destined to throw new light, not only upon the state of literature, but upon the state of society, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

Among the voluminous remains of Troubadour literature, little else has yet been discovered than poems of a lyric character. The lyre of the Troubadour seems to have responded to the impulse of momentary feelings only,—to the touch of local and transitory circumstances. His song was a sudden burst of excited feeling ;—it ceased when the passion was subdued, or rather when its first feverish excitement passed away ; and as the liveliest feelings are the most transitory, the songs which embodied them are short, but full of spirit and energy. On the other hand, the great mass of the poetry of the Trouvères is of a narrative or epic character. The genius of the North seems always to have delighted in romantic fiction ; and whether we attribute the origin of modern romance to the Arabians or to the Scandinavians, this at least is certain that there existed marvellous tales in the Northern languages, and from these, in part at least, the Trouvères imbibed the spirit of narrative poetry. There are no traces of lyric compositions among their writings, till about the commencement of the thirteenth century ; and it seems probable that the spirit of song-writing was imbibed from the Troubadors of the South.

Unfortunately, the neglect which has so long attended the old historic and heroic romances of the North of France has also befallen in some degree its early lyric poetry. Little has yet been done to discover and bring forth its riches ; and doubtless many a sweet little ballad

and melancholy complaint lies buried in the dust of the thirteenth century. It is not, however, my object, in this paper, to give an historical sketch of this ancient and almost forgotten poetry, but simply to bring forward a few specimens which shall exhibit its most striking and obvious characteristics.

In these examples it would be in vain to look for high-wrought expression suited to the prevailing taste of the present day. Their most striking peculiarity, and perhaps their greatest merit, consists in the simple and direct expression of feeling which they contain. This feeling, too, is one which breathes the languor of that submissive homage which was paid to beauty in the days of chivalry; and I am aware, that, in this age of masculine and matter-of-fact thinking, the love-conceits of a more poetic state of society are generally looked upon as extremely trivial and puerile. Nevertheless I shall venture to present one or two of these simple ballads, which, by recalling the distant age wherein they were composed, may peradventure please by the power of contrast.

I have just remarked that one of the greatest beauties of these ancient ditties is *naïveté* of thought and simplicity of expression. These I shall endeavor to preserve as far as possible in the translation, though I am fully conscious how much the sparkling beauty of an original loses in being filtered through the idioms of a foreign language.

The favorite theme of the ancient lyric poets of the North of France is the wayward passion of love. They all delight to sing "*les douces douleurs et li mal plaisant de fine amor.*" With such feelings the beauties of the opening spring are naturally associated. Almost every love-ditty of the old poets commences with some such ex-

ordium as this :—“ When the snows of winter have passed away, when the soft and gentle spring returns, and the flower and leaf shoot in the groves, and the little birds warble to their mates in their own sweet language,—then will I sing my lady-love.”

Another favorite introduction to these little rhapsodies of romantic passion is the approach of morning, and its sweet-voiced herald, the lark. The minstrel's song to his lady-love frequently commences with an allusion to the hour.

“ When the rose-bud opes its een,
And the bluebells droop and die,
And upon the leaves so green
Sparkling dew-drops lie.”

The following is at once the simplest and prettiest piece of this kind which I have ever met with among the early lyric poets of the North of France. It is taken from an anonymous poem, entitled “ The Paradise of Love.” A lover, having passed the “livelong night in tears, as he was wont,” goes forth to beguile his sorrows with the fragrance and beauty of morning. The carol of the vaulting skylark salutes his ear, and to this merry musician he makes his complaint.

“ Hark ! hark !
Pretty lark !
Little heedest thou my pain !
But if to these longing arms
Pitying Love would yield the charms
Of the fair
With smiling air,
Blithe would beat my heart again.

“Hark ! hark !
 Pretty lark !
 Little heedest thou my pain !
 Love may force me still to bear,
 While he lists, consuming care
 But in anguish
 Though I languish,
 Faithful shall my heart remain.

“Hark ! hark !
 Pretty lark !
 Little heedest thou my pain !
 Then cease, Love, to torment me so ;
 But rather than all thoughts forego
 Of the fair
 With flaxen hair,
 Give me back her frowns again.

“Hark ! hark !
 Pretty lark !
 Little heedest thou my pain !”

Besides the “woeful ballad made to his mistress’s eyebrow,” the early lyric poet frequently indulges in more calmly analyzing the philosophy of love, or in questioning the object and destination of a sigh. Occasionally these quaint conceits are prettily expressed, and the little song flutters through the page like a butterfly. The following is an example :—

“And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear ?
 Say, dost thou bear his fate severe
 To Love’s poor martyr doomed to die?
 Come, tell me quickly,—do not lie;
 What secret message brings’t thou here?
 And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
 Breathed so softly in my ear?

“ May Heaven conduct thee to thy will,
And safely speed thee on thy way ;
This only I would humbly pray,—
Pierce deep,—but O ! forbear to kill.
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Breathed so softly in my ear ? ”

The ancient lyric poets of France are generally spoken of as a class, and their beauties and defects referred to them collectively, and not individually. In truth, there are few characteristic marks by which any individual author can be singled out and ranked above the rest. The lyric poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries stand nearly upon the same level. But in the fifteenth century there were two who surpassed all their contemporaries in the beauty and delicacy of their sentiments ; and in the sweetness of their diction, and the structure of their verse, stand far in advance of the age in which they lived. These are Charles d'Orléans and Clotilde de Surville.

Charles, Duke of Orléans, the father of Louis XII., and uncle of Francis I., was born in 1391. In the general tenor of his life, the peculiar character of his mind, and his talent for poetry, there is a striking resemblance between this noble poet and James I. of Scotland, his contemporary. Both were remarkable for learning and refinement ; both passed a great portion of their lives in sorrow and imprisonment ; and both cheered the solitude of their prison-walls with the charms of poetry. Charles d'Orléans was taken prisoner at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and carried into England, where he remained twenty-five years in captivity. It was there that he composed the greater part of his poetry. In 1440 he returned to France where he died in 1467.

The poems of this writer exhibit a singular delicacy of thought and sweetness of expression. The following little *Renouveaux*, or songs on the return of spring, are full of delicacy and beauty.

“ Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

“ River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.”

The second upon the same subject presents a still more agreeable picture of the departure of winter and the sweet return of spring.

“ Gentle spring !—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display !
For winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain;
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

“ Winter giveth the fields and the trees so old
Their beards of icicles and snow ;
And the rain, it raineth so fast and cold,
We must cower over the embers low ;

And, snugly housed from the wind and weather,
 Mope like birds that are changing feather.
 But the storm retires, and the sky grows clear,
 When thy merry step draws near.

“ Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
 Wrap him round in a mantle of cloud ;
 But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh ;
 Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
 And the earth looks bright,—and winter surly,
 Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
 Is banished afar by the new-born year,
 When thy merry step draws near.”

The only person of that age who can dispute the laurel with Charles d'Orléans is Clotilde de Surville. This sweet poetess was born in the Bas-Vivaraïs, in the year 1405. Her style is singularly elegant and correct ; and the reader who will take the trouble to decipher her rude provincial orthography will find her writings full of quiet beauty. The following sweet lines, which breathe the very soul of maternal tenderness, are part of a little poem to her first-born.

“ Sweet babe ! true portrait of thy father's face,
 Sleep on the bosom that thy lips have pressed !
 Sleep, little one ; and closely, gently place
 Thy drowsy eyelid on thy mother's breast !

“ Upon that tender eye, my little friend,
 Soft sleep shall come that cometh not to me !
 I watch to see thee, nourish thee, defend ;—
 'Tis sweet to watch for thee,—alone for thee !

“ His arms fall down ; sleep sits upon his brow ;
 His eye is closed ; he sleeps,—how still and calm !
 Wore not his cheek the apple's ruddy glow,
 Would you not say he slept on Death's cold arm ?

“ Awake, my boy !—I tremble with affright !
Awake, and chase this fatal thought !—unclose
Thine eye but for one moment on the light !
Even at the price of thine, give me repose !

“ Sweet error !—he but slept ;—I breathe again ;
Come, gentle dreams, the hour of sleep beguile !
O, when shall he for whom I sigh in vain
Beside me watch to see thy waking smile ?”

But upon this theme I have written enough, perhaps too much.

“ ‘ This may be poetry, for aught I know,’
Says an old, worthy friend of mine, while leaning
Over my shoulder as I write,—‘ although
I can’t exactly comprehend its meaning.’ ”

I have touched upon the subject before me in a brief and desultory manner, and have purposely left my remarks unencumbered by learned reference and far-sought erudition ; for these are ornaments which would ill become so trivial a pen as this wherewith I write, though, perchance, the want of them will render my essay unsatisfactory to the scholar and the critic. But I am emboldened thus to skim with a light wing over this poetic lore of the past, by the reflection that the greater part of my readers belong not to that grave and serious class who love the deep wisdom which lies in quoting from a quaint, forgotten tome, and are ready on all occasions to say, “ Commend me to the owl !”

THE BAPTISM OF FIRE.

The more you mow us down, the thicker we rise ; the Christian blood you spill is like the seed you sow,—it springs from the earth again and fructifies the more.

TERTULLIAN.

AS day was drawing to a close, and the rays of the setting sun climbed slowly up the dungeon wall, the prisoner sat and read in a tome with silver clasps. He was a man in the vigor of his days, with a pale and noble countenance, that wore less the marks of worldly care than of high and holy thought. His temples were already bald ; but a thick and curling beard bespoke the strength of manhood ; and his eye, dark, full, and eloquent, beamed with all the enthusiasm of a martyr.

The book before him was a volume of the early Christian Fathers. He was reading the Apologetic of the eloquent Tertullian, the oldest and ablest writer of the Latin Church. At times he paused, and raised his eyes to heaven as if in prayer, and then read on again in silence. At length a passage seemed to touch his inmost soul. He read aloud :—

“Give us, then, what names you please ; from the instruments of cruelty you torture us by, call us Sarmenicians and Semaxians, because you fasten us to trunks of trees, and stick us about with fagots to set us on fire ; yet let me tell you, when we are thus begirt and dressed about with fire, we are then in our most illustrious apparel. These are our victorious palms and robes of glory ; and,

mounted on our funeral pile, we look upon ourselves as in our triumphal chariot. No wonder, then, such passive heroes please not those they vanquish with such conquering sufferings. And therefore we pass for men of despair, and violently bent upon our own destruction. However, that which you are pleased to call madness and despair in us are the very actions which, under virtue's standard, lift up your sons of fame and glory, and emblazon them to future ages."

He arose and paced the dungeon to and fro, with folded arms and a firm step. His thoughts held communion with eternity.

"Father which art in heaven!" he exclaimed, "give me strength to die like those holy men of old, who scorned to purchase life at the expense of truth. That truth has made me free; and though condemned on earth, I know that I am absolved in heaven!"

He again seated himself at his table, and read in that tome with silver clasps.

This solitary prisoner was Anne Du Bourg, a man who feared not man; once a merciful judge in that august tribunal upon whose voice hung the life and death of those who were persecuted for conscience' sake, he was now himself an accused, a convicted heretic, condemned to the Baptism of Fire, because he would not unrighteously condemn others. He had dared to plead the cause of suffering humanity before that dread tribunal, and, in the presence of the king himself, to declare that it was an offence to the majesty of God to shed man's blood in his name. Six weary months—from June to December—he had lain a prisoner in that dungeon, from which a death by fire was soon to set him free. Such was the clemency of Henry II.!

As the prisoner read, his eyes were filled with tears. He still gazed upon the printed page, but it was a blank before his eyes. His thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his childhood, amid the green valleys of Riom and the Golden Mountains of Auvergne. Some simple word had called up the vision of the past. He was a child again. He was playing with the pebbles of the brook,—he was shouting to the echo of the hills,—he was playing at his mother's knee, with his little hands clasped in hers.

This dream of childhood was broken by the grating of bolts and bars, as the jailer opened the prison-door. A moment afterward, his former colleague, De Harley, stood at his side.

“Thou here !” exclaimed the prisoner, surprised at the visit. “Thou in the dungeon of a heretic ! On what errand hast thou come ?”

“On an errand of mercy,” replied De Harley. “I come to tell thee ——”

“That the hour of my death draws near ?”

“That thou mayst still be saved.”

“Yes ; if I will bear false witness against my God,—barter heaven for earth,—an eternity for a few brief days of worldly existence. Lost, thou shouldst say,—lost, not saved !”

“No ! saved !” cried De Harley with warmth ; “saved from a death of shame and an eternity of woe ! Renounce this false doctrine,—this abominable heresy,—and return again to the bosom of the church which thou dost rend with strife and dissension.”

“God judge between thee and me, which has embraced the truth.”

“His hand already smites thee.”

“It has fallen more heavily upon those who so unjustly persecute me. Where is the king?—he who said that with his own eyes he would behold me perish at the stake?—he to whom the undaunted Du Faur cried, like Elijah to Ahab, ‘It is thou who troublest Israel!’—Where is the king? Called, through a sudden and violent death, to the judgment-seat of Heaven!—Where is Minard, the persecutor of the just? Slain by the hand of an assassin! It was not without reason that I said to him, when standing before my accusers, ‘Tremble! believe the word of one who is about to appear before God; thou likewise shalt stand there soon,—thou that sheddest the blood of the children of peace.’ He has gone to his account before me.”

“And that menace has hastened thine own condemnation. Minard was slain by the Huguenots, and it is whispered that thou wast privy to his death.”

“This, at least, might have been spared a dying man!” replied the prisoner, much agitated by so unjust and so unexpected an accusation. “As I hope for mercy hereafter, I am innocent of the blood of this man, and of all knowledge of so foul a crime. But, tell me, hast thou come here only to embitter my last hours with such an accusation as this? If so, I pray thee, leave me. My moments are precious. I would be alone.”

“I came to offer thee life, freedom, and happiness.”

“Life,—freedom,—happiness! At the price thou hast set upon them, I scorn them all! Had the apostles and martyrs of the early Christian Church listened to such paltry bribes as these, where were now the faith in which we trust? These holy men of old shall answer for me. Hear what Justin Martyr says, in his earnest appeal to Antonine the Pious, in behalf of the Christians who in

his day were unjustly loaded with public odium and oppression."

He opened the volume before him and read :—

"I could wish you would take this also into consideration, that what we say is really for your own good ; for it is in our power at any time to escape your torments by denying the faith, when you question us about it : but we scorn to purchase life at the expense of a lie ; for our souls are winged with a desire of a life of eternal duration and purity, of an immediate conversation with God, the Father and Maker of all things. We are in haste to be confessing and finishing our faith ; being fully persuaded that we shall arrive at this blessed state, if we approve ourselves to God by our works, and by our obedience express our passion for that divine life which is never interrupted by any clashing evil."

The Catholic and the Huguenot reasoned long and earnestly together ; but they reasoned in vain. Each was firm in his belief ; and they parted to meet no more on earth.

On the following day, Du Bourg was summoned before his judges to receive his final sentence. He heard it unmoved, and with a prayer to God that he would pardon those who had condemned him according to their consciences. He then addressed his judges in an oration full of power and eloquence. It closed with these words :—

"And now, ye judges, if, indeed, you hold the sword of God as ministers of his wrath, to take vengeance upon those who do evil, beware, I charge you, beware how you condemn us. Consider well what evil we have done ; and, before all things, decide whether it be just that we should listen unto you rather than unto God. Are you so drunken with the wine-cup of the great sorceress, that

you drink poison for nourishment? Are you not those who make the people sin, by turning them away from the service of God? And if you regard more the opinion of men than that of Heaven, in what esteem are you held by other nations, and principalities, and powers, for the martyrdoms you have caused in obedience to this blood-stained Phalaris? God grant, thou cruel tyrant, that by thy miserable death thou mayst put an end to our groans!

“Why weep ye? What means this delay? Your hearts are heavy within you,—your consciences are haunted by the judgment of God. And thus it is that the condemned rejoice in the fires you have kindled, and think they never live better than in the midst of consuming flames. Torments affright them not,—insults enfeeble them not; their honor is redeemed by death,—he that dies is the conqueror, and the conquered he that mourns.

“No! whatever snares are spread for us, whatever suffering we endure, you cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Strike, then,—slay,—grind us to powder! Those that die in the Lord shall live again; we shall all be raised together. Condemn me as you will,—I am a Christian; yes, I am a Christian, and am ready to die for the glory of our Lord,—for the truth of the Evangelists.

“Quench, then, your fires! Let the wicked abandon his way, and return unto the Lord, and he will have compassion on him. Live,—be happy,—and meditate on God, ye judges! As for me, I go rejoicing to my death. What wait ye for? Lead me to the scaffold!”

They bound the prisoner's hands, and, leading him forth from the council-chamber, placed him upon the cart that was to bear him to the Place de Grève. Before and behind marched a guard of five hundred soldiers; for

Du Bourg was beloved by the people, and a popular tumult was apprehended. The day was overcast and sad; and ever and anon the sound of the tolling bell mingled its dismal clang with the solemn notes of the funeral march. They soon reached the place of execution, which was already filled with a dense and silent crowd. In the centre stood the gallows, with a pile of fagots beneath it, and the hangman with a burning torch in his hand. But this funeral apparel inspired no terror in the heart of Du Bourg. A look of triumph beamed from his eye, and his countenance shone like that of an angel. With his own hands he divested himself of his outer garments, and, gazing round upon the breathless and sympathizing crowd, exclaimed,—

“My friends, I come not hither as a thief or a murderer; but it is for the Gospel’s sake!”

A cord was then fastened round his waist, and he was drawn up into the air. At the same moment the burning torch of the executioner was applied to the fagots beneath, and the thick volumes of smoke concealed the martyr from the horror-stricken crowd. One stifled groan arose from all that vast multitude, like the moan of the sea, and all was hushed again; save the crackling of the fagots, and at intervals the funeral knell, that smote the very soul. The quivering flames darted upward and around; and an agonizing cry broke from the murky cloud,—

“My God! my God! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee!”

The wind lifted the reddening smoke like a veil, and the form of the martyr was seen to fall into the fire beneath, that glowed like a furnace seven times heated. In a moment it rose again, its garments all in flame; and again the faint, half-smothered cry of agony was heard,—

“My God ! my God ! forsake me not, that I forsake not thee !”

Once more the quivering body descended into the flames ; and once more it was lifted into the air, a blackened, burning cinder. Again and again this fiendish mockery of baptism was repeated ; till the martyr, with a despairing, suffocating voice, exclaimed,—

“O God ! I cannot die !”

The executioner came forward, and, either in mercy to the dying man or through fear of the populace, threw a noose over his neck, and strangled the almost lifeless victim. At the same moment the cord which held the body was loosened, and it fell into the fire to rise no more. And thus was consummated the martyrdom of the *Baptism of Fire*.

COQ-À-L'ÂNE.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glass,
Wherein my imaginations run like sands,
Filling up time ; but then are turned, and turned,
So that I know not what to stay upon
And less to put in art.

BEN JONSON.

A RAINY and gloomy winter was just drawing to its close, when I left Paris for the South of France. We started at sunrise ; and as we passed along the solitary streets of the vast and silent metropolis, drowsily one by one its clanging horologes chimed the hour of six. Beyond the city gates the wide landscape was covered with a silvery network of frost ; a wreath of vapor overhung the windings of the Seine ; and every twig and shrub, with its sheath of crystal, flashed in the level rays of the rising sun. The sharp, frosty air seemed to quicken the sluggish blood of the old postilion and his horses ;—a fresh team stood ready in harness at each stage ; and notwithstanding the slippery pavement of the causeway, the long and tedious climbing the hillside upward, and the equally long and tedious descent with chained wheels and the drag, just after nightfall the lumbering vehicle of Vincent Caillard stopped at the gateway of the “Three Emperors,” in the famous city of Orléans.

I cannot pride myself much upon being a good traveling companion, for the rocking of a coach always lulls me into forgetfulness of the present ; and no sooner does the hollow, monotonous rumbling of the wheels reach my

ear, than, like my friend Nick Bottom, "I have an exposition of sleep come upon me." It is not, however, the deep, sonorous slumber of a laborer, "stuffed with distressful bread," but a kind of day-dream, wherein the creations of fancy seem realities, and the real world, which swims dizzily before the half-shut, drowsy eye, becomes mingled with the imaginary world within. This is doubtless a very great failing in a traveller; and I confess, with all humility, that at times the line of demarcation between truth and fiction is rendered thereby so indefinite and indistinct, that I cannot always determine, with unerring certainty, whether an event really happened to me, or whether I only dreamed it.

On this account I shall not attempt a detailed description of my journey from Paris to Bordeaux. I was travelling like a bird of passage; and five weary days and four weary nights I was on the way. The diligence stopped only to change horses, and for the travellers to take their meals; and by night I slept with my head under my wing in a snug corner of the coach.

Strange as it may appear to some of my readers, this night-travelling is at times far from being disagreeable; nay, if the country is flat and uninteresting, and you are favored with a moon, it may be very pleasant. As the night advances, the conversation around you gradually dies away, and is imperceptibly given up to some garrulous traveller who finds himself belated in the midst of a long story; and when at length he puts out his feelers in the form of a question, discovers, by the silence around him, that the breathless attention of his audience is owing to their being asleep. All is now silent. You let down the window of the carriage, and the fresh night-air cools your flushed and burning cheek. The landscape,

though in reality dull and uninteresting, seems beautiful as it floats by in the soft moonshine. Every ruined hovel is changed by the magic of night to a trim cottage, every straggling and dilapidated hamlet becomes as beautiful as those we read of in poetry and romance. Over the lowland hangs a silver mist; over the hills peep the twinkling stars. The keen night-air is a spur to the postilion and his horses. In the words of the German ballad,—

“Halloo ! halloo ! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry,
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.
And all on which the moon doth shine
Behind them flees afar,
And backward sped, scud overhead,
The sky and every star.”

Anon you stop at the relay. The drowsy hostler crawls out of the stable-yard; a few gruff words and strange oaths pass between him and the postilion,—then there is a coarse joke in *patois*, of which you understand the ribaldry only, and which is followed by a husky laugh, a sound between a hiss and a growl;—and then you are off again in a crack. Occasionally a way-traveller is uncaged, and a new-comer takes the vacant perch at your elbow. Meanwhile your busy fancy speculates upon all these things, and you fall asleep amid its thousand vagaries. Soon you wake again, and snuff the morning air. It was but a moment, and yet the night is gone. The gray of twilight steals into the window, and gives a ghastly look to the countenances of the sleeping group around you. One sits bolt upright in a corner, offending none, and stiff and motionless as an Egyptian mummy; another sits

equally straight and immovable, but snores like a priest ; the head of a third is dangling over his shoulder, and the tassel of his nightcap tickles his neighbor's ear ; a fourth has lost his hat,—his wig is awry, and his under-lip hangs lolling about like an idiot's. The whole scene is a living caricature of man, presenting human nature in some of the grotesque attitudes she assumes, when that pragmatistical schoolmaster, Propriety, has fallen asleep in his chair, and the unruly members of his charge are freed from the thralldom of the rod.

On leaving Orléans, instead of following the great western mail-route through Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême, and thence on to Bordeaux, I struck across the departments of the Indre, Haute-Vienne, and the Dordogne, passing through the provincial capitals of Châteauroux, Limoges, and Périgueux. South of the Loire the country assumes a more mountainous aspect, and the landscape is broken by long sweeping hills and fertile valleys. Many a fair scene invites the traveller's foot to pause ; and his eye roves with delight over the picturesque landscape of the valley of the Creuse, and the beautiful highland scenery near Périgueux. There are also many objects of art and antiquity which arrest his attention. Argenton boasts its Roman amphitheatre, and the ruins of an old castle built by King Pepin ; at Chalus the tower beneath which Richard Cœur-de-Lion was slain is still pointed out to the curious traveller ; and Périgueux is full of crumbling monuments of the Middle Ages.

Scenes like these, and the constant chatter of my fellow-travellers, served to enliven the tedium of a long and fatiguing journey. The French are pre-eminently a talking people ; and every new object afforded a topic for light and animated discussion. The affairs of church and

state were, however, the themes oftenest touched upon. The bill for the suppression of the liberty of the press was then under discussion in the Chamber of Peers, and excited the most lively interest through the whole kingdom. Of course it was a subject not likely to be forgotten in a stage-coach.

“Ah! mon Dieu!” said a brisk little man, with snow-white hair and a blazing red face, at the same time drawing up his shoulders to a level with his ears; “the ministry are determined to carry their point at all events. They mean to break down the liberty of the press, cost what it will.”

“If they succeed,” added the person who sat opposite, “we may thank the Jesuits for it. It is all their work. They rule the mind of our imbecile monarch, and it is their miserable policy to keep the people in darkness.”

“No doubt of that,” rejoined the first speaker. “Why, no longer ago than yesterday I read in the *Figaro* that a printer had been prosecuted for publishing the moral lessons of the Evangelists without the miracles.”

“Is it possible?” said I. “And are the people so stupid as thus patiently to offer their shoulders to the pack-saddle?”

“Most certainly not! We shall have another revolution.”

“If history speaks true, you have had revolutions enough, during the last century or two, to satisfy the most mercurial nation on earth. You have hardly been quiet a moment since the day of the Barricades and the memorable war of the *pots-de-chambre* in the times of the Grand Condé.”

“You are pleased to speak lightly of our revolutions, sir,” rejoined the politician, growing warm. “You must,

however, confess that each successive one has brought us nearer to our object. Old institutions, whose foundations lie deep in the prejudices of a great nation, are not to be toppled down by the springing of a single mine. You must confess, too, that our national character is much improved since the days you speak of. The youth of the present century are not so frivolous as those of the last. They have no longer that unbounded levity and light-heartedness so generally ascribed to them. From this circumstance we have everything to hope. Our revolutions, likewise, must necessarily change their character and secure to us more solid advantages than heretofore."

"Luck makes pluck, as the Germans say. You go on bravely; but it gives me pain to see religion and the church so disregarded."

"Superstition and the church, you mean," said the gray-headed man. "Why, sir, the church is nothing now-a-days but a tumble-down, dilapidated tower for rooks and daws, and such silly birds, to build their nests in!"

It was now very evident that I had unearthed a radical; and there is no knowing when his harangue would have ended, had not his voice been drowned by the noise of the wheels, as we entered the paved street of the city of Limoges.

A breakfast of boiled capon stuffed with truffles, and accompanied by a *Pâté de Périgueux*, a dish well known to French gourmands, restored us all to good humor. While we were at breakfast, a personage stalked into the room whose strange appearance arrested my attention, and gave subject for future conversation to our party. He was a tall, thin figure, armed with a long whip, brass

spurs, and black whiskers. He wore a bell-crowned, varnished hat, a blue frock-coat with standing collar, a red waistcoat, a pair of yellow leather breeches, and boots that reached to the knees. I at first took him for a postilion, or a private courier ; but, upon inquiry, I found that he was only the son of a notary-public, and that he dressed in this strange fashion to please his own fancy.

As soon as we were comfortably seated in the diligence, I made some remark on the singular costume of the personage whom I had just seen at the tavern.

“These things are so common with us,” said the politician, “that we hardly notice them.”

“What you want in liberty of speech, then, you make up in liberty of dress ?”

“Yes ; in this, at least, we are a free people.”

“I had not been long in France, before I discovered that a man may dress as he pleases, without being stared at. The most opposite styles of dress seem to be in vogue at the same moment. No strange garment nor desperate hat excites either ridicule or surprise. French fashions are known and imitated all the world over.”

“Very true, indeed,” said a little man in gosling-green. “We give fashions to all other nations.”

“Fashions !” said the politician, with a kind of growl, —“fashions ! Yes, sir, and some of us are simple enough to boast of it, as if we were a nation of tailors.”

Here the little man in gosling-green pulled up the horns of his cotton dicky.

“I recollect,” said I, “that your Madame de Pompadour in one of her letters says something to this effect : ‘We furnish our enemies with hair-dressers, ribbons, and fashions ; and they furnish us with laws.’”

“That is not the only silly thing she said in her life-

time. Ah! sir, these Pompadours and Maintenons, and Montespan were the authors of much woe to France. Their follies and extravagances exhausted the public treasury, and made the nation poor. They built palaces, and covered themselves with jewels, and ate from golden plate; while the people who toiled for them had hardly a crust to keep their own children from starvation! And yet they preach to us the divine right of kings!”

My radical had got upon his high horse again; and I know not whither it would have carried him, had not a thin man with a black, seedy coat, who sat at his elbow, at that moment crossed his path by one of those abrupt and sudden transitions which leave you aghast at the strange association of ideas in the speaker's mind.

“*Apropos de bottes!*” exclaimed he, “speaking of boots, and notaries public, and such matters,—excuse me for interrupting you, sir,—a little story has just popped into my head which may amuse the company; and as I am not very fond of political discussions,—no offence, sir,—I will tell it for the sake of changing the conversation.”

Whereupon, without further preamble or apology, he proceeded to tell his story in, as nearly as may be, the following words.

THE NOTARY OF PÉRIGUEUX.

Do not trust thy body with a physician. He'll make thy foolish bones go without flesh in a fortnight, and thy soul walk without a body a sen-night after.

SHIRLEY.

YOU must know, gentlemen, that there lived some years ago, in the city of Périgueux, an honest notary-public, the descendant of a very ancient and broken-down family, and the occupant of one of those old weather-beaten tenements which remind you of the times of your great-grandfather. He was a man of an unoffending, sheepish disposition ; the father of a family, though not the head of it,—for in that family “the hen over-crowed the cock,” and the neighbors, when they spake of the notary, shrugged their shoulders, and exclaimed, “Poor fellow ! his spurs want sharpening.” In fine,—you understand me, gentlemen,—he was a hen-pecked man.

Well, finding no peace at home, he sought it elsewhere, as was very natural for him to do ; and at length discovered a place of rest, far beyond the cares and clamors of domestic life. This was a little *Café Estaminet*, a short way out of the city, whither he repaired every evening to smoke his pipe, drink sugar-water, and play his favorite game of domino. There he met the boon companions he most loved ; heard all the floating chitchat of the day ; laughed when he was in merry mood ; found consolation when he was sad ; and at all times gave vent

to his opinions, without fear of being snubbed short by a flat contradiction.

Now, the notary's bosom-friend was a dealer in claret and cognac, who lived about a league from the city, and always passed his evenings at the *Estaminet*. He was a gross, corpulent fellow, raised from a full-blooded Gascon breed, and sired by a comic actor of some reputation in his way. He was remarkable for nothing but his good-humor, his love of cards, and a strong propensity to test the quality of his own liquors by comparing them with those sold at other places.

As evil communications corrupt good manners, the bad practices of the wine-dealer won insensibly upon the worthy notary; and before he was aware of it, he found himself weaned from domino and sugar-water, and addicted to picquet and spiced wine. Indeed, it not unfrequently happened, that, after a long session at the *Estaminet*, the two friends grew so urbane, that they would waste a full half-hour at the door in friendly dispute which should conduct the other home.

Though this course of life agreed well enough with the sluggish, phlegmatic temperament of the wine-dealer, it soon began to play the very deuse with the more sensitive organization of the notary, and finally put his nervous system completely out of tune. He lost his appetite, became gaunt and haggard, and could get no sleep. Legions of blue-devils haunted him by day, and by night strange faces peeped through his bed-curtains, and the nightmare snorted in his ear. The worse he grew, the more he smoked and tiddled; and the more he smoked and tiddled,—why, as a matter of course, the worse he grew. His wife alternately stormed, remonstrated, entreated; but all in vain. She made the house too hot for him,—he re-

treated to the tavern ; she broke his long-stemmed pipes upon the andirons,—he substituted a short-stemmed one, which, for safe keeping, he carried in his waistcoat-pocket.

Thus the unhappy notary ran gradually down at the heel. What with his bad habits and his domestic grievances, he became completely hipped. He imagined that he was going to die ; and suffered in quick succession all the diseases that ever beset mortal man. Every shooting pain was an alarming symptom,—every uneasy feeling after dinner a sure prognostic of some mortal disease. In vain did his friends endeavor to reason, and then to laugh him out of his strange whims ; for when did ever jest or reason cure a sick imagination ? His only answer was, “ Do let me alone ; I know better than you what ails me.”

Well, gentlemen, things were in this state, when, one afternoon in December, as he sat moping in his office, wrapped in an overcoat, with a cap on his head and his feet thrust into a pair of furred slippers, a cabriolet stopped at the door, and a loud knocking without aroused him from his gloomy revery. It was a message from his friend the wine-dealer, who had been suddenly attacked with a violent fever, and, growing worse and worse, had now sent in the greatest haste for the notary to draw up his last will and testament. The case was urgent, and admitted neither excuse nor delay ; and the notary, tying a handkerchief round his face, and buttoning up to the chin, jumped into the cabriolet, and suffered himself, though not without some dismal presentiments and misgivings of heart, to be driven to the wine-dealer's house.

When he arrived, he found everything in the greatest confusion. On entering the house, he ran against the apothecary, who was coming down stairs, with a face as

long as your arm, and the pharmaceutical instruments somewhat longer ; and a few steps farther he met the housekeeper—for the wine-dealer was an old bachelor—running up and down, and wringing her hands, for fear that the good man should die without making his will. He soon reached the chamber of his sick friend, and found him tossing about under a huge pile of bedclothes, in a paroxysm of fever, calling aloud for a draught of cold water. The notary shook his head ; he thought this a fatal symptom ; for ten years back the wine-dealer had been suffering under a species of hydrophobia, which seemed suddenly to have left him.

When the sick man saw who stood by his bedside, he stretched out his hand and exclaimed,—

“ Ah ! my dear friend ! have you come at last ? You see it is all over with me. You have arrived just in time to draw up that—that passport of mine. Ah, *grand diable* ! how hot it is here ! Water,—water,—water ! Will nobody give me a drop of cold water ? ”

As the case was an urgent one, the notary made no delay in getting his papers in readiness ; and in a short time the last will and testament of the wine-dealer was drawn up in due form, the notary guiding the sick man's hand as he scrawled his signature at the bottom.

As the evening wore away, the wine-dealer grew worse and worse, and at length became delirious, mingling in his incoherent ravings the phrases of the Credo and Paternoster with the shibboleth of the dram-shop and the card-table.

“ Take care ! take care ! There, now—*Credo in*—Pop ! ting-a-ling-ling ! give me some of that. Cent-édize ! Why, you old publican, this wine is poisoned,—I know your tricks !—*Sanctam ecclesiam catholicam*—Well,

well, we shall see. Imbecile ! to have a tierce-major and a seven of hearts, and discard the seven ! By St. Anthony, capot ! You are lunched,—ha ! ha ! I told you so. I knew very well,—there,—there,—don't interrupt me—*Carnis resurrectionem et vitam eternam !*”

With these words upon his lips, the poor wine-dealer expired. Meanwhile the notary sat cowering over the fire, aghast at the fearful scene that was passing before him, and now and then striving to keep up his courage by a glass of cognac. Already his fears were on the alert ; and the idea of contagion flitted to and fro through his mind. In order to quiet these thoughts of evil import, he lighted his pipe and began to prepare for returning home. At that moment the apothecary turned round to him and said,—

“ Dreadful sickly time, this ! The disorder seems to be spreading.”

“ What disorder ? ” exclaimed the notary, with a movement of surprise.

“ Two died yesterday, and three to-day,” continued the apothecary, without answering the question. “ Very sickly time, sir—very.”

“ But what disorder is it ? What disease has carried off my friend here so suddenly ? ”

“ What disease ? Why, scarlet fever, to be sure.”

“ And is it contagious ? ”

“ Certainly ! ”

“ Then I am a dead man ! ” exclaimed the notary, putting his pipe into his waistcoat-pocket, and beginning to walk up and down the room in despair. “ I am a dead man ! Now, don't deceive me,—don't, will you ? What—what are the symptoms ? ”

“ A sharp burning pain in the right side,” said the apothecary.

“O, what a fool I was to come here ! Take me home—take me home, and let me die in the bosom of my family !”

In vain did the housekeeper and the apothecary strive to pacify him ;—he was not a man to be reasoned with ; he answered that he knew his own constitution better than they did, and insisted upon going home without delay. Unfortunately, the vehicle he came in had returned to the city ; and the whole neighborhood was abed and asleep. What was to be done ? Nothing in the world but to take the apothecary’s horse, which stood hitched at the door, patiently, waiting his master’s will.

Well, gentlemen, as there was no remedy, our notary mounted this raw-boned steed, and set forth upon his homeward journey. The night was cold and gusty, and the wind set right in his teeth. Overhead the leaden clouds were beating to and fro, and through them the newly risen moon seemed to be tossing and drifting along like a cock-boat in the surf ; now swallowed up in a huge billow of cloud, and now lifted upon its bosom and dashed with silvery spray. The trees by the road-side groaned with a sound of evil omen ; and before him lay three mortal miles, beset with a thousand imaginary perils. Obedient to the whip and spur, the steed leaped forward by fits and starts, now dashing away in a tremendous gallop, and now relaxing into a long, hard trot ; while the rider, filled with symptoms of disease and dire presentiments of death, urged him on, as if he were fleeing before the pestilence.

In this way, by dint of whistling and shouting, and beating right and left, one mile of the fatal three was safely passed. The apprehensions of the notary had so far subsided, that he even suffered the poor horse to walk

up hill ; but these apprehensions were suddenly revived again with tenfold violence by a sharp pain in the right side, which seemed to pierce him like a needle.

“ It is upon me at last ! ” groaned the fear-stricken man. “ Heaven be merciful to me, the greatest of sinners ! And must I die in a ditch, after all ? He ! get up,—get up ! ”

And away went horse and rider at full speed,—hurry-scurry,—up hill and down,—panting and blowing like all possessed. At every leap the pain in the rider’s side seemed to increase. At first it was a little point like the prick of a needle,—then it spread to the size of a half-franc piece,—then covered a place as large as the palm of your hand. It gained upon him fast. The poor man groaned aloud in agony ; faster and faster sped the horse over the frozen ground,—farther and farther spread the pain over his side. To complete the dismal picture, the storm commenced,—snow mingled with rain. But snow, and rain, and cold were naught to him ; for, though his arms and legs were frozen to icicles, he felt it not ; the fatal symptom was upon him ; he was doomed to die,—not of cold, but of scarlet fever !

At length, he knew not how, more dead than alive, he reached the gate of the city. A band of ill-bred dogs, that were serenading at a corner of the street, seeing the notary dash by, joined in the hue and cry, and ran barking and yelping at his heels. It was now late at night, and only here and there a solitary lamp twinkled from an upper story. But on went the notary, down this street and up that, till at last he reached his own door. There was a light in his wife’s bedchamber. The good woman came to the window, alarmed at such a knocking, and howling, and clattering at her door so late at night ; and

the notary was too deeply absorbed in his own sorrows to observe that the lamp cast the shadow of two heads on the window-curtain.

“Let me in ! let me in ! Quick ! quick !” he exclaimed, almost breathless from terror and fatigue.

“Who are you, that come to disturb a lone woman at this hour of the night ?” cried a sharp voice from above.

“Begone about your business, and let quiet people sleep.”

“Oh, diable, diable ! Come down and let me in ! I am your husband. Don’t you know my voice ? Quick, I beseech you ; for I am dying here in the street !”

After a few moments of delay and a few more words of parley, the door was opened, and the notary stalked into his domicile, pale and haggard in aspect, and as stiff and straight as a ghost. Cased from head to heel in an armor of ice, as the glare of the lamp fell upon him, he looked like a knight-errant mailed in steel. But in one place his armor was broken. On his right side was a circular spot, as large as the crown of your hat, and about as black !

“My dear wife !” he exclaimed, with more tenderness than he had exhibited for many years. “Reach me a chair. My hours are numbered. I am a dead man !”

Alarmed at these exclamations, his wife stripped off his overcoat. Something fell from beneath it, and was dashed to pieces on the hearth. It was the notary’s pipe ! He placed his hand upon his side, and, lo ! it was bare to the skin ! Coat, waistcoat, and linen were burnt through and through, and there was a blister on his side as large over as your head !

The mystery was soon explained, symptom and all. The notary had put his pipe into his pocket without knocking out the ashes ! And so my story ends.

“Is that all?” asked the radical, when the story-teller had finished.

“That is all.”

“Well, what does your story go to prove?”

“That is more than I can tell. All I know is that the story is true.”

“And did he die?” said the nice little man in gosling-green.

“Yes; he died afterwards,” replied the story-teller, rather annoyed by the question.

“And what did he die of?” continued gosling-green, following him up.

“What did he die of?” winking to the rest of the company; “why, he died—of a sudden!”

THE JOURNEY INTO SPAIN.

À l'issue de l'yver que le joly temps de primavère commence, et qu'on voit arbres verdoyer, fleurs espanouir, et qu'on oit les oisillons chanter en toute joie et douceur, tant que les verts bocages retentissent de leurs sons et que cœurs tristes pensifs y dolens s'en esjouissent, s'émeuvent à delaisser deuil et toute tristesse, et se parforcent à valoir mieux.

LA PLAISANTE HISTOIRE DE GUERIN DE MONGLAVE.

SOFT-BREATHING Spring! how many pleasant thoughts, how many delightful recollections, does thy name awaken in the mind of the traveller! Whether he has followed thee by the banks of the Loire or the Guadalquiver, or traced thy footsteps slowly climbing the sunny slope of Alp or Apennine, the thought of thee shall summon up sweet visions of the past, and thy golden sunshine and soft vapory atmosphere become a portion of his day-dreams and of him. Sweet images of thee, and scenes that have oft inspired the poet's song, shall mingle in his recollections of the past. The shooting of the tender leaf,—the sweetness and elasticity of the air,—the blue sky,—the fleet-drifting cloud,—and the flocks of wild fowl wheeling in long-drawn phalanx through the air, and screaming from their dizzy height,—all these shall pass like a dream before his imagination,

“And gently o'er his memory comes at times
A glimpse of joys that had their birth in thee,
Like a brief strain of some forgotten tune.”

It was at the opening of this delightful season of the year that I passed through the South of France, and took

the road of St. Jean de Luz for the Spanish frontier. I left Bordeaux amid all the noise and gayety of the last scene of Carnival. The streets and public walks of the city were full of merry groups in masks,—at every corner crowds were listening to the discordant music of the wandering ballad-singer ; and grotesque figures, mounted on high stilts, and dressed in the garb of the peasants of the Landes of Gascony, were stalking up and down like so many long-legged cranes ; others were amusing themselves with the tricks and grimaces of little monkeys, disguised like little men, bowing to the ladies, and figuring away in red coats and ruffles ; and here and there a band of chimney-sweeps were staring in stupid wonder at the miracles of a showman's box. In a word, all was so full of mirth and merrimake, that even beggary seemed to have forgotten that it was wretched, and gloried in the ragged masquerade of one poor holiday.

To this scene of noise and gayety succeeded the silence and solitude of the Landes of Gascony. The road from Bordeaux to Bayonne winds along through immense pine-forests and sandy plains, spotted here and there with a dingy little hovel, and the silence is interrupted only by the dismal hollow roar of the wind among the melancholy and majestic pines. Occasionally, however, the way is enlivened by a market-town or a straggling village ; and I still recollect the feelings of delight which I experienced, when, just after sunset, we passed through the romantic town of Roquefort, built upon the sides of the green valley of the Douze, which has scooped out a verdant hollow for it to nestle in, amid those barren tracts of sand.

On leaving Bayonne, the scene assumes a character of greater beauty and sublimity. To the vast forests of the Landes of Gascony succeeds a scene of picturesque

beauty, delightful to the traveller's eye. Before him rise the snowy Pyrenees,—a long line of undulating hills,—

“Bounded afar by peak aspiring bold,
Like giant capped with helm of burnished gold.”

To the left, as far as the eye can reach, stretch the delicious valleys of the Nive and Adour ; and to the right the sea flashes along the pebbly margin of its silver beach, forming a thousand little bays and inlets, or comes tumbling in among the cliffs of a rock-bound coast, and beats against its massive barriers with a distant, hollow, continual roar.

Should these pages meet the eye of any solitary traveller who is journeying into Spain by the road I here speak of, I would advise him to travel from Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz on horseback. At the gate of Bayonne he will find a steed ready caparisoned for him, with a dark-eyed Basque girl for his companion and guide, who is to sit beside him upon the same horse. This style of travelling is, I believe, peculiar to the Basque provinces ; at all events, I have seen it nowhere else. The saddle is constructed with a large frame-work extending on each side, and covered with cushions ; and the traveller and his guide, being placed on the opposite extremities, serve as a balance to each other. We overtook many travellers mounted in this way, and I could not help thinking it a mode of travelling far preferable to being cooped up in a diligence. The Basque girls are generally beautiful ; and there was one of these merry guides we met upon the road to Bidart whose image haunts me still. She had large and expressive black eyes, teeth like pearls, a rich and sunburnt complexion, and hair of a glossy blackness, parted on the forehead, and falling down behind in a

large braid, so long as almost to touch the ground with the little ribbon that confined it at the end. She wore the common dress of the peasantry of the South of France, and a large gypsy straw hat was thrown back over her shoulder, and tied by a ribbon about her neck. There was hardly a dusty traveller in the coach who did not envy her companion the seat he occupied beside her.

Just at nightfall we entered the town of St. Jean de Luz, and dashed down its narrow streets at full gallop. The little madcap postilion cracked his knotted whip incessantly, and the sound echoed back from the high dingy walls like the report of a pistol. The coach-wheels nearly touched the houses on each side of us ; the idlers in the street jumped right and left to save themselves ; window-shutters flew open in all directions ; a thousand heads popped out from cellar and upper story ; “ *Sacr-r-ré matin !* ” shouted the postilion,—and we rattled on like an earthquake.

St. Jean de Luz is a smoky little fishing-town, situated on the low grounds at the mouth of the Nivelle, and a bridge connects it with the faubourg of Sibourne, which stands on the opposite bank of the river. I had no time, however, to note the peculiarities of the place, for I was whirled out of it with the same speed and confusion with which I had been whirled in, and I can only recollect the sweep of the road across the Nivelle,—the church of Sibourne by the water’s edge,—the narrow streets,—the smoky-looking houses with red window-shutters, and “ a very ancient and fish-like smell.”

I passed by moonlight the little river Bidasoa, which forms the boundary between France and Spain ; and when the morning broke, found myself far up among the mountains of San Salvador, the most westerly links of the great

Pyrenean chain. The mountains around me were neither rugged nor precipitous, but they rose one above another in a long, majestic swell, and the trace of the ploughshare was occasionally visible to their summits. They seemed entirely destitute of trees ; and as the season of vegetation had not yet commenced, their huge outlines lay black, and barren, and desolate against the sky. But it was a glorious morning, and the sun rose up into a cloudless heaven, and poured a flood of gorgeous splendor over the mountain landscape, as if proud of the realm he shone upon. The scene was enlivened by the dashing of a swollen mountain-brook, whose course we followed for miles down the valley, as it leaped onward to its journey's end, now breaking into a white cascade, and now foaming and chafing beneath a rustic bridge. Now and then we drove through a dilapidated town, with a group of idlers at every corner, wrapped in tattered brown cloaks, and smoking their little paper cigars in the sun ; then would succeed a desolate tract of country, cheered only by the tinkle of a mule-bell, or the song of a muleteer ; then we would meet a solitary traveller mounted on horseback, and wrapped in the ample folds of his cloak, with a gun hanging at the pommel of his saddle. Occasionally, too, among the bleak inhospitable hills, we passed a rude little chapel, with a cluster of ruined cottages around it ; and whenever our carriage stopped at the relay, or loitered slowly up the hillside, a crowd of children would gather around us, with little images and crucifixes for sale, curiously ornamented with ribbons and bits of tawdry finery.

A day's journey from the frontier brought us to Vitoria, where the diligence stopped for the night. I spent the scanty remnant of daylight in rambling about the streets

of the city, with no other guide than the whim of the moment. Now I plunged down a dark and narrow alley, now emerged into a wide street or a spacious market-place, and now aroused the drowsy echoes of a church or cloister with the sound of my intruding footsteps. But descriptions of churches and public squares are dull and tedious matters for those readers who are in search of amusement, and not of instruction ; and if any one has accompanied me thus far on my fatiguing journey towards the Spanish capital, I will readily excuse him from the toil of an evening ramble through the streets of Vitoria.

On the following morning we left Vitoria long before daybreak, and during our forenoon's journey the position drew up at a relay on the southern slope of the Sierra de San Lorenzo, in the province of Old Castile. The house was an old, dilapidated tenement, built of rough stone, and coarsely plastered upon the outside. The tiled roof had long been the sport of wind and rain, the motley coat of plaster was broken and time-worn, and the whole building sadly out of repair ; though the fanciful mouldings under the eaves, and the curiously carved wood-work that supported the little balcony over the principal entrance, spoke of better days gone by. The whole building reminded me of a dilapidated Spanish Don, down at the heel and out at elbows, but with here and there a remnant of former magnificence peeping through the loopholes of his tattered cloak.

A wide gateway ushered the traveller into the interior of the building, and conducted him to a low-roofed apartment, paved with round stones, and serving both as a court-yard and a stable. It seemed to be a neutral ground for man and beast,—a little republic, where horse and rider had common privileges, and mule and muleteer

lay cheek by jowl. In one corner a poor jackass was patiently devouring a bundle of musty straw,—in another, its master lay sound asleep, with his saddle-cloth for a pillow ; here a group of muleteers were quarrelling over a pack of dirty cards,—and there the village barber, with a self-important air, stood laving the Alcalde's chin from the helmet of Mambrino. On the wall, a little taper glimmered feebly before an image of St. Anthony ; directly opposite these a leathern wine-bottle hung by the neck from a pair of ox-horns ; and the pavement below was covered with a curious medley of boxes, and bags, and cloaks, and pack-saddles, and sacks of grain, and skins of wine, and all kinds of lumber.

A small door upon the right led us into the inn-kitchen. It was a room about ten feet square, and literally all chimney ; for the hearth was in the centre of the floor, and the walls sloped upward in the form of a long, narrow pyramid, with an opening at the top for the escape of the smoke. Quite round this little room ran a row of benches, upon which sat one or two grave personages smoking paper cigars. Upon the hearth blazed a handful of fagots, whose bright flame danced merrily among a motley congregation of pots and kettles, and a long wreath of smoke wound lazily up through the huge tunnel of the roof above. The walls were black with soot, and ornamented with sundry legs of bacon and festoons of sausages ; and as there were no windows in this dingy abode, the only light which cheered the darkness within, came flickering from the fire upon the hearth, and the smoky sunbeams that peeped down the long-necked chimney.

I had not been long seated by the fire, when the tinkling of mule-bells, the clatter of hoofs, and the hoarse

voice of a muleteer, in the outer apartment, announced the arrival of new guests. A few moments afterward the kitchen-door opened, and a person entered, whose appearance strongly arrested my attention. It was a tall, athletic figure with the majestic carriage of a grandee, and a dark, sunburnt countenance, that indicated an age of about fifty years. His dress was singular, and such as I had not before seen. He wore a round hat with wide, flapping brim, from beneath which his long, black hair hung in curls upon his shoulders; a leather jerkin, with cloth sleeves descended to his hips; around his waist was closely buckled a leather belt, with a cartouch-box on one side; a pair of Marmeluke pantaloons of black serge hung in ample folds to the knees, around which they were closely gathered by embroidered garters of blue silk; and black broadcloth leggings, buttoned close to the calves, and strapped over a pair of brown leather shoes, completed the singular dress of the stranger. He doffed his hat as he entered, and saluting the company with a "*Dios guarde á Ustedes, caballeros*" (God guard you, Gentlemen), took a seat by the fire, and entered into conversation with those around him.

As my curiosity was not a little excited by the peculiar dress of this person, I inquired of a travelling companion, who sat at my elbow, who and what this new-comer was. From him I learned that he was a muleteer of the *Margateria*,—a name given to a cluster of small towns which lie in the mountainous country between Astorga and Villafranca, in the western corner of the kingdom of Leon.

"Nearly every province in Spain," said he, "has its peculiar costume, as you will see, when you have advanced farther into our country. For instance, the Catalonians

wear crimson caps, hanging down upon the shoulder like a sack ; wide pantaloons of green velvet, long enough in the waistband to cover the whole breast ; and a little strip of a jacket, made of the same material, and so short as to bring the pocket directly under the armpit. The Valencians, on the contrary, go almost naked : a linen shirt, white linen trousers, reaching no lower than the knees, and a pair of coarse leather sandals complete their simple garb ; it is only in mid-winter that they indulge in the luxury of a jacket. The most beautiful and expensive costume, however, is that of Andalusia ; it consists of a velvet jacket, faced with rich and various-colored embroidery, and covered with tassels and silken cord ; a waistcoat of some gay color ; a silken handkerchief round the neck, and a crimson sash round the waist ; breeches that button down each side ; gaiters and shoes of white leather ; and a handkerchief of bright-colored silk wound about the head like a turban, and surmounted by a velvet cap or a little round hat, with a wide band, and an abundance of silken loops and tassels. The Old Castilians are more grave in their attire : they wear a leather breastplate instead of a jacket, breeches and leggins, and a montera cap. This fellow is a Maragato ; and in the villages of the Maragateria the costume varies a little from the rest of Leon and Castile."

"If he is indeed a Maragato," said I, jestingly, "who knows but he may be a descendant of the muleteer who behaved so naughtily at Cacabelos, as related in the second chapter of the veracious history of Gil Blas de Santilana ?"

"*¿ Quien sabe ?*" was the reply. "Notwithstanding the pride which even the meanest Castilian feels in counting over a long line of good-for-nothing ancestors,

the science of genealogy has become of late a very intricate study in Spain."

Here our conversation was cut short by the *Mayoral* of the diligence, who came to tell us that the mules were waiting; and before many hours had elapsed, we were scrambling through the square of the ancient city of Burgos. On the morrow we crossed the river Duero and the Guadarrama Mountains, and early in the afternoon entered the "Heróica Villa," of Madrid, by the Puerta de Fuencarral.

SPAIN.

Santiago y cierra España !

SPANISH WAR-CRY.

IT is a beautiful morning in June ;—so beautiful, that I almost fancy myself in Spain. The tessellated shadow of the honey-suckle lies motionless upon my floor, as if it were a figure in the carpet ; and through the open window comes the fragrance of the wild-brier and the mock-orange, reminding me of that soft, sunny clime where the very air is laden, like the bee, with sweetness, and the south wind

“ Comes over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it are betrayed.”

The birds are carolling in the trees, and their shadows flit across the window as they dart to and fro in the sunshine ; while the murmur of the bee, the cooing of doves from the eaves, and the whirring of a little humming-bird that has its nest in the honeysuckle, send up a sound of joy to meet the rising sun. How like the climate of the South ! How like a summer morning in Spain !

My recollections of Spain are of the most lively and delightful kind. The character of the soil and of its inhabitants,—the stormy mountains and free spirits of the North,—the prodigal luxuriance and gay voluptuousness of the South,—the history and traditions of the past, resembling more the fables of romance than the solemn chronicle of events,—a soft and yet majestic language

that falls like martial music on the ear, and a literature rich in the attractive lore of poetry and fiction,—these, but not these alone, are my reminiscences of Spain. With these I recall the thousand little circumstances and enjoyments which always give a coloring to our recollections of the past; the clear sky,—the pure, balmy air,—the delicious fruits and flowers,—the wild-fig and the aloe, the palm tree and the olive by the wayside,—all, all that makes existence so joyous, and renders the sons and daughters of that clime the children of impulse and sensation.

As I write these words, a shade of sadness steals over me. When I think what that glorious land might be, and what it is,—what nature intended it should be, and what man has made it,—my very heart sinks within me. My mind instinctively reverts from the degradation of the present to the glory of the past; or, looking forward with strong misgivings, but with yet stronger hopes, interrogates the future.

The burnished armor of the Cid stands in the archives of the royal museum of Madrid, and there, too, is seen the armor of Ferdinand and of Isabel, of Guzman the Good and of Gonzalo de Cordova, and other early champions of Spain; but what hand shall now wield the sword of the Campeador, or lift up the banner of Leon and Castile? The ruins of Christian castle and Moorish alcázar still look forth from the hills of Spain; but where, O where is the spirit of freedom that once fired the children of the Goth? Where is the spirit of Bernardo del Carpio, and Perez de Vargas, and Alonzo de Aguilar? Shall it forever sleep? Shall it never again beat high in the hearts of their degenerate sons? Shall the descendants of Pelayo bow forever beneath an iron yoke, “like cattle whose despair is dumb?”

The dust of the Cid lies mingling with the dust of Old Castile ; but his spirit is not buried with his ashes. It sleeps, but is not dead. The day will come, when the foot of the tyrant shall be shaken from the neck of Spain ; when a brave and generous people, though now ignorant, degraded, and much abused, shall “know their rights, and knowing dare maintain.” But I am no political seer. I will dwell no longer on this theme.

Of the national character of Spain I have brought away this impression ; that its prominent traits are a generous pride of birth, a superstitious devotion to the dogmas of the Church, and an innate dignity, which exhibits itself even in the common and every-day employments of life. (Castilian pride is proverbial. A beggar wraps his tattered cloak around him with all the dignity of a Roman senator ; and a muleteer bestrides his beast of burden with the air of a grandee.)

I have thought, too, that there was a tinge of sadness in the Spanish character. The national music of the land is remarkable for its melancholy tone ; and at times the voice of a peasant, singing amid the silence and solitude of the mountains, falls upon the ear like a funeral chant. Even a Spanish holiday wears a look of sadness,—a circumstance which some writers attribute to the cruel and overbearing spirit of the municipal laws. “On the greatest festivals,” says Sovellanos, “instead of that boisterous merriment and noise which should bespeak the joy of the inhabitants, there reigns throughout the streets and market-places a slothful inactivity, a gloomy stillness, which cannot be remarked without mingled emotions of surprise and pity. The few persons who leave their houses seem to be driven from them by listlessness, and dragged as far as the threshold, the market,

or the church-door ; there, muffled in their cloaks, leaning against a corner, seated on a bench, or lounging to and fro, without object, aim, or purpose, they pass their hours, their whole evenings, without mirth, recreation, or amusement. When you add to this picture the dreariness and filth of the villages, the poor and slovenly dress of the inhabitants, the gloominess and silence of their air, the laziness, the want of concert and union so striking everywhere, who but would be astonished, who but would be afflicted by so mournful a phenomenon ? This is not, indeed, the place to expose the errors which conspire to produce it ; but, whatever those errors may be, one point is clear,—that they are all to be found in the laws !” *

Of the same serious, sombre character is the favorite national sport,—the bull-fight. It is a barbarous amusement, but of all others the most exciting, the most spirit-stirring ; and in Spain, none so popular. “ If Rome lived content with bread and arms,” says the author I have just quoted, in a spirited little discourse entitled *Pan y Toros*, “ Madrid lives content with bread and bulls.”

Shall I describe a Spanish bull-fight ? No. It has been so often and so well described by other pens that mine shall not undertake it, though it is a tempting theme. I cannot, however, refuse myself the pleasure of quoting here a few lines from one of the old Spanish ballads upon this subject. It is entitled “ The Bull-fight of Ganzul.” The description of the bull, which is contained in the passage I here extract, is drawn with a master’s hand. It is a paraphrase—not a translation—by Mr Lockhart.

* Informe dado á la Real Academia de Historia sobre Juegos, Espectáculos, y Diversiones Públicas.

“ From Guadiana comes he not, he comes not from Xenil,
From Guadalquivir of the plain, nor Barves of the hill ;
But where from out the forest burst Xarama's waters clear,
Beneath the oak-trees was he nursed, this proud and stately
steer.

“ Dark is his hide on either side, but the blood within doth boil,
And the dun hide glows, as if on fire, as he paws to the turmoil.
His eyes are jet, and they are set in crystal rings of snow ;
But now they stare with one red glare of brass upon the foe.

“ Upon the forehead of the bull the horns stand close and near,
From out the broad and wrinkled skull like daggers they appear ;
His neck is massy, like the trunk of some old, knotted tree,
Whereon the monster's shaggy mane, like billows curled, ye see.

“ His legs are short, his hams are thick, his hoofs are black as
night ;
Like a strong flail he holds his tail, in fierceness of his might ;
Like something molten out of iron, or hewn from forth the rock.
Harpado of Xarama stands, to bide the Alcayde's shock.

“ Now stops the drum,—close, close they come ; thrice meet and
thrice give back ;
The white foam of Harpado lies on the charger's breast of black ;
The white foam of the charger on Harpado's front of dun ;—
Once more advance upon his lance,—once more, thou fearless
one ! ”

There are various circumstances closely connected with the train of thought I have here touched upon ; but I forbear to mention them, for fear of drawing out this introductory chapter to too great a length. Some of them will naturally find a place hereafter. Meanwhile let us turn the leaf to a new chapter, and to subjects of a livelier nature.

A TAILOR'S DRAWER.

Nedyls, threde, thymbell, shers,
And all suche knackes.

THE FOUR PR.

I.

A TAILOR'S drawer, quotha ?
Yes ; a tailor's drawer. Sooth to say it is rather a quaint rubric for a chapter in the pilgrim's breviary ; albeit it well befits the motley character of the following pages. It is a title which the Spaniards give to a desultory discourse, wherein various and discordant themes are touched upon, and which is crammed full of little shreds and patches of erudition ; and certainly it is not inappropriate to a chapter whose contents are of every shape and hue, and "do no more adhere and keep pace together than the hundredth psalm to the tune of Green Sleeves."

II.

It is recorded in the adventures of Gil Blas de Santilana, that, when this renowned personage first visited the city of Madrid, he took lodgings at the house of Mateo Melandez, in the Puerta del Sol. In choosing a place of abode in the Spanish court, I followed, as far as practicable, this illustrious example ; but, as the kind-hearted Mateo had been long gathered to his fathers, I was content to take up my residence in the hired house of Valentin Gonzalez, at the foot of the Calle de la Montera.

My apartments were in the third story, above the dust, though not beyond the rattle, of the street ; and my balconies looked down into the Puerta del Sol, the heart of Madrid, through which circulates the living current of its population at least once every twenty-four hours.

The Puerta del Sol is a public square, from which diverge the five principal streets of the metropolis. It is the great rendezvous of grave and gay,—of priest and layman,—of gentle and simple,—the mart of business and of gossip,—the place where the creditor seeks his debtor, where the lawyer seeks his client, where the stranger seeks amusement, where the friend seeks his friend, and the foe his foe ; where the idler seeks the sun in winter, and the shade in summer, and the busybody seeks the daily news, and picks up the crumbs of gossip to fly away with them in his beak to the *terbilia* of Doña Paquita !

Tell me, ye who have sojourned in foreign lands, and know in what bubbles a traveller's happiness consists,—is it not a blessing to have your window overlook a scene like this ?

III.

THERE,—take that chair upon the balcony, and let us look down upon the busy scene beneath us. What a continued roar the crowded thoroughfare sends up ! Though three stories high, we can hardly hear the sound of our own voices ! The London cries are whispers, when compared with the cries of Madrid.

See,—yonder stalks a gigantic peasant of New Castile, with a montera cap, brown jacket and breeches, and coarse blue stockings, forcing his way through the crowd, and leading a donkey laden with charcoal, whose sono-

rous bray is in unison with the harsh voice of his master. Close at his elbow goes a rosy-cheeked damsel, selling calico. She is an Asturian from the mountains of Santander. How do you know? By her short yellow petticoats,—her blue bodice,—her coral necklace and ear-rings. Through the middle of the square struts a peasant of Old Castile, with his yellow leather jerkin strapped about his waist,—his brown leggings and his blue garters,—driving before him a flock of gabbling turkeys, and crying, at the top of his voice, “*Pao, pao, pavitos, paos!*” Next comes a Valencian, with his loose linen trousers and sandal shoon, holding a huge sack of watermelons upon his shoulder with his left hand, and with his right balancing high in air a specimen of the luscious fruit, upon which is perched a little pyramid of the crimson pulp, while he tempts the passers-by with “*A cala, y calando; una sandía vendo-o-o. Si esto es sangre!*” (By the slice,—come and try it,—watermelon for sale. This is the real blood!) His companion near him has a pair of scales thrown over his shoulder, and holds both arms full of muskmelons. He chimes into the harmonious ditty with “*Melo—melo-o-o—meloncitos; aquí está el azúcar!*” (Melons, melons; here is the sugar!) Behind them creeps a slow-moving Asturian, in heavy wooden shoes, crying watercresses; and a peasant woman from the Guadarama Mountains, with a montera cocked up in front, and a blue kerchief tied under her chin, swings in each hand a bunch of live chickens,—that hang by the claws, head downwards, fluttering, scratching, crowing with all their might, while the good woman tries to drown their voices in the discordant cry of “*¿Quien me compra un gallo,—un par de gallinas?*” (Who buys a cock,—a brace of hens,—who buys?) That tall fellow

in blue, with a pot of flowers upon his shoulder, is a wag, beyond all dispute. See how cunningly he cocks his eye up at us, and cries, "*Si yo tuviera balcon!*" (If I only had a balcony!)"

What next? A Manchego with a sack of oil under his arm; a Gallego with a huge water-jar upon his shoulders; an Italian pedler with images of saints and madonnas: a razor-grinder with his wheel; a mender of pots and kettles, making music, as he goes, with a shovel and a frying-pan; and, in fine, a noisy, patchwork, ever-changing crowd, whose discordant cries mingle with the rumbling of wheels, the clatter of hoofs, and the clang of church-bells; and make the Puerta del Sol, at certain hours of the day, like a street in Babylon the Great.

IV.

CHITON! A beautiful girl, with flaxen hair, blue eyes, and the form of a fairy in a midsummer night's dream, has just stepped out on the balcony beneath us! See how coquettishly she crosses her arms upon the balcony, thrusts her dainty little foot through the bars, and plays with her slipper! She is an Andalusian, from Malaga. Her brother is a bold dragoon, and wears a long sword; so beware! and "let not the creaking of shoes and the rustling of silks betray thy poor heart to woman." Her mother is a dowdy lady, "fat and forty"; eats garlic in her salad, and smokes cigars. But mind! that is a secret; I tell it to you in confidence.

V.

THE following little ditty I translate from the Spanish. It is as delicate as a dew-drop.

She is a maid of artless grace,
Gentle in form, and fair of face.

Tell me, thou ancient mariner,
That sailest on the sea,
If ship, or sail, or evening star
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou gallant cavalier,
Whose shining arms I see,
If steed, or sword, or battle-field
Be half so fair as she!

Tell me, thou swain, that guard'st thy flock
Beneath the shadowy tree,
If flock, or vale, or mountain-ridge
Be half so fair as she!

VI.

A MILLER has just passed by, covered with flour from head to foot, and perched upon the tip end of a little donkey, crying "*Arre borrico!*" and at every cry swinging a cudgel in his hand, and giving the ribs of the poor beast what in the vulgar dialect is called a *cachiporrazo*. I could not help laughing, though I felt provoked with the fellow for his cruelty. The truth is, I have great esteem for a jackass. His meekness, and patience, and long-suffering are very amiable qualities, and, considering his situation, worthy of all praise. In Spain, a donkey plays as conspicuous a part as a priest or village alcalde. There would be no getting along without him. And yet, who so beaten and abused as he?

VII.

HERE comes a gay gallant, with white kid gloves, a

Quizzing-glass, a black cane, with a white ivory apple, and a little hat, cocked pertly on one side of his head. He is an exquisite fop, and a great lady's man. You will always find him on the Prado at sunset, when the crowd and dust are thickest, ogling through his glass, flourishing his cane, and humming between his teeth some favorite air of the Semiramis, or the Barber of Seville. He is a great amateur, and patron of the Italian Opera,—beats time with his cane,—nods his head, and cries *Bravo!*—and fancies himself in love with the Prima Donna. The height of his ambition is to be thought the gay Lothario,—the gallant Don Cortejo of his little sphere. He is a poet withal, and daily besieges the heart of the cruel Doña Inez with sonnets and madrigals. She turns a deaf ear, to his song, and is inexorable:—

“Mas que no sea mas piadosa
A dos escudos en prosa,
No puede ser.”

VIII.

WHAT a contrast between this personage and the sal-low, emaciated being who is now crossing the street! It is a barefooted Carmelite,—a monk of an austere order,—wasted by midnight vigils and long penance. Abstinence is written on that pale cheek, and the bowed head and downcast eye are in accordance with the meek profession of a mendicant brotherhood.

What is this world to thee, thou man of penitence and prayer? What has thou to do with all this busy, turbulent scene about thee,—with all the noise, and gayety, and splendor of this thronged city? Nothing. The wide world gives thee nothing, save thy daily crust,

thy crucifix, thy convent-cell, thy pallet of straw ! Pilgrim of heaven ! thou hast no home on earth. Thou art journeying onward to "a house not made with hands" ; and like the first apostles of thy faith, thou takest neither gold, nor silver, nor brass, nor scrip for thy journey. Thou hast shut thy heart to the endearments of earthly love,—thy shoulder beareth not the burden with thy fellow-man,—in all this vast crowd thou hast no friends, no hopes, no sympathies. Thou standest aloof from man,—and art thou nearer God ? I know not. Thy motives, thy intentions, thy desires are registered in heaven. I am thy fellow-man,—and not thy judge.

"Who is the greater ?" says the German moralist ; "the wise man who lifts himself above the storms of time, and from aloof looks down upon them, and yet takes no part therein,—or he who, from the height of quiet and repose, throws himself boldly into the battle-tumult of the world ? Glorious is it, when the eagle through the beating tempest flies into the bright blue heaven upward ; but far more glorious, when, poising in the blue sky over the black storm-abyss, he plunges downward to his aerie on the cliff, where cower his unfledged brood, and tremble."

IX.

SULTRY grows the day, and breathless ! The lately crowded street is silent and deserted,—hardly a footfall,—hardly here and there a solitary figure stealing along in the narrow strip of shade beneath the eaves ! Silent, too, and deserted is the Puerta del Sol ; so silent, that even at this distance the splashing of its fountain is distinctly audible,—so deserted, that not a living thing is visible

there, save the outstretched and athletic form of a Galician water-carrier, who lies asleep upon the pavement in the cool shadow of the fountain ! There is not air enough to stir the leaves of the jasmine upon the balcony, or break the thin column of smoke that issues from the cigar of Don Diego, master of the noble Spanish tongue, *y hombre de muchos dingolondangos*. He sits bolt upright between the window and the door, with the collar of his snuff-colored frock thrown back upon his shoulders, and his toes turned out like a dancing-master, poring over the *Diario de Madrid*, to learn how high the thermometer rose yesterday,—what patron saint has a festival to-day,—and at what hour to-morrow the “King of Spain, Jerusalem, and the Canary Islands” will take his departure for the gardens of Aranjuez.

You have a proverb in your language, Don Diego, which says,—

“Despues de comer
Ni un sobrescrito leer”;—

(after dinner read not even the superscription of a letter, I shall obey, and indulge in the exquisite luxury of a *siesta*. I confess that I love this after-dinner nap. If I have a gift, a vocation for anything, it is for sleeping. A child might envy me, I sleep so calmly ; and from my heart I can say with honest Sancho, “Blessed be the man that first invented sleep !” In a sultry clime, too, where the noontide heat unmans you, and cool starry night seems made for anything but slumber, I am willing to barter an hour or two of intense daylight for an hour or two of tranquil, lovely, dewy night !

Therefore, Don Diego, *hasta la vista !*

X.

It is evening ; the day is gone ; fast gather and deepen the shades of twilight ! In the words of a German allegory, "The babbling day has touched the hem of night's garment, and, weary and still, drops asleep in her bosom."

The city awakens from its slumber. The convent-bells ring solemnly and slow. The streets are thronged again. Once more I hear the shrill cry, the rattling wheel, the murmur of the crowd. The blast of a trumpet sounds from the *Puerta del Sol*,—then the tap of a drum ; a mounted guard opens the way,—the crowd doff their hats, and the king sweeps by in a gilded coach drawn by six horses, and followed by a long train of uncouth, antiquated vehicles drawn by mules.

The living tide now sets towards the *Prado*, and the beautiful gardens of the *Retiro*. Beautiful are they at this magic hour. Beautiful, with the almond-tree in blossom, with the broad green leaves of the sycamore and the chestnut, with the fragrance of the orange and the lemon, with the beauty of a thousand flowers, with the soothing calm and the dewy freshness of evening !

XI.

I LOVE to linger on the *Prado* till the crowd is gone and the night far advanced. There musing and alone I sit, and listen to the lulling fall of waters in their marble fountains, and watch the moon as it rises over the gardens of the *Retiro*, brighter than a northern sun. The beautiful scene lies half in shadow, half in light,—almost a fairy-land. Occasionally the sound of a guitar, or a distant voice, breaks in upon my revery. Then the form of a monk, from the neighboring convent, sweeps by me like

a shadow, and disappears in the gloom of the leafy avenues ; and far away from the streets of the city comes the voice of the watchman telling the midnight hour.

Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain . Day, panting with heat, and laden with a thousand cares, toils onward like a beast of burden ; but Night, calm, silent, holy Night, is a ministering angel that cools with its dewy breath the toil-heated brow ; and, like the Roman sisterhood, stoops down to bathe the pilgrim's feet. How grateful is the starry twilight ! How grateful the gentle radiance of the moon ! How grateful the delicious coolness of "the omnipresent and deep-breathing air !" Lovely art thou, O Night, beneath the skies of Spain !

ANCIENT SPANISH BALLADS.

I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.

WINTER'S TALK.

HOW universal is the love of poetry ! Every nation has its popular songs, the offspring of a credulous simplicity and an unschooled fancy. The peasant of the North, as he sits by the evening fire, sings the traditionary ballad to his children,

“ Nor wants he gleeful tales, while round
The nut-brown bowl doth trot.”

The peasant of the South, as he lies at noon in the shade of the sycamore, or sits by his door in the evening twilight, sings his amorous lay, and listlessly,

“ On hollow quills of oaten straw,
He pipeth melody.”

The muleteer of Spain carols with the early lark, amid the stormy mountains of his native land. The vintager of Sicily has his evening hymn ; the fisherman of Naples his boat-song ; the gondolier of Venice his midnight serenade. The goatherd of Switzerland and the Tyrol,—the Carpathian boor,—the Scotch Highlander,—the English ploughboy, singing as he drives his team afield,—peasant,—serf,—slave,—all, all have their ballads and traditionary songs. Music is the universal language of mankind,—poetry their universal pastime and delight.

The ancient ballads of Spain hold a prominent rank in her literary history. Their number is truly astonishing, and may well startle the most enthusiastic lover of popular song. The *Romancero General** contains upwards of a thousand; and though upon many of these may justly be bestowed the encomium which honest Izaak Walton pronounces upon the old English ballad of the *Passionate Shepherd*—"old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good,"—yet, as a whole, they are, perhaps, more remarkable for their number than for their beauty. Every great historic event, every marvellous tradition, has its popular ballad. Don Roderick, Bernardo del Carpio, and the Cid Campeador are not more the heroes of ancient chronicle than of ancient song; and the imaginary champions of Christendom, the twelve peers of Charlemagne, have found an historian in the wandering ballad-singer no less authentic than the good Archbishop Turpin.

Most of these ancient ballads had their origin during the dominion of the Moors in Spain. Many of them, doubtless, are nearly as old as the events they celebrate; though in their present form the greater part belong to the fourteenth century. The language in which they are now preserved indicates no higher antiquity; but who shall say how long they have been handed down by tradition, ere they were taken from the lips of the wandering minstrel, and recorded in a more permanent form?

The seven centuries of the Moorish sovereignty in Spain are the heroic ages of her history and her poetry. What the warrior achieved with his sword the minstrel published in his song. The character of those ages is seen in

* *Romancero General*, en que se contiene todos los Romances que andan impresos. 4to. Madrid, 1604.

the character of their literature. History casts its shadow far into the land of song. Indeed, the most prominent characteristic of the ancient Spanish ballads is their warlike spirit. They shadow forth the majestic lineaments of the warlike ages ; and through every line breathes a high and peculiar tone of chivalrous feeling. It is not the piping sound of peace, but a blast,—a loud, long blast from the war-horn,—

“ A trump with a stern breath,
Which is cleped the trump of death.”

And with this mingles the voice of lamentation,—the requiem for the slain, with a melancholy sweetness :—

“ Rio Verde, Rio Verde !
Many a corpse is bathed in thee,
Both of Moors and eke of Christians,
Slain with swords most cruelly.

“ And thy pure and crystal waters
Dappled are with crimson gore ;
For between the Moors and Christians
Long has been the fight and sore.

“ Dukes and counts fell bleeding near thee,
Lords of high renown were slain,
Perished many a brave hidalgo
Of the noblemen of Spain.”

Another prominent characteristic of these ancient ballads is their energetic and beautiful simplicity. A great historic event is described in the fewest possible words ; there is no ornament, no artifice. The poet's intention was to narrate, not to embellish. It is truly wonderful to observe what force, and beauty, and dramatic power are given to the old romances by this single circumstance.

When Bernardo del Carpio leads forth his valiant Leonese against the host of Charlemagne, he animates their courage by alluding to their battles with the Moors, and exclaims, "Shall the lions that have bathed their paws in Libyan gore now crouch before the Frank?" When he enters the palace of the treacherous Alfonso, to upbraid him for a broken promise, and the king orders him to be arrested for contumely, he lays his hand upon his sword and cries, "Let no one stir! I am Bernardo; and my sword is not subject even to kings!" When the Count Alarcos prepares to put to death his own wife at the king's command, she submits patiently to her fate, asks time to say a prayer, and then exclaims, "Now bring me my infant boy, that I may give him suck, as my last farewell!" Is there in all the writings of Homer an incident more touching, or more true to nature?

The ancient Spanish ballads naturally divide themselves into three classes:—the Historic, the Romantic, and the Moorish. It must be confessed, however, that the line of demarcation between these three classes is not well defined; for many of the Moorish ballads are historic, and many others occupy a kind of debatable ground between the historic and the romantic. I have adopted this classification for the sake of its convenience, and shall now make a few hasty observations upon each class, and illustrate my remarks by specimens of the ballads.

The historic ballads are those which recount the noble deeds of the early heroes of Spain: of Bernardo del Carpio, the Cid, Martin Pelaez, Garcia Perez de Vargas, Alonso de Aguilar, and many others whose names stand conspicuous in Spanish history. Indeed, these ballads may themselves be regarded in the light of historic documents; they are portraits of long-departed ages, and if at

times their features are exaggerated and colored with too bold a contrast of light and shade, yet the free and spirited touches of a master's hand are recognized in all. They are instinct, too, with the spirit of Castilian pride, with the high and dauntless spirit of liberty that burned so bright of old in the heart of the brave hidalgo. Take, for example, the ballad of the Five Farthings. King Alfonso VIII., having exhausted his treasury in war, wishes to lay a tax of five farthings upon each of the Castilian hidalgos, in order to defray the expenses of a journey from Burgos to Cuenca. This proposition of the king was met with disdain by the noblemen who had been assembled on the occasion.

“ Don Nuño, Count of Lara,
In anger and in pride,
Forgot all reverence for the king,
And thus in wrath replied:—

“ ‘ Our noble ancestors,’ quoth he,
‘ Ne’er such a tribute paid;
Nor shall the king receive of us
What they have once gainsaid.

“ ‘ The base-born soul who deems it just
May here with thee remain;
But follow me, ye cavaliers, *et*
Ye noblemen of Spain.’

“ Forth followed they the noble Count,
They marched to Glera’s plain;
Out of three thousand gallant knights
Did only three remain.

“ They tied the tribute to their spears,
They raised it in the air,
And they sent to tell their lord the king
That his tax was ready there.

‘ He may send and take by force,’ said they,
 ‘ This paltry sum of gold;
 But the goodly gift of liberty
 Cannot be bought and sold.’”

The same gallant spirit breathes through all the historic ballads ; but, perhaps, most fervently in those which relate to Bernardo del Carpio. How spirit-stirring are all the speeches which the ballad-writers have put into the mouth of this valiant hero ! “ Ours is the blood of the Goth,” says he to King Alfonso ; “ sweet to us is liberty, and bondage odious !”—“ The king may give his castles to the Frank, but not his vassals ; for kings themselves hold no dominion over the free will !” He and his followers would rather die freemen than live slaves ! If these are the common watchwords of liberty at the present day, they were no less so among the high-souled Spaniards of the eighth century.

One of the finest of the historic ballads is that which describes Bernardo’s march to Roncesvalles. He sallies forth “ with three thousand Leonese and more,” to protect the glory and freedom of his native land. From all sides, the peasantry of the land flocked to the hero’s standard.

“ The peasant leaves his plough afield,
 The reaper leaves his hook,
 And from his hand the shepherd-boy
 Lets fall the pastoral crook.

“ The young set up a shout of joy,
 The old forget their years,
 The feeble man grows stout of heart,
 No more the craven fears.

- “ All rush to Bernard’s standard,
And on liberty they call ;
They cannot brook to wear the yoke,
When threatened by the Gaul.
- “ ‘ Free were we born,’ ’tis thus they cry,
‘ And willingly pay we
The duty that we owe our king,
By the divine decree.
- “ ‘ But God forbid that we obey
The laws of foreign knaves,
Tarnish the glory of our sires,
And make our children slaves.
- “ ‘ Our hearts have not so craven grown,
So bloodless all our veins,
So vigorless our brawny arms,
As to submit to chains.
- “ ‘ Hath the audacious Frank, forsooth,
Subdued these seas and lands ?
Shall he a bloodless victory have ?
No, not while we have hands.
- “ ‘ He shall learn that the gallant Leonese
Can bravely fight and fall ;
But that they know not how to yield;
They are Castilians all.
- “ ‘ Was it for this the Roman power
Of old was made to yield
Unto Numantia’s valiant hosts,
On many a bloody field ?
- “ ‘ Shall the bold lions that have bathed
Their paws in Libyan gore,
Crouch basely to a feebler foe,
And dare the strife no more ?

“ ‘ Let the false king sell town and tower,
But not his vassals free ;
For to subdue the free-born soul
No royal power hath he ! ’ ”

These short specimens will suffice to show the spirit of the old heroic ballads of Spain ; the Romances del Cid, and those that rehearse the gallant achievements of many other champions, brave and stalwart knights of old, I must leave unnoticed, and pass to another field of chivalry and song.

The next class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the Romantic, including those which relate to the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne and other imaginary heroes of the days of chivalry. There is an exaggeration in the prowess of these heroes of romance which is in accordance with the warmth of a Spanish imagination ; and the ballads which celebrate their achievements still go from mouth to mouth among the peasantry of Spain, and are hawked about the streets by the blind ballad-monger.

Among the romantic ballads, those of the Twelve Peers stand pre-eminent ; not so much for their poetic merit as for the fame of their heroes. In them are sung the valiant knights whose history is written more at large in the prose romances of chivalry,—Orlando, and Oliver, and Montesinos, and Durandarte, and the Marquis of Mantua, and the other paladins, “ *que en una mesa comian pan.* ” These ballads are of different length and various degrees of merit. Of some a few lines only remain ; they are evidently fragments of larger works ; while others, on the contrary, aspire to the length and dignity of epic poems ;—witness the ballads of the Conde de Irlos and the Marquis of Mantua, each of which consists of nearly a thousand long and sonorous lines.

Among these ballads of the Twelve Peers there are many of great beauty ; others possess little merit, and are wanting in vigor and conciseness. From the structure of the versification, I should rank them among the oldest of the Spanish ballads. They are all monorhythmic, with full consonant rhymes.

To the romantic ballads belong also a great number which recount the deeds of less celebrated heroes ; but among them all none is so curious as that of Vergilios. Like the old French romance-writers of the Middle Ages, the early Spanish poets introduce the Mantuan bard as a knight of chivalry. The ballad informs us that a certain king kept him imprisoned seven years, for what old Brantôme would call *outrécuydance* with a certain Doña Isabel. But being at mass on Sunday, the recollection of Virgil comes suddenly into his mind, when he ought to be attending to the priest ; and, turning to his knights, he asks them what has become of Virgil. One of them replies, “Your Highness has him imprisoned in your dungeons” ; to which the king makes answer with the greatest coolness, by telling them that the dinner is waiting, and that after they have dined they will pay Virgil a visit in his prison. Then up and spake the queen like a true heroine ; quoth she, “I will not dine without him” ; and straightway they all repair to the prison, where they find the incarcerated knight engaged in the pleasant pastime of combing his hair and arranging his beard. He tells the king very coolly that on that very day he has been a prisoner seven years ; to this the king replies, “Hush, hush, Virgil ; it takes three more to make ten.” —“Sire,” says Virgil, with the same philosophical composure, “if your Highness so ordains, I will pass my whole life here.” —“As a reward for your patience, you

shall dine with me to-day," says the king. "My coat is torn," says Virgil; "I am not in trim to make a leg."—But this difficulty is removed by the promise of a new suit from the king; and they go to dinner. Virgil delights both knights and damsels, but most of all Doña Isabel. The archbishop is called in; they are married forthwith, and the ballad closes like a scene in some old play:—"He takes her by the hand, and leads her to the garden."

Such is this curious ballad.

I now turn to one of the most beautiful of these ancient Spanish poems;—it is the Romance del Conde Alarcos; a ballad full of interest and of touching pathos. The story is briefly this. The Count Alarcos, after being secretly betrothed to the Infanta Solisa, forsakes her and weds another lady. Many years afterward, the princess, sitting alone, as she was wont, and bemoaning her forsaken lot, resolves to tell the cause of her secret sorrow to the king her father; and, after confessing her clandestine love for Count Alarcos, demands the death of the Countess, to heal her wounded honor. Her story awakens the wrath of the king; he acknowledges the justness of her demand, seeks an interview with the Count, and sets the case before him in so strong a light, that finally he wrings from him a promise to put his wife to death with his own hand. The Count returns homeward a grief-stricken man, weeping the sad destiny of his wife, and saying within himself, "How shall I look upon her smile of joy, when she comes forth to meet me?" The Countess welcomes his return with affectionate tenderness; but he is heavy at heart and disconsolate. He sits down to supper with his children around him, but the food is untasted; he hides his face in his hands, and weeps. At length

they retire to their chamber. In the language of Mr. Lockhart's * translation,—

“ They came together to the bower, where they were used to rest,—
None with them but the little babe that was upon the breast ;
The Count had barred the chamber-doors,—they ne'er were barred
till then :

‘ Unhappy lady,’ he began, ‘ and I most lost of men !’

“ ‘ Now speak not so, my noble lord, my husband, and my life !
Unhappy never can she be that is Alarcos’ wife !’

‘ Alas ! unhappy lady, ’tis but little that you know ;
For in that very word you’ve said is gathered all your woe.

“ ‘ Long since I loved a lady,—long since I oaths did plight
To be that lady’s husband, to love her day and night ;
Her father is our lord the king,—to him the thing is known ;
And now,—that I the news should bring !—she claims me for her
own.

“ ‘ Alas ! my love, alas ! my life, the right is on their side ;
Ere I had seen your face, sweet wife, she was betrothed my bride ;
But—O, that I should speak the word !—since in her place you
lie,
It is the bidding of our lord that you this night must die.’

“ ‘ Are these the wages of my love, so lowly and so leal ?
O, kill me not, thou noble Count, when at thy foot I kneel !
But send me to my father’s house, where once I dwelt in glee ;
There will I live a lone, chaste life, and rear my children three.’

* Ancient Spanish Ballads, Historical and Romantic. By J. G. Lockhart. These are beautiful poems, but poor translations. They do not sufficiently preserve the austere simplicity of their originals, except, perhaps, in the single instance before us. Here the translation is much more literal than in the rest of Mr. Lockhart’s specimens.

“ ‘It may not be,—mine oath is strong,—ere dawn of day you die.’
 ‘O, well ’tis seen how all alone upon the earth am I!—
 My father is an old, frail man ; my mother’s in her grave
 And dead is stout Don Garci,—alas ! my brother brave !

“ ‘’Twas at this coward king’s command they slew my brother
 dear,
 And now I’m helpless in the land !—It is not death I fear,
 But loth, loth am I to depart, and leave my children so ;—
 Now let me lay them to my heart, and kiss them, ere I go.’

“ ‘Kiss him that lies upon thy breast,—the rest thou mayst not
 see.’
 ‘I would fain say an Ave.’ ‘Then say it speedily.’
 She knelt her down upon her knee,—‘O Lord behold my case !
 Judge not my deeds, but look on me in pity and great grace !’

“ When she had made her orison, up from her knees she rose :—
 ‘Be kind, Alarcos, to our babes, and pray for my repose ;
 And now give me my boy once more, upon my breast to hold,
 That he may drink one farewell drink before my breast be cold.’

“ ‘Why would you waken the poor child ? you see he is asleep ;
 Prepare, dear wife, there is no time, the dawn begins to peep.’
 ‘Now, hear me, Count Alarcos ! I give thee pardon free :
 I pardon thee for the love’s sake wherewith I’ve lovèd thee ;

“ ‘But they have not my pardon,—the king and his proud daugh-
 ter ;
 The curse of God be on them, for this unchristian slaughter.
 I charge them with my dying breath, ere thirty days be gone,
 To meet me in the realm of death, and at God’s awful throne !’”

The Count then strangles her with a scarf, and the ballad concludes with the fulfilment of the dying lady’s prayer, in the death of the king and the Infanta within twenty days of her own.

Few, I think, will be disposed to question the beauty of this ancient ballad, though a refined and cultivated

taste may revolt from the seemingly unnatural incident upon which it is founded. It must be recollected that this is a scene taken from a barbarous age, when the life of even the most cherished and beloved was held of little value in comparison with a chivalrous but false and exaggerated point of honor. It must be borne in mind, also, that, notwithstanding the boasted liberty of the Castilian hidalgos, and their frequent rebellions against the crown, a deep reverence for the divine right of kings, and a consequent disposition to obey the mandates of the throne, at almost any sacrifice, has always been one of the prominent traits of the Spanish character. When taken in connection with these circumstances, the story of this old ballad ceases to be so grossly improbable as it seems at first sight ; and, indeed, becomes an illustration of national character. In all probability, the story of the Conde Alarcos had some foundation in fact.*

The third class of the ancient Spanish ballads is the Moorish. Here we enter a new world, more gorgeous and more dazzling than that of Gothic chronicle and tradition. The stern spirits of Bernardo, the Cid, and the Mudarra have passed away ; the mail-clad forms of Guarinos, Orlando, and Durandarte are not here ; the scene is changed ; it is the bridal of Andalla ; the bull-fight of Ganzul. The sunshine of Andalusia glances upon the marble halls of Granada, and green are the banks of the Xenil and the Darro. A band of Moorish knights, gayly arrayed in gambesons of crimson silk, with scarfs of blue

* This exaggerated reverence for the person and prerogatives of the king has furnished the groundwork of two of the best dramas in the Spanish language ; *La Estrella de Sevilla*, by Lope de Vega, and *Del Rey abajo Ninguno*, by Francisco de Rojas.

and jewelled tahalíes, sweep like the wind through the square of Vivarambla. They ride to the Tournament of Reeds; the Moorish maiden leans from the balcony; bright eyes glisten from many a lattice; and the victorious knight receives the prize of valor from the hand of her whose beauty is like the star-lit night. These are the Xarifas, the Celindas, and Lindaraxas,—the Andallas, Ganzules, and Abenzaydes of Moorish song.

Then comes the sound of the silver clarion, and the roll of the Moorish atabal, down from the snowy pass of the Sierra Nevada and across the gardens of the Vega. Alhama has fallen! woe is me, Alhama! The Christian is at the gates of Granada; the banner of the cross floats from the towers of the Alhambra! And these, too, are themes for the minstrel,—themes sung alike by Moor and Spaniard.

Among the Moorish ballads are included not only those which were originally composed in Arabic, but all that relate to the manners, customs, and history of the Moors in Spain. In most of them the influence of an Oriental taste is clearly visible; their spirit is more refined and effeminate than that of the historic and romantic ballads, in which no trace of such an influence is perceptible. The spirit of the Cid is stern, unbending, steel-clad; his hand grasps his sword Tizona; his heel wounds the flank of his steed Babieca;—

“La mano aprieta á Tizona,
Y el talon fiere á Babieca.”

But the spirit of Arbolan the Moor, though resolute in camps, is effeminate in courts; he is a diamond among scymitars, yet graceful in the dance;—

“Diamante entre los alfanges,
Gracioso en baylar las zambras.”

The ancient ballads are stamped with the character of their heroes. I could give abundant illustrations of this, but it is not necessary.

Among the most spirited of the Moorish ballads are those which are interwoven in the History of the Civil Wars of Granada. The following, entitled “A very mournful Ballad on the Siege and Conquest of Alhama,” is very beautiful : and such was the effect it produced upon the Moors, that it was forbidden, on pain of death, to sing it within the walls of Granada. The translation, which is executed with great skill and fidelity, is from the pen of Lord Byron.

“The Moorish king rides up and down,
Through Granada’s royal town ;
From Elvira’s gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“Letters to the monarch tell
How Alhama’s city fell ;
In the fire the scroll he threw,
And the messenger he slew,
Woe is me, Alhama !

“He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,
And through the street directs his course,
Through the streets of Zacatin
To the Alhambra spurring in.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“When the Alhambra’s walls he gained
On the moment he ordained

That the trumpet straight should sound
With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama !

“ And when the hollow drums of war
Beat the loud alarm afar,
That the Moors of town and plain
Might answer to the martial strain,—
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Then the Moors, by this aware
That bloody Mars recalled them there,
One by one, and two by two,
To a mighty squadron grew.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Out then spake an aged Moor
In these words the king before :
‘ Wherefore call on us, O king ?
What may mean this gathering ? ’
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ ‘ Friends ! ye have, alas ! to know
Of a most disastrous blow.—
That the Christians, stern and bold,
Have obtained Alhama’s hold.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Out then spake old Alfaqui,
With his beard so white to see :
‘ Good king, thou art justly served ;
Good king, this thou hast deserved.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ By thee were slain, in evil hour,
The Abencerrage, Granada’s flower ;
And strangers were received by thee
Of Córdoba the chivalry.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ ‘ And for this, O king ! is sent
On thee a double chastisement ;
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,
One last wreck shall overwhelm.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ ‘ He who holds no laws in awe,
He must perish by the law ;
And Granada must be won,
And thyself with her undone.’
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ Fire flashed from out the old Moor’s eyes ;
The monarch’s wrath began to rise,
Because he answered, and because
He spake exceeding well of laws.
Woe is me, Alhama !

“ ‘ There is no law to say such things
As may disgust the ear of kings !
Thus, snorting with his choler, said
The Moorish king, and doomed him dead.
Woe is me, Alhama !”

Such are the ancient ballads of Spain ; poems which, like the Gothic cathedrals of the Middle Ages, have outlived the names of their builders. They are the handiwork of wandering, homeless minstrels, who for their daily bread thus “built the lofty rhyme”; and whose names, like their dust and ashes, have long, long been wrapped in a shroud. “These poets,” says an anonymous writer, “have left behind them no trace to which the imagination can attach itself ; they have ‘died and made no sign.’ We pass from the infancy of Spanish poetry to the age of Charles, through a long vista of monuments without inscriptions, as the traveller approaches the noise and bustle of modern Rome through the lines of silent and unknown tombs that border the Appian Way.”

Before closing this essay, I must allude to the unfavorable opinion which the learned Dr. Southey has expressed concerning the merit of these old Spanish ballads. In his preface to the *Chronicle of the Cid*, he says: “The heroic ballads of the Spaniards have been overrated in this country; they are infinitely and every way inferior to our own. There are some spirited ones in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, from which the rest have been estimated; but excepting these, I know none of any value among the many hundreds which I have perused.” On this field I am willing to do battle, though it be with a veteran knight who bears enchanted arms, and whose sword, like that of Martin Antolinez, “illuminates all the field.” That the old Spanish ballads may have been overrated, and that as a whole they are inferior to the English, I concede; that many of the hundred ballads of the *Cid* are wanting in interest, and that many of those of the *Twelve Peers of France* are languid, and drawn out beyond the patience of the most patient reader, I concede; I willingly confess, also, that among them all I have found none that can rival in graphic power the short but wonderful ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, wherein the mariner sees “the new moon with the old moon in her arms,” or the more modern one of the *Battle of Agincourt*, by Michael Drayton, beginning,—

“Fair stood the wind for France,
As we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
Landed King Harry.”

All this I readily concede : but that the old Spanish ballads are infinitely and every way inferior to the English, and that among them all there are none of any value, save a few which celebrate the civil wars of Granada,—this I deny. I think the March of Bernardo del Carpio is equal to Chevy Chase ; and that the ballad of the Conde Alarcos, in simplicity and pathos, has no peer in all English balladry,—it is superior to Edem o' Gordon. In proof of this opinion I confidently appeal to the ballads themselves,—nay, even to the short specimens that have been given in this essay.

But a truce to criticism. Already, methinks, I hear the voice of a drowsy and prosaic herald proclaiming, in the language of Don Quixote to the puppet-player, “Make an end, Master Peter, for it grows toward supper-time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me.”

THE VILLAGE OF EL PARDILLO.

“When the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams we now see glide so quietly by us.”

IZAACK WALTON.

IN that delicious season when the coy and capricious maidenhood of spring is swelling into the warmer, riper, and more voluptuous womanhood of summer, I left Madrid for the village of El Pardillo. I had already seen enough of the villages of the North of Spain to know that for the most part they have few charms to entice one from the city ; but I was curious to see the peasantry of the land in their native homes,—to see how far the shepherds of Castile resemble those who sigh and sing in the pastoral romances of Montemayor and Gaspar Gil Polo.

I love the city and its busy hum ; I love that glad excitement of the crowd which makes the pulse beat quick, the freedom from restraint, the absence of those curious eyes and idle tongues which persecute you in villages and provincial towns. I love the country, too, in its season ; and there is no scene over which my eye roves with more delight than the face of a summer landscape dimpled with soft sunny hollows, and smiling in all the freshness and luxuriance of June. There is no book in which I read sweeter lessons of virtue, or find the beauty of a quiet life more legibly recorded. My heart drinks in the tranquillity of the scene ; and I never hear the sweet warble of a

bird from its native wood, without a silent wish that such a cheerful voice and peaceful shade were mine. There is a beautiful moral feeling connected with everything in rural life, which is not dreamed of in the philosophy of the city ; the voice of the brook and the language of the winds and woods are no poetic fiction. What an impressive lesson is there in the opening bud of spring ! what an eloquent homily in the fall of the autumnal leaf ! How well does the song of a passing bird represent the glad but transitory days of youth ! and in the hollow tree and hooting owl what a melancholy image of the decay and imbecility of old age ! In the beautiful language of an English poet,—

“ Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

“ ’Neath cloistered boughs each floral bell that swingeth,
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer ;

“ Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But to that fane most catholic and solemn
Which God hath planned ;

“ To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

“ There, amid solitude and shade, I wander
Through the green aisles, and, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.”

But the traveller who journeys through the northern provinces of Spain will look in vain for the charms of rural scenery in the villages he passes. Instead of trim cottages, and gardens, and the grateful shade of trees, he will see a cluster of stone hovels roofed with red tiles and basking in the hot sun, without a single tree to lend him shade or shelter ; and instead of green meadows and woodlands vocal with the song of birds, he will find bleak and rugged mountains, and vast extended plains, that stretch away beyond his ken.

It was my good fortune, however, to find, not many leagues from the metropolis, a village which could boast the shadow of a few trees. El Pardillo is situated on the southern slope of the Guardarama Mountains, just where the last broken spurs of the sierra stretch forward into the vast table-land of New Castile. The village itself, like most other Castilian villages, is only a cluster of weather-stained and dilapidated houses, huddled together without beauty or regularity ; but the scenery around it is picturesque,—a mingling of hill and dale, sprinkled with patches of cultivated land and clumps of forest-trees ; and in the background the blue, vapory outline of the Guardarama Mountains melting into the sky.

In this quiet place I sojourned for a season, accompanied by the publican Don Valentin and his fair daughter Florencia. We took up our abode in the cottage of a peasant named Lucas, an honest tiller of the soil, simple and good-natured ; or, in the more emphatic language of Don Valentin, “ *un hombre muy infeliz, y sin malicia ninguna.*” Not so his wife Matina ; she was a Tartar, and so mettlesome withal, that poor Lucas skulked doggedly about his own premises, with his head down and his tail between his legs.

In this little village my occupations were few and simple. My morning's walk was to the Cross of Espalmado, a large wooden crucifix in the fields ; the day was passed with books or with any idle companion I was lucky enough to catch by the button, and bribe with a cigar into a long story, or a little village gossip ; and I whiled away the evening in peeping round among the cottagers, studying the beautiful landscape that spread before me, and watching the occasional gathering of a storm about the blue peaks of the Guardarama Mountains. My favorite haunt was a secluded spot in a little woodland valley, through which a crystal brook ran brawling along its pebbly channel. There, stretched in the shadow of a tree, I often passed the hours of noontide heat, now reading the magic numbers of Garcilaso, and anon listening to the song of the nightingale overhead ; or watching the toil of a patient ant, as he rolled his stone, like Sisyphus, up hill, or the flight of a bee darting from flower to flower, and "hiding his murmurs in the rose."

Blame me not, thou studious moralist,—blame me not unheard for this idle dreaming ; such moments are not wholly thrown away. In the language of Goethe, "I lie down in the grass near a falling brook, and close to the earth a thousand varieties of grasses became perceptible. When I listen to the hum of the little world between the stubble, and see the countless indescribable forms of insects, I feel the presence of the Almighty who has created us,—the breath of the All-benevolent who supports us in perpetual enjoyment."

The village church, too, was a spot around which I occasionally lingered of an evening when in pensive or melancholy mood. And here, gentle reader, thy imagination will straightway conjure up a scene of ideal beauty,—

a village church with decent whitewashed walls, and modest spire just peeping forth from a clump of trees ! No ; I will not deceive thee ; the church of El Pardillo resembles not this picture of thy well-tutored fancy. It is a gloomy little edifice, standing upon the outskirts of the village, and built of dark and unhewn stone, with a spire like a sugar-loaf. There is no grass-plot in front, but a little esplanade beaten hard by the footsteps of the church-going peasantry. The tombstone of one of the patriarchs of the village serves as a doorstep, and a single solitary tree throws its friendly shade upon the portals of the little sanctuary.

One evening, as I loitered around this spot, the sound of an organ and the chant of youthful voices from within struck my ear ; the church door was ajar, and I entered. There stood the priest, surrounded by a group of children, who were chanting a hymn to the Virgin :—

“ Ave Regina cœlorum,
Ave, Domina angelorum.”

There is something exceedingly thrilling in the voices of children singing. Though their music be unskilful, yet it finds its way to the heart with wonderful celerity. Voices of cherubs are they, for they breathe of paradise ; clear, liquid tones that flow from pure lips and innocent hearts, like the sweetest notes of a flute, or the falling of water from a fountain ! When the chant was finished, the priest opened a little book which he held in his hand, and began, with a voice as solemn as a funeral-bell, to question this class of roguish little catechumens, whom he was initiating into the mysterious doctrines of the mother church. Some of the questions and answers

were so curious that I cannot refrain from repeating them here ; and should any one doubt their authenticity, he will find them in the Spanish catechisms.

“ In what consists the mystery of the Holy Trinity ? ”

“ In one God, who is three persons ; and three persons, who are but one God. ”

“ But tell me,—three human persons, are they not three men ? ”

“ Yes, father. ”

“ Then why are not three divine persons three Gods ? ”

“ Because three human persons have three human natures ; but the three divine persons have only one divine nature. ”

“ Can you explain this by an example ? ”

“ Yes, father ; as a tree which has three branches is still but one tree, since all the three branches spring from one trunk, so the three divine persons are but one God, because they all have the same divine nature. ”

“ Where were these three divine persons before the heavens and the earth were created ? ”

“ In themselves. ”

“ Which of them was made man ? ”

“ The Son. ”

“ And after the Son was made man, was he still God ? ”

“ Yes, father ; for in becoming man he did not cease to be God, any more than a man when he becomes a monk ceases to be a man. ”

“ How was the Son of God made flesh ? ”

“ He was born of the most holy Virgin Mary. ”

“ And can we still call her a virgin ? ”

“ Yes, father ; for as a ray of the sun may pass through a pane of glass, and the glass remain unbroken, so the

Virgin Mary, after the birth of her son, was a pure and holy virgin as before.”*

“Who died to save and redeem us?”

“The Son of God : as man, and not as God.”

“How could he suffer and die as man only being both God and man, and yet but one person?”

“As in a heated bar of iron upon which water is thrown, the heat only is affected and not the iron, so the Son of God suffered in his human nature and not in his divine.”

“And when the spirit was separated from his most precious body, whither did the spirit go?”

“To limbo, to glorify the souls of the holy fathers.”

“And the body?”

“It was carried to the grave.”

“Did the divinity remain united with the spirit or with the body?”

“With both. As a soldier, when he unsheathes his sword, remains united both with the sword and the sheath, though they are separated from each other, so did the divinity remain united both with the spirit and

* This illustration was also made use of during the dark ages. Pierre de Corbiac, a Troubadour of the thirteenth century, thus introduces it in a poem entitled “Prayer to the Virgin” :—

“ Domna, verges pur’ e fina
 Ans que fos l’ enfantamens,
 Et apres tot eissamens,
 De vos trais sa carn humana
 Jhesu-Christ nostre salvaire ;
 Si com ses trencamens faire
 Intra’l bel rais quan solelha
 Per la fenestra veirina.”

the body of Christ, though the spirit was separated and removed from the body."

I did not quarrel with the priest for having been born and educated in a different faith from mine ; but as I left the church and sauntered slowly homeward, I could not help asking myself, in a whisper, " Why perplex the spirit of a child with these metaphysical subtilties, these dark, mysterious speculations, which man in all his pride of intellect cannot fathom nor explain ? "

I must not forget, in this place, to make honorable mention of the little great men of El Pardillo. And first in order comes the priest, the bell-wether of the flock. He was a short, portly man, serious in manner, and of grave and reverend presence ; though at the same time there was a dash of the jolly-fat-friar about him ; and on hearing a good joke or a sly innuendo, a smile would gleam in his eye, and play over his round face, like the light of a glowworm. His housekeeper was a brisk, smiling little woman, on the shady side of thirty, and a cousin of his to boot. Whenever she was mentioned, Don Valentin looked wise, as if this cousinship were apocryphal ; but he said nothing,—not he ; what right had he to be peeping into other people's business, when he had only one eye to look after his own withal ? Next in rank to the Dominie was the Alcalde, justice of the peace and quorum ; a most potent, grave, and reverend personage, with a long beak of a nose, and a pouch under his chin, like a pelican. He was a man of few words, but great in authority ; and his importance was vastly increased in the village by a pair of double-barrelled spectacles, so contrived, that, when bent over his desk and deeply buried in his musty papers, he could look up and see what was going on around him without mov-

ing his head, whereby he got the reputation of seeing twice as much as other people. There was the village surgeon, too, a tall man with a varnished hat and a starved dog; he had studied at the University of Salamanca, and was pompous and pedantic; ever and anon quoting some threadbare maxim from the Greek philosophers, and embellishing it with a commentary of his own. Then there was the gray-headed Sacristan, who rang the church-bell, played on the organ,* and was learned in tombstone lore; a Politician, who talked me to death about taxes, liberty, and the days of the constitution; and a Notary Public, a poor man with a large family, who would make a paper cigar last half an hour, and who kept up his respectability in the village by keeping a horse.

Beneath the protecting shade of these great men full many an inhabitant of El Pardillo was born and buried. The village continued to flourish, a quiet, happy place, though all unknown to fame. The inhabitants were orderly and industrious, went regularly to mass and confession, kept every saint's day in the calendar, and devoutly hung Judas once a year in effigy. On Sundays and all other holidays, when mass was over, the time was devoted to sports and recreation; and the day passed off in social visiting, and athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and heaving the bar. When evening came, the merry sound of the guitar summoned to the dance; then every nook and alley poured forth its youthful company,—light of heart and heel, and decked out in all the holiday finery of flowers, and ribbons, and crimson sashes. A group gathered before the cottage-door; the signal was given, and away whirled the merry dancers to the wild music of voice and guitar, and the measured beat of castanet and tambourine.

I love these rural dances,—from my heart I love them. This world, at best, is so full of care and sorrow,—the life of a poor man is so stained with the sweat of his brow,—there is so much toil, and struggling, and anguish, and disappointment here below, that I gaze with delight on a scene where all these are laid aside and forgotten, and the heart of the toil-worn peasant seems to throw off its load, and to leap to the sound of music, so merrily

“beneath soft eve’s consenting star,
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet.”

Not many miles from the village of El Pardillo stands the ruined castle of Villafranca, an ancient stronghold of the Moors of the fifteenth century. It is built upon the summit of a hill, of easy ascent upon one side, but precipitous and inaccessible on the other. The front presents a large, square tower, constituting the main part of the castle; on one side of which an arched gateway leads to a spacious court-yard within, surrounded by battlements. The corner towers are circular, with beetling turrets; and here and there, apart from the main body of the castle, stand several circular basements, whose towers have fallen and mouldered into dust. From the balcony in the square tower, the eye embraces the level landscape for leagues and leagues around; and beneath, in the depth of the valley, lies a beautiful grove, alive with the song of the nightingale. The whole castle is in ruin, and occupied only as a hunting-lodge, being inhabited by a solitary tenant, who has charge of the adjacent domain.

One holiday, when mass was said and the whole village was let loose to play, we made a pilgrimage to the ruins of this old Moorish alcázar. Our cavalcade was as motley

as that of old,—the pilgrims “that toward Canterbury wolden ride”; for we had the priest, and the doctor of physic, and the man of laws, and a wife of Bath, and many more whom I must leave unsung. Merrily flew the hours and fast; and sitting after dinner in the gloomy hall of that old castle, many a tale was told, and many a legend and tradition of the past conjured up to satisfy the curiosity of the present.

Most of these tales were about the Moors who built the castle, and the treasures they had buried beneath it. Then the priest told the story of a lawyer who sold himself to the devil for a pot of money, and was burnt by the Holy Inquisition therefor. In his confession, he told how he had learned from a Jew the secret of raising the devil; how he went to the castle at midnight with a book which the Jew gave him, and, to make the charm sure, carried with him a loadstone, six nails from the coffin of a child of three years, six tapers of rosewax, made by a child of four years, the skin and blood of a young kid, an iron fork, with which the kid had been killed, a few hazel-rods, a flask of high-proof brandy, and some *lignum-vitæ* charcoal to make a fire. When he read in the book, the devil appeared in the shape of a man dressed in flesh-colored clothes, with long nails, and large fiery eyes, and he signed an agreement with him written in blood, promising never to go to mass, and to give him his soul at the end of eight years; in return for this he was to have a million of dollars in good money, which the devil was to bring to him the next night; but when the next night came, and the lawyer had conjured from his book, instead of the devil, there appeared—who do you think? the alcalde with half the village at his heels, and the poor lawyer

was handed over to the Inquisition, and burnt for dealing in the black art.

I intended to repeat here some of the many tales that were told, but, upon reflection, they seem too frivolous, and must therefore give place to a more serious theme.

THE MORAL AND DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF SPAIN.

Heaven's dove, when highest he flies,
Flies with thy heavenly wings.

CRASHAW.

THERE is hardly a chapter in literary history more strongly marked with the peculiarities of national character than that which contains the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. It would naturally be expected that in this department of literature all the fervency and depth of national feeling would be exhibited. But still, as the spirit of morality and devotion is the same, wherever it exists,—as the enthusiasm of virtue and religion is everywhere essentially the same feeling, though modified in its degree and in its action by a variety of physical causes and local circumstances,—and as the subject of the didactic verse and the spiritual canticle cannot be materially changed by the change of nation and climate, it might at the first glance seem quite as natural to expect that the moral and devotional poetry of Christian countries would never be very strongly marked with national peculiarities : in other words, we should expect it to correspond to the warmth or coldness of national feeling, for it is the external and visible expression of this feeling ; but not to the distinctions of national character, because, its nature and object being everywhere the same, these distinctions become swallowed up in one universal Christian character.

In moral poetry this is doubtless true. The great principles of Christian morality being eternal and invariable, the verse which embodies and represents them must, from this very circumstance, be the same in its spirit through all Christian lands. The same, however, is not necessarily true of devotional or religious poetry. There, the language of poetry is something more than the visible image of a devotional spirit. It is also an expression of religious faith ; shadowing forth, with greater or less distinctness, its various creeds and doctrines. As these are different in different nations, the spirit that breathes in religious song, and the letter that gives utterance to the doctrine of faith, will not be universally the same. Thus, Catholic nations sing the praises of the Virgin Mary in language in which nations of the Protestant faith do not unite ; and among Protestants themselves, the difference of interpretations, and the consequent belief or disbelief of certain doctrines, give a various spirit and expression to religious poetry. And yet, in all, the devotional feeling, the heavenward volition, is the same.

So far, then, as peculiarities of religious faith exercise an influence upon intellectual habits, and thus become a part of national character, just so far will the devotional or religious poetry of a country exhibit the characteristic peculiarities resulting from this influence of faith, and its assimilation with the national mind. Now Spain is by pre-eminence the Catholic land of Christendom. Most of her historic recollections are more or less intimately associated with the triumphs of the Christian faith ; and many of her warriors—of her best and bravest—were martyrs in the holy cause, perishing in that war of centuries which was carried on within her own territories between the crescent of Mahomet and the cross of Christ. Indeed,

the whole tissue of her history is interwoven with miraculous traditions. The intervention of her patron saint has saved her honor in more than one dangerous pass ; and the war-shout of "*Santiago, y cierra España !*" has worked like a charm upon the wavering spirit of the soldier. A reliance on the guardian ministry of the saints pervades the whole people, and devotional offerings for signal preservation in times of danger and distress cover the consecrated walls of churches. An enthusiasm of religious feeling, and of external ritual observances, prevails throughout the land. But more particularly is the name of the Virgin honored and adored. *Ave Maria* is the salutation of peace at the friendly threshold, and the God-speed to the wayfarer. It is the evening orison, when the toils of day are done ; and at midnight it echoes along the solitary streets in the voice of the watchman's cry.

These and similar peculiarities of religious faith are breathing and moving through a large portion of the devotional poetry of Spain. It is not only instinct with religious feeling, but incorporated with "the substance of things not seen." Not only are the poet's lips touched with a coal from the altar, but his spirit is folded in the cloud of incense that rises before the shrines of the Virgin Mother, and the glorious company of the saints and martyrs. His soul is not wholly swallowed up in the contemplation of the sublime attributes of the Eternal Mind ; but, with its lamp trimmed and burning, it goeth out to meet the bridegroom, as if he were coming in a bodily presence.

The history of the devotional poetry of Spain commences with the legendary lore of Maestro Gonzalo de Berceo, a secular priest, whose life was passed in the cloisters of a Benedictine convent, and amid the shadows

of the thirteenth century. The name of Berceo stands foremost on the catalogue of Spanish poets, for the author of the poem of the Cid is unknown. The old patriarch of Spanish poetry has left a monument of his existence in upwards of thirteen thousand alexandrines, celebrating the lives and miracles of saints and the Virgin, as he found them written in the Latin chronicles and dusty legends of his monastery. In embodying these in rude verse in *roman paladino*, or the old Spanish romance tongue, intelligible to the common people, Fray Gonzalo seems to have passed his life. His writings are just such as we should expect from the pen of a monk of the thirteenth century. They are more ghostly than poetical; and throughout, unction holds the place of inspiration. Accordingly, they illustrate very fully the preceding remarks; and the more so, inasmuch as they are written with the most ample and childish credulity, and the utmost singleness of faith touching the events and miracles described.

The following extract is taken from one of Berceo's poems, entitled "*Vida de San Millan*." It is a description of the miraculous appearance of Santiago and San Millan, mounted on snow-white steeds, and fighting for the cause of Christendom, at the battle of Simancas in the *Campo de Toro*.

"And when the kings were in the field,—their squadrons in array,—
With lance in rest they onward pressed to mingle in the fray;
But soon upon the Christians fell a terror of their foes,—
These were a numerous army,—a little handful those.

"And while the Christian people stood in this uncertainty,
Upward to heaven they turned their eyes, and fixed their thoughts
on high;

And these two persons they beheld, all beautiful and bright,
Even than the pure new-fallen snow their garments were more
white.

“ They rode upon two horses more white than crystal sheen,
And arms they bore such as before no mortal man had seen;
The one, he held a crosier,—a pontiff’s mitre wore;
The other held a crucifix,—such man ne’er saw before.

“ There faces were angelical, celestial forms had they,—
And downward through the fields of air they urged their rapid
way;
They looked upon the Moorish host with fierce and angry look,
And in their hands, with dire portent, their naked sabres shook.

“ The Christian host, beholding this, straightway take heart again;
They fall upon their bended knees, all resting on the plain,
And each one with his clenched fist to smite his breast begins,
And promises to God on high he will forsake his sins.

“ And when the heavenly knights drew near unto the battle-
ground,
They dashed among the Moors and dealt unerring blows around;
Such deadly havoc there they made the foremost ranks along,
A panic terror spread unto the hindmost of the throng.

“ Together with these two good knights, the champions of the sky,
The Christians rallied and began to smite full sore and high;
The Moors raised up their voices and by the Koran swore
That in their lives such deadly fray they ne’er had seen before.

“ Down went the misbelievers,—fast sped the bloody fight,—
Some ghastly and dismembered lay, and some half dead with
fright:
Full sorely they repented that to the field they came,
For they saw that from the battle they should retreat with shame.

“ Another thing befell them,—they dreamed not of such woes,—
The very arrows that the Moors shot from their twanging bows

Turned back against them in their flight and wounded them full
sore,

And every blow they dealt the foe was paid in drops of gore.

“Now he that bore the crozier, and the papal crown had on,
Was the glorified Apostle, the brother of Saint John;
And he that held the crucifix, and wore the monkish hood,
Was the holy San Millan of Cogolla’s neighborhood.”

Berceo’s longest poem is entitled *Miraclos de Nuestra Señora*, “Miracles of Our Lady.” It consists of nearly four thousand lines, and contains the description of twenty-five miracles. It is a complete homily on the homage and devotion due to the glorious Virgin, *Madre de Jhu Xto*, Mother of Jesus Christ; but it is written in a low and vulgar style, strikingly at variance with the elevated character of the subject. Thus, in the twentieth miracle, we have the account of a monk who became intoxicated in a wine-cellar. Having lain on the floor till the vesper-bell aroused him, he staggered off towards the church in most melancholy plight. The Evil One besets him on the way, assuming the various shapes of a bull, a dog, and a lion; but from all these perils he is miraculously saved by the timely intervention of the Virgin, who, finding him still too much intoxicated to make his way to bed, kindly takes him by the hand, leads him to his pallet, covers him with a blanket and a counterpane, smooths his pillow, and, after making the sign of the cross over him, tells him to rest quietly, for sleep will do him good.

To a certain class of minds there may be something interesting and even affecting in descriptions which represent the spirit of a departed saint as thus assuming a corporeal shape, in order to assist and console human nature

even in its baser infirmities ; but it ought also to be considered how much such descriptions tend to strip religion of its peculiar sanctity, to bring it down from its heavenly abode, not merely to dwell among men, but, like an imprisoned culprit, to be chained to the derelict of principle, manacled with the base desire and earthly passion, and forced to do the menial offices of a slave. In descriptions of this kind, as in the representations of our Saviour and of sainted spirits in human shape, execution must of necessity fall far short of the conception. The handiwork cannot equal the glorious archetype, which is visible only to the mental eye. Painting and sculpture are not adequate to the task of embodying in a permanent shape the glorious visions, the radiant forms, the glimpses of heaven, which fill the imagination, when purified and exalted by devotion. The hand of man unconsciously inscribes upon all his works the sentence of imperfection, which the finger of the invisible hand wrote upon the wall of the Assyrian monarch. From this it would seem to be not only a natural but a necessary conclusion, that all the descriptions of poetry which borrow anything, either directly or indirectly, from these bodily and imperfect representations, must partake of their imperfection, and assume a more earthly and material character than these which come glowing and burning from the more spiritualized perceptions of the internal sense.

It is very far from my intention to utter any sweeping denunciation against the divine arts of painting and sculpture as employed in the exhibition of Scriptural scenes and personages. These I esteem meet ornaments for the house of God ; though, as I have already said, their execution cannot equal the high conceptions of

an ardent imagination, yet, whenever the hand of a master is visible,—when the marble almost moves before you, and the painting starts into life from the canvas,—the effect upon an enlightened mind will generally, if not universally, be to quicken its sensibilities and excite to more ardent devotion, by carrying the thoughts beyond the representations of bodily suffering, to the contemplation of the intenser mental agony,—the moral sublimity exhibited by the martyr. The impressions produced, however, will not be the same in all minds; they will necessarily vary according to the prevailing temper and complexion of the mind which receives them. As there is no sound where there is no ear to receive the impulses and vibrations of the air, so is there no moral impression,—no voice of instruction from all the works of nature, and all the imitations of art,—unless there be within the soul itself a capacity for hearing the voice and receiving the moral impulse. The cause exists eternally and universally; but the effect is produced only when and where the cause has room to act, and just in proportion as it has room to act. Hence the various moral impressions, and the several degrees of the same moral impression, which an object may produce in different minds. These impressions will vary in kind and in degree according to the acuteness and the cultivation of the internal moral sense. And thus the representations spoken of above might exercise a very favorable influence upon an enlightened and well-regulated mind, and at the same time a very unfavorable influence upon an unenlightened and superstitious one. And the reason is obvious. An enlightened mind beholds all things in their just proportions, and receives from them the true impressions they are calculated to convey. It is not hoodwinked,—it is

not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence ; but it walks abroad ; the sunshine and the air pour in to enlighten and expand it ; the various works of nature are its ministering angels ; the glad recipient of light and wisdom, it develops new powers and acquires increased capacities, and thus, rendering itself less subject to error, assumes a nearer similitude to the Eternal Mind. But not so the dark and superstitious mind. It is filled with its own antique and mouldy furniture,—the moth-eaten tome, the gloomy tapestry, the dusty curtain. The straggling sunbeam from without streams through the stained window, and as it enters assumes the colors of the painted glass ; while the half-extinguished fire within, now smouldering in its ashes, and now shooting forth a quivering flame, casts fantastic shadows through the chambers of the soul. Within the spirit sits, lost in its own abstractions. The voice of nature from without is hardly audible ; her beauties are unseen, or seen only in shadowy forms, through a colored medium, and with a strained and distorted vision. The invigorating air does not enter that mysterious chamber ; it visits not that lonely inmate, who, breathing only a close, exhausted atmosphere, exhibits in the languid frame and feverish pulse the marks of lingering, incurable disease. The picture is not too strongly sketched ; such is the contrast between the free and the superstitious mind. Upon the latter, which has little power over its ideas,—to generalize them, to place them in their proper light and position, to reason upon, to discriminate, to judge them in detail, and thus to arrive at just conclusions ; but, on the contrary, receives every crude and inadequate impression as it first presents itself,

and treasures it up as an ultimate fact,—upon such a mind, representations of Scripture-scenes, like those mentioned above, exercise an unfavorable influence. Such a mind cannot rightly estimate, it cannot feel, the work of a master ; and a miserable daub, or a still more miserable caricature carved in wood, will serve only to increase the burden which weighs the spirit down to earth. Thus, in the unenlightened mind, these representations have a tendency to sensualize and desecrate the character of holy things. Being brought constantly before the eye, and represented in a real and palpable form to the external senses, they lose, by being made too familiar, that peculiar sanctity with which the mind naturally invests the unearthly and invisible.

It is curious to observe the influence of the circumstances just referred to upon the devotional poetry of Spain.* Sometimes it exhibits itself directly and fully,

* The following beautiful little hymn in Latin, written by the celebrated Francisco Xavier, the friend and companion of Loyola, and from his zeal in the Eastern missions surnamed the Apostle of the Indias, would hardly have originated in any mind but that of one familiar with the representations of which I have spoken above.

“ O Deus ! ego amo te :
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amantes te
Æterno punis igne.

“ Tu, tu, mi Jesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce.
Tulisti clavos, lanceam
Multamque ignominiam :
Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem : et hæc propter me
Ac pro me peccatore.

at others more indirectly and incidentally, but always with sufficient clearness to indicate its origin. Sometimes it destroys the beauty of a poem by a miserable

“Cur igitur non amem te,
 O Jesu amantissime ?
 Non ut in cœlo salves me,
 Aut ne æternum damnes me,
 Nec præmii ullius spe :
 Sed sicut tu amasti me,
 Sic amo et amabo te :
 Solum quia rex meus es,
 Et solum quia Deus es.
 Amen.”

“O God ! my spirit loves but thee :
 Not that in heaven its home may be,
 Nor that the souls which love not thee
 Shall groan in fire eternally.

“But thou on the accursed tree
 In mercy hast embraced me.
 For me the cruel nails, the spear,
 The ignominious scoff, didst bear,
 Countless, unutterable woes,—
 The bloody sweat,—death’s pangs and throes,—
 These didst thou bear, all these for me,
 A sinner and estranged from thee.

“And wherefore no affection show,
 Jesus, to thee that lov’st me so ?
 Not that in heaven my home may be,
 Not lest I die eternally,—
 Nor from the hopes of joys above me,
 But even as thou thyself didst love me,
 So love I, and will ever love thee :
 Solely because my King art thou,
 My God forevermore as now.

Amen.”

conceit ; at other times it gives it the character of a beautiful allegory.*

The following sonnets will serve as illustrations. They are from the hand of the wonderful Lope de Vega :—

“ Shepherd! that with thine amorous sylvan song
Hast broken the slumber that encompassed me,
That madest thy crook from the accursed tree
On which thy powerful arms were stretched so long,—
Lead me to mercy’s ever-flowing fountains,
For thou my shepherd, guard, and guide shall be,
I will obey thy voice, and wait to see
Thy feet all beautiful upon the mountains.

Hear, Shepherd!—thou that for thy flock art dying,
O, wash away these scarlet sins, for thou
Rejoicest at the contrite sinner’s vow.

O wait!—to thee my weary soul is crying,—
Wait for me!—yet why ask it, when I see,
With feet nailed to the cross, thou art waiting still for me ?”

“ Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care
Thou didst seek after me,—that thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there?

* I recollect but few instances of this kind of figurative poetry in our language. There is, however, one of most exquisite beauty and pathos, far surpassing anything I have seen of the kind in Spanish. It is a passage from Cowper.

“ I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since : with many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by archers ; in his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live.”

O strange delusion!—that I did not greet
 Thy bless'd approach! and O, to Heaven how lost,
 If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
 Hast chilled the bleeding wounds upon thy feet!

How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
 'Soul from thy casement look without and see
 How he persists to knock and wait for thee!'

And O, how often to that voice of sorrow,
 'To-morrow we will open!' I replied;
 And when the morrow came, I answered still, 'To-morrow!'

The most remarkable portion of the devotional poetry of the Spaniards is to be found in their sacred dramas, their *Vidas de Santos* and *Autos Sacramentales*. These had their origin in the Mysteries and Moralities of the dark ages, and are indeed monstrous creations of the imagination. The *Vidas de Santos*, or Lives of Saints, are representations of their miracles, and of the wonderful traditions concerning them. The *Autos Sacramentales* have particular reference to the Eucharist and the ceremonies of the *Corpus Christi*. In these theatrical pieces are introduced upon the stage, not only angels and saints, but God, the Saviour, the Virgin Mary; and in strange juxtaposition with these, devils, peasants, and kings; in fine, they contain the strangest medley of characters, real and allegorical, which the imagination can conceive. As if this were not enough, in the midst of what was intended as a solemn, religious celebration, scenes of low buffoonery are often introduced.

The most remarkable of the *Autos* which I have read is *La Devocion de la Cruz*, "The Devotion of the Cross." It is one of the most celebrated of Calderon's sacred dramas, and will serve as a specimen of that class of writing. As it will throw much light upon this part of the subject, I shall give a brief analysis of it, by way of illus-

tration to my foregoing remarks. The piece commences by a dialogue between Lisardo, the son of Curcio, a decayed nobleman, and Eusebio, the hero of the play and lover of Julia, Lisardo's sister. Though the father's extravagance has wasted his estates, Lisardo is deeply offended that Eusebio should aspire to an alliance with the family, and draws him into a secluded place in order to settle their dispute with the sword. Here the scene opens, and in the course of the dialogue which precedes the combat, Eusebio relates that he was born at the foot of a cross, which stood in a rugged and desert part of those mountains ; that the virtue of this cross preserved him from the wild beasts ; that, being found by a peasant three days after his birth, he was carried to a neighboring village, and there received the name of Eusebio of the Cross ; that, being thrown by his nurse into a well, he was heard to laugh, and was found floating upon the top of the water, with his hands placed upon his mouth in the form of a cross ; that the house in which he dwelt being consumed by fire, he escaped unharmed amid the flames, and it was found to be Corpus Christi day ; and, in fine, after relating many other similar miracles, worked by the power of the cross, at whose foot he was born, he says that he bears its image miraculously stamped upon his breast. After this they fight, and Lisardo falls mortally wounded. In the next scene, Eusebio has an interview with Julia, at her father's house ; they are interrupted, and Eusebio conceals himself ; Curcio enters, and informs Julia that he has determined to send her that day to a convent, that she may take the veil, *para ser de Cristo esposa*. While they are conversing, the dead body of Lisardo is brought in by peasants, and Eusebio is declared to be the murderer. The scene closes by the

escape of Eusebio. The second act, or *jornada*, discovers Eusebio as the leader of a band of robbers. They fire upon a traveller who proves to be a priest, named Alberto, and who is seeking a spot in those solitudes wherein to establish a hermitage. The shot is prevented from taking effect by a book which the pious old man carries in his bosom, and which he says is a "treatise on the true origin of the divine and heavenly tree, on which, dying with courage and fortitude, Christ triumphed over death; in fine, the book is called the 'Miracles of the Cross.'" They suffer the priest to depart unharmed, who in consequence promises Eusebio that he shall not die without confession, but that wherever he may be, if he but call upon his name, he will hasten to absolve him. In the mean time, Julia retires to a convent, and Curcio goes with an armed force in pursuit of Eusebio, who has resolved to gain admittance to Julia's convent. He scales the walls of the convent by night, and silently gropes his way along the corridor. Julia is discovered sleeping in her cell, with a taper beside her. He is, however, deterred from executing his malicious designs, by discovering upon her breast the form of a cross, similar to that which he bears upon his own, and "Heaven would not suffer him, though so great an offender, to lose his respect for the cross." To be brief, he leaps from the convent-walls and escapes to the mountains. Julia, counting her honor lost, having offended God, *como á Dios, y como á esposa*, pursues him,—descends the ladder from the convent-wall, and, when she again seeks to return to her cell, finds the ladder has been removed. In her despair, she accuses Heaven of having withdrawn its clemency, and vows to perform such deeds of wickedness as shall terrify both heaven and hell.

The third *jornada* transports the scene back to the mountains. Julia, disguised in man's apparel, with her face concealed, is brought to Eusebio by a party of the banditti. She challenges him to single combat ; and he accepts the challenge, on condition that his antagonist shall declare who he is. Julia discovers herself ; and relates several horrid murders she has committed since leaving the convent. Their interview is here interrupted by the entrance of banditti, who inform Eusebio that Curcio, with an armed force, from all the neighboring villages, is approaching. The attack commences. Eusebio and Curcio meet, but a secret and mysterious sympathy prevents them from fighting ; and a great number of peasants, coming in at this moment, rush upon Eusebio in a body, and he is thrown down a precipice. There Curcio discovers him, expiring with his numerous wounds. The *dénouement* of the piece commences. Curcio, moved by compassion, examines a wound in Eusebio's breast, discovers the mark of the cross, and thereby recognizes him to be his son. Eusebio expires, calling on the name of Alberto, who shortly after enters, as if lost in those mountains. A voice from the dead body of Eusebio calls his name. I shall here transcribe a part of the scene.

Eusebio. Alberto !

Alberto. Hark !—what breath
Of fearful voice is this,
Which uttering my name
Sounds in my ears ?

Eus. Alberto !

Alb. Again it doth pronounce
My name : methinks the voice
Came from this side : I will
Approach.

Eus. Alberto !

Alb. Hist ! more near it sounds.
Thou voice, that ridest swift
The wind and utterest my name,
Who art thou ?

Eus. I am Eusebio.
Come, good Alberto, this way come
Where sepulchred I lie ;
Approach, and raise these branches :
Fear not.

Alb. I do not fear.

[Discovers the body.]

Now I behold thee.
Speak, in God's holy name,
What wouldst thou with me !

Eus. In his name,
My faith, Alberto, call thee.
That previous to my death
Thou hearest my confession.
Long since I should have died,
For this stiff corpse resigned
The disembodied soul ;
But the strong mace of death
Smote only, and dissevered not
The spirit and the flesh.
Come then, Alberto, that I may
Confess my sins, for oh ! they are
More than the sands beside the sea,
Or motes that fill the sunbeam.
So much with Heaven avails
Devotion to the cross.

[Rises.]

Eusebio then retires to confess himself to Alberto ; and Curcio afterward relates, that, when the venerable saint had given him absolution, his body again fell dead at his feet. Julia discovers herself, overwhelmed with the thoughts of her incestuous passion for Eusebio and her other crimes, and as Curcio, in a transport of indignation,

endeavors to kill her, she seizes a cross which stands over Eusebio's grave, and with it ascends to heaven, while Alberto shouts, *gran milagro*, and the curtain falls.

Thus far have I spoken of the devotional poetry of Spain as modified by the peculiarities of religious faith and practice. Considered apart from the dogmas of a creed, and as the expression of those pure and elevated feelings of religion which are not the prerogative of any one sect or denomination, but the common privilege of all, it possesses strong claims to our admiration and praise. I know of nothing in any modern tongue so beautiful as some of its finest passages. The thought springs heavenward from the soul,—the language comes burning from the lip. The imagination of the poet seems spiritualized; with nothing of earth, and all of heaven,—a heaven, like that of his own native clime, without a cloud, or vapor of earth, to obscure its brightness. His voice, speaking the harmonious accents of that noble tongue, seems to flow from the lips of an angel,—melodious to the ear and to the internal sense,—breathing those

“Effectual whispers, whose still voice
The soul itself more feels than hears.”

The following sonnets of Francisco de Aldana, a writer remarkable for the beauty of his conceptions and the harmony of his verse, are illustrations of this remark. In what glowing language he describes the aspirations of the soul for its paternal heaven, its celestial home! how beautifully he portrays in a few lines the strong desire, the ardent longing of the exiled and imprisoned spirit, to wing its flight away and be at rest! The strain bears our thoughts upward with it; it transports us to the heav-

only country ; it whispers to the soul,—Higher, immortal spirit ! higher !

Clear font of light ! my native land on high,
Bright with a glory that shall never fade !
Mansion of truth ! without a veil or shade,
Thy holy quiet meets the spirit's eye.

There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath ;
But, sentinelled in heaven, its glorious presence
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.

Beloved country ! banished from thy shore,
A stranger in this prison-house of clay,
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee !

Heavenward the bright perfections I adore
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,
That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

O Lord ! that seest from yon starry height
Centred in one the future and the past,
Fashioned in thine own image, see how fast
The world obscures in me what once was bright !

Eternal Sun ! the warmth which thou hast given
To cheer life's flowery April fast decays ;
Yet in the hoary winter of my days,
Forever green shall be my trust in Heaven.

Celestial King ! O, let thy presence pass
Before my spirit, and an image fair
Shall meet that look of mercy from on high,

As the reflected image in a glass
Doth meet the look of him who seeks it there,
And owes its being to the gazer's eye.

The prevailing characteristics of Spanish devotional poetry are warmth of imagination, and depth and sincerity of feeling. The conception is always striking and original, and, when not degraded by dogmas, and the poor, puerile conceits arising from them, beautiful and

sublime. This results from the frame and temperament of the mind, and is a general characteristic of the Spanish poets, not only in this department of song, but in all others. The very ardor of imagination which, exercised upon minor themes, leads them into extravagance and hyperbole, when left to act in a higher and wider sphere conducts them nearer and nearer to perfection. When imagination spreads its wings in the bright regions of devotional song,—in the pure empyrean,—judgment should direct its course, but there is no danger of it soaring too high. The heavenly land still lies beyond its utmost flight. There are heights it cannot reach; there are fields of air which tire its wing; there is a splendor which dazzles its vision;—for there is a glory “which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

But perhaps the greatest charm of the devotional poets of Spain is their sincerity. Most of them were ecclesiastics,—men who had in sober truth renounced the realities of this life for the hopes and promises of another. We are not to suppose that all who take holy orders are saints; but we should be still farther from believing that all are hypocrites. It would be even more absurd to suppose that none are sincere in their professions than that all are. Besides, with whatever feelings a man may enter the monastic life, there is something in its discipline and privations which has a tendency to wean the mind from earth, and to fix it upon heaven. Doubtless many have seemingly renounced the world from motives of worldly aggrandizement; and others have renounced it because it has renounced them. The former have carried with them to the cloister their earthly ambition, and the latter their dark misanthropy; and though many have daily

kissed the cross and yet grown hoary in iniquity, and shrived their souls that they might sin more gayly on,—yet solitude works miracles in the heart, and many who enter the cloister from worldly motives find it a school wherein the soul may be trained to more holy purposes and desires. There is not half the corruption and hypocrisy within the convent's walls that the church bears the shame of hiding in its bosom. Hermits may be holy men, though knaves have sometimes been hermits. Were they all hypocrites, who of old for their souls' sake exposed their naked bodies to the burning sun of Syria? Were they, who wandered houseless in the solitudes of Engaddi? Were they who dwelt beneath the palm-trees by the Red Sea? O no! They were ignorant, they were deluded, they were fanatic, but they were not hypocrites; if there be any sincerity in human professions and human actions, they were not hypocrites. During the Middle Ages, there was corruption in the Church,—foul, shameful corruption; and now also hypocrisy may scourge itself in feigned repentance, and ambition hide its face beneath a hood; yet all is not therefore rottenness that wears a cowl. Many a pure spirit, through heavenly-mindedness, and an ardent though mistaken zeal, has fled from the temptations of the world to seek in solitude and self-communion a closer walk with God. And not in vain. They have found the peace they sought. They have felt, indeed, what many profess to feel, but do not feel,—that they are strangers and sojourners here, travellers who are bound for their home in a far country. It is this feeling which I speak of as giving a peculiar charm to the devotional poetry of Spain. Compare its spirit with the spirit which its authors have exhibited in their lives. They speak of having given up

the world, and it is no poetical hyperbole ; they speak of longing to be free from the weakness of the flesh, that they may commence their conversation in heaven,—and we feel that they had already begun it in lives of penitence, meditation, and prayer.

With regard to the moral poetry of Spain, I need not be prolix in my remarks. In common with the devotional, it possesses the glow and fervour of Spanish feeling, and so far exhibits the national character. At the same time, as I have already had occasion to observe, the principles of Christian morality being everywhere the same throughout Christendom, moral poetry must everywhere display to a great extent a common and homogeneous character. The only variety it exhibits will be found, I apprehend, to consist, not in the general tenor of the thought, but in the tone of feeling and consequent warmth of language in which the thought is expressed. In all Christian countries, the prevailing thought is the perishable nature of earthly possessions, and that kind of contemplative and philosophic content so well expressed by Francisco de Rioja, in one of his moral epistles—a little nook among my household gods, a book and friend, and light slumbers, that neither cares nor creditors disturb—these are enough for me :—

Un ángulo me basta entre mis lares,
Un libro y un amigo un sueño breve
Que no perturben deudas ni pesares.

I shall not, therefore, attempt to show wherein the moral poetry of Spain exhibits the lights and shades of national character ; but shall close my essay here, in order to give place to one of the most beautiful poems of which Spanish literature can boast.

Don Jorge Manrique, the author of the following poem, flourished in the last half of the fifteenth century. It is a remarkable fact, that nearly all the Spanish poets of any eminence have been soldiers ; and that most of them have died either upon the field of battle or in the cloister. Jorge Manrique followed the profession of arms, and fought beneath his father's banner. He died on the field of battle. Mariana, in his History of Spain, makes honorable mention of him, as being present at the siege of Uclés ; and speaks of him as " a youth of estimable qualities, who in this war gave brilliant proofs of his valour. He died young ; and was thus cut off from exercising and exhibiting to the world his many virtues, and the light of his genius, which was already known to fame." He was mortally wounded in a skirmish near Cañavete, in the year 1479.

The name of Rodrigo Manrique, the father of the poet, Conde de Paredes and Maestre de Santiago, is well known in Spanish history and song. He died in 1476 ; according to Mariana, in the town of Uclés ; but according to the poem of his son, in Ocaña. It was his death that called forth the poem upon which rests the literary reputation of the younger Manrique. In the language of his historian, " Don Jorge Manrique, in an elegant ode, full of poetic beauties, and the rich embellishments of genius and high moral reflections, mourned the death of his father as with a funeral hymn." This praise is not exaggerated. The poem is a model in its kind. Its conception is solemn and beautiful ; and in accordance with it, the style moves on—calm, dignified, and majestic.

COPLAS DE DON JORGE MANRIQUE.

STANZAS

COMPOSED BY DON JORGE MANRIQUE ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER
DON RODRIGO.

I.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened, and awake,
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!
Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs ;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past—the past—
More highly prize.

II.

Onward its course the present keeps,—
Onward the constant current sweeps,
Till life is done ;—
And did we judge of time aright,
The past and future in their flight
Would be as one.
Let no one fondly dream again
That Hope and all her shadowy train
Will not decay ;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old,
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away.

III.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !

Thither all earthly pomp and boast
 Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
 In one dark wave.
 Thither the mighty torrents stray,
 Thither the brook pursues its way,
 And tinkling rill ;—
 There all are equal. Side by side
 The poor man and the son of pride
 Lie calm and still.

IV.

I will not here invoke the throng
 Of orators and sons of song,
 The deathless few ;
 Fiction entices and deceives,
 And, sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves,
 Lies poisonous dew.
 To One alone my thoughts arise,
 The Eternal Truth,—the Good and Wise,
 To Him I cry,
 Who shared on earth our common lot,
 But the world comprehended not
 His deity.

V.

This world is but the rugged road
 Which leads us to the bright abode
 Of peace above ;
 So let us choose that narrow way
 Which leads no traveller's foot astray
 From realms of love.
 Our cradle is the starting place,
 In life we run the onward race,
 And reach the goal,
 When in the mansions of the blest
 Death leaves to its eternal rest
 The weary soul.

VI.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
 To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
 For which we wait.
Yes—the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above
 The Saviour came ;
Born amid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
 A death of shame.

VII.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
 The shapes we chase
Amid a world of treachery !
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
 And leave no trace ;
Time steals them from us,—chances strange,
Disastrous accident,—and change
 That comes to all ;—
Even in the most exalted state
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate ;
 The strongest fall.

VIII.

Tell me—the charms that lovers seek,
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
 The hues that play
O'er rosy lips and brow of snow,—
When hoary age approaches slow,
 Ah, where are they ?
The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
 In life's first stage ;—

These shall become a heavy weight
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age.

IX.

The noble blood of Gothic name
Heroes emblazoned high to fame
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away !
Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more ;
Others by guilt and crime maintain
The escutcheon that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore.

X.

Wealth and the high estates of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
How soon depart !
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they
Of fickle heart.
These gifts in fortune's hand are found ;
Her swift-revolving wheel turns round,
And they are gone !
No rest the inconstant goddess knows,
But changing, and without repose,
Still hurries on.

XI.

Even could the hand of avarice save
Its gilded baubles till the grave
Reclaimed its prey ;
Let none on such poor hopes rely,
Life like an empty dream flits by,
And where are they ?

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust,—
 They fade and die ;
But in the life beyond the tomb
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
 Eternally !

XII.

The treasures and delights which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
 What are they all
But the fleet couriers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race
 In which we fall ?
No foe, no dangerous pass we heed,
Brook no delay—but onward speed
 With loosened rein ;
And when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
 But strive in vain.

XIII.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
 The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
 With heavenly grace,—
How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power !
 What ardour show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the freeborn soul within
 In weeds of woe !

XIV.

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
 Of olden time,

Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
 Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
 Their race sublime.
 Who is the champion? who the strong?
 Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
 On these shall fall
 As heavily the hand of death,
 As when it stays the shepherd's breath
 Beside his stall.

XV.

I speak not of the Trojan name.
 Neither its glory nor its shame
 Has met our eyes ;
 Nor of Rome's great and glorious dead,
 Though we have heard so oft and read
 Their histories.
 Little avails it now to know
 Of ages past so long ago,
 Nor how they rolled ;
 Our theme shall be of yesterday,
 Which to oblivion sweeps away
 Like days of old.

XVI.

Where is the King Don Juan ? Where
 Each royal prince and, noble heir
 Of Arragon ?
 Where are the courtly gallantries ?
 The deeds of love and high emprise
 In battle done ?
 Tournay and joust, that charm the eye,
 And scarf and gorgeous panoply,
 And nodding plume ;
 What were they but a pageant scene ?
 What but the garlands gay and green
 That deck the tomb ?

XVII.

Where are the high-born dames, and where
Their gay attire, and jewelled hair,
And odours sweet ?
Where are the gentle knights, that came
To kneel and breathe love's ardent flame
Low at their feet ?
Where is the song of Troubadour ;
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore ?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes, inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore ?

XVIII.

And he who next the sceptre swayed,
Henry, whose royal court displayed
Such power and pride ;
O, in what winning smiles arrayed,
The world its various pleasures laid
His throne beside !
But oh ! how false and full of guile,
That world, which wore so soft a smile
But to betray !
She that had been his friend before,
Now from the fated monarch tore
Her charms away.

XIX.

The countless gifts,—the stately walls,—
The royal palaces and halls
All filled with gold ;
Plate with armorial bearings wrought,
Chambers with ample treasures fraught
Of wealth untold ;
The noble steeds, and harness bright,
And gallant lord, and stalwart knight
In rich array,—

Where shall we seek them now ? Alas !
Like the bright dew-drops on the grass
They passed away.

XX.

His brother, too, whose factious zeal
Usurped the sceptre of Castile,
Unskilled to reign ;
What a gay, brilliant court had he,
When all the flower of chivalry
Was in his train !
But he was mortal ; and the breath
That flamed from the hot forge of death
Blasted his years ;
Eternal providence ! by thee
The flame of earthly majesty
Was quenched in tears !

XXI.

Spain's haughty Constable,—the great
And gallant Master,—cruel fate
Stripped him of all.
Breathe not a whisper of his pride,—
He on the gloomy scaffold died,
Ignoble fall.
The countless treasures of his care
Hamlets and villas green and fair,
His mighty power,—
What were they all but grief and shame,
Tears and a broken heart,—when came
The parting hour !

XXII.

His other brothers proud and high,
Masters, who in prosperity
Might rival kings ;
Who made the bravest and the best
The bondsmen of their high behest
Their underlings ;

What was their prosperous estate,
When high exalted and elate
 With power and pride ?
What, but a transient gleam of light,
A flame, which, glaring at its height,
 Grew dim and died !

XXIII.

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and count of spotless fame,
 And baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield—
All these, O Death, hast thou concealed
 In the dark grave !
Their deeds of mercy and of arms
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
 When thou dost show,
O Death, thy stern and angry face,
One stroke of thy all powerful mace
 Can overthrow.

XXIV.

Unnumbered hosts that threaten nigh,
Pennon and standard flaunting high,
 And flag displayed ;
High battlements entrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
 And palisade,
And covered trench, secure and deep,—
All these cannot one victim keep,
 O Death, from thee ;
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
 Unerringly.

XXV.

O world ! so few the years we live,
Would that the life which thou dost give
 Were life indeed !

But oh, thy sorrows fall so fast,
 Our happiest hour is when at last
 The soul is freed.
 Our days are covered o'er with grief,
 And sorrows neither fewn or brief,
 Vail all in gloom ;
 Left desolate of real good,
 Within this cheerless solitude
 No pleasures bloom.

XXVI.

Thy pilgrimage begins in tears,
 And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
 Or dark despair ;
 Midway so many toils appear,
 That he who lingers longest here
 Knows most of care.
 Thy goods are bought with many a groan,
 By the hot sweat of toil alone,
 And weary hearts.
 Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
 But with a lingering step and slow,
 Its form departs.

XXVII.

And he, the good man's shield and shade,
 To whom all hearts their homage paid,
 As Virtue's son,—
 Roderick Manrique,—he whose name
 Is written on the scroll of fame
 Spain's Champion :
 His signal deeds and prowess high
 Demands no pompous eulogy,—
 Ye saw his deeds !
 Why should their praise in verse be sung ?
 The name that dwells on every tongue
 No minstrel needs.

XXVIII.

To friends a friend ;—how kind to all
 The vassals of this ancient hall
 And feudal fief !
 To foes how stern a foe was he !
 And to the valiant and the free
 How brave a chief !
 What prudence with the old and wise ;
 What grace in useful gayeties ;
 In all how sage !
 Benignant to the serf and slave,
 He showed the base and falsely brave
 A lion's rage.

XXIX.

His was Octavian's prosperous star,
 The rush of Cæsar's conquering car
 At battle's call.
 His Scipio's virtue ; his the skill
 And the indomitable will
 Of Hannibal.
 His was a Trojan's goodness,—his
 A Titus' noble charities
 And righteous laws :
 His the Archæan's arm ; the might
 Of Tully to maintain the right
 In truth's just cause.

XXX.

The clemency of Antonine,
 Aurelius' countenance divine,
 Firm, gentle, still ;
 The eloquence of Adrian,
 And Theodosius' love to man,
 And generous will.
 In tented field and bloody fray,
 An Alexander's vigorous sway,
 And stern command ;

The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

XXXI.

He left no well-filled treasury,—
He heaped no pile of riches high,
No massive plate ;
He fought the Moors ; and in their fall,
Villa, and tower, and casteled wall
Were his estate.
Upon the hard fought battle-ground,
Brave steeds and gallant riders found
A common grave ;
And there the warrior's hand did gain,
The rents and the long vassal train
The conquered gave.

XXXII.

And if of old his halls displayed
The honored and exalted grade
His worth had gained,
So in the dark disastrous hour,
Brothers and bondmen of his power
His rank sustained.
After high deeds, not left untold,
In the stern warfare, which of old
'Twas his to share,
Such noble leagues he made—that more
And fairer regions than before,
His guerdon were.

XXXIII.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which with the hand of youth he traced
On history's page ;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew,
In his old age.

By his unrivalled skill,—by great
 And veteran service to the State,
 By worth adored ;
 He stood in his high dignity
 The proudest knight of chivalry,
 Knight of the sword.

XXXIV.

He found his villas and domains
 Beneath a tyrant's galling chains,
 And cruel power ;
 But, by fierce battle and blockade,
 Soon his own banner was displayed
 From every tower.
 By the tried valour of his hand
 His monarch and his native land
 Were nobly served :
 Let Portugal repeat the story,
 And proud Castile, who shared the glory
 His arms deserved.

XXXV.

And when so oft for weal or woe
 His life upon one fatal throw
 Had been laid down,
 When he had served with patriot zeal,
 Beneath the banner of Castile,
 His sovereign's crown,
 And done such deeds of valour strong
 That neither history nor song
 Can count them all,
 Then to Ocaña's castled rock,
 Death at his portal comes to knock,
 With sudden call,—

XXXVI.

Saying, " Good cavalier, prepare
 To leave this world of toil and care
 With joyful mien ;

The faith of Constantine ; ay, more,
The fervent love Camillus bore
His native land.

XXXI.

He left no well-filled treasury,—
He heaped no pile of riches high,
No massive plate ;
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XXXIII.

These are the records, half effaced,
Which with the hand of youth he traced
On history's page ;
But with fresh victories he drew
Each fading character anew,
In his old age.

XXXIX.

“ And thou, brave knight whose hand has poured
The life blood of the Pagan horde
O'er all the land,
In heaven shalt thou receive at length
The guerdon of thine earthly strength
And dauntless hand.
Cheered onward by this promise sure,
Strong in the faith, entire and pure
Thou dost profess ;
Depart,—thy hope is certainty,—
The third—the better life on high
Shalt thou possess.

XL.

‘ O death, no more, no more delay ;
My spirit longs to flee away,
And be at rest.
The will of heaven my will shall be ;
I bow to the divine decree,
To God's behest.
My soul is ready to depart,
No thought rebels, the obedient heart
Breathes forth no sigh ;
The wish on earth to linger still
Were vain, when 'tis God's sovereign will
That we shall die.

XLI.

“ O Thou, that for our sins didst take
A human form and humbly make
Thy home on earth ;
Thou, that to thy divinity
A human nature didst ally
By mortal birth,—
And in that form didst suffer here,
Torment, and agony, and fear,
So patiently ;

By thy redeeming grace alone,
And not for merits of my own,
O pardon me ! ”

XLII.

As thus the dying warrior prayed
Without one gathering mist or shade
Upon his mind ;
Encircled by his family,
Watched by affection's gentle eye,
So soft and kind—
His soul to Him who gave it rose ;—
God lead it to its long repose,
Its glorious rest !
And though the warrior's sun has set,
Its light shall linger round us yet,
Bright, radiant, blest.

THE PILGRIM'S BREVIARY.

"If thou vouchsafe to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way to an ordinary traveller,—sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champaign, there enclosed; barren in one place, better soyle in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, I shall lead thee."

BURTON'S ANATOMIE OF MELANCHOLY.

THE glittering spires and cupolas of Madrid have sunk behind me. Again and again I have turned to take a parting look, till at length the last trace of the city has disappeared, and I gaze only upon the sky above it.

And now the sultry day is passed; the freshening twilight falls, and the moon and the evening star are in the sky. This river is the Zarama. This noble avenue of trees leads to Aranjuez. Already its lamps begin to twinkle in the distance. The hoofs of our weary mules clatter upon the wooden bridge; the public square opens before us; yonder, in the moonlight, gleam the walls of the royal palace, and near it, with a rushing sound, fall the waters of the Tagus.

WE have now entered the vast and melancholy plains of La Mancha,—a land to which the genius of Cervantes has given a vulgo-classic fame. Here are the windmills, as of old; every village has its Master Nicholas,—every venta its Maritornes. Wondrous strong are the spells of fiction! A few years pass away, and history becomes romance, and romance, history. To the peasantry of Spain,

Don Quixote and his squire are historic personages. They believe that such characters once existed ; and woe betide the luckless wight who unwarily takes the name of Dulcinea upon his lips within a league of El Toboso ! The traveller, too, yields himself to the delusion ; and as he traverses the arid plains of La Mancha, pauses with willing credulity to trace the footsteps of the mad Hidalgo, with his “ velvet breeches on a holiday, and slippers of the same.” The high-road from Aranjuez to Cordova crosses and recrosses the knight-errant’s path. Between Manzanares and Valdepeñas stands the inn where he was dubbed a knight ; to the westward lies the scene of his tournament with the barber ; to the southward the Venta de Cardinas, where he met Maritornes and the Princess Micomicona,—and just beyond rises the Sierra Morena, where he did penance, like the knights of olden time.

For my own part I confess that there are seasons when I am willing to be the dupe of my own imagination ; and if this harmless folly but lends its wings to a dull-paced hour, I am even ready to believe a fairy tale.

ON the fourth day of our journey we dined at Manzanares, in an old and sombre-looking inn, which, I think, some centuries back, must have been the dwelling of a grandee. A wide gateway admitted us into the inn-yard, which was a paved court, in the centre of the edifice, surrounded by a colonnade, and open to the sky above. Beneath this colonnade we were shaved by the village barber, a supple, smooth-faced Figaro, with a brazen laver and a gray montera cap. There, too, we dined in the open air, with bread as white as snow, and the rich, red wine of

Valdepeñas ; and there, in the listlessness of after-dinner, smoked the sleep-inviting cigar, while in the court-yard before us the muleteers danced a fandango with the maids of the inn, to the loud music which three blind musicians drew from a violin, a guitar, and a clarionet. When this scene was over, and the blind men had groped their way out of the yard, I fell into a delicious slumber, from which I was soon awakened by music of another kind. It was a clear, youthful voice, singing a national song to the sound of a guitar. I opened my eyes, and near me stood a tall, graceful figure, leaning against one of the pillars of the colonnade, in the attitude of a serenader. His dress was that of a Spanish student. He wore a black gown and cassock, a pair of shoes made of an ex-pair of boots, and a hat in the shape of a half-moon, with the handle of a wooden spoon sticking out on one side like a cockade. When he had finished his song, we invited him to the remnant of a Vich sausage, a bottle of Valdepeñas, bread at his own discretion, and a pure Havana cigar. The stranger made a leg, and accepted these signs of good company with the easy air of a man who is accustomed to earn his livelihood by hook or by crook ; and as the wine was of that stark and generous kind which readily “ascends one into the brain,” our gentleman with the half-moon hat grew garrulous and full of anecdote, and soon told us his own story, beginning with his birth and parentage, like the people in *Gil Blas*.

“I am the son of a barber,” quoth he ; “and first saw the light some twenty years ago, in the great city of Madrid. At a very early age, I was taught to do something for myself, and began my career of gain by carrying a slow-match in the Prado, for the gentlemen to light their cigars with, and catching the wax that dropped from the

friars' tapers at funerals and other religious processions.

“At school I was noisy and unruly; and was finally expelled for hooking the master's son with a pair of ox-horns, which I had tied to my head, in order to personate the bull in a mock bull-fight. Soon after this my father died, and I went to live with my maternal uncle, a curate in Fuencarral. He was a man of learning, and resolved that I should be like him. He set his heart upon making a physician of me; and to this end taught me Latin and Greek.

“In due time I was sent to the University of Alcalá. Here a new world opened before me. What novelty,—what variety,—what excitement! But, alas! three months were hardly gone, when news came that my worthy uncle had passed to a better world. I was now left to shift for myself. I was penniless, and lived as I could, not as I would. I became a *sopista*, a soup-eater,—a knight of the wooden spoon. I see you do not understand me. In other words, then, I became one of that respectable body of charity scholars who go armed with their wooden spoons to eat the allowance of eleemosynary soup which is daily served out to them at the gate of the convents. I had no longer house nor home. But necessity is the mother of invention. I became a hanger-on of those who were more fortunate than myself; studied in other people's books, slept in other people's beds, and breakfasted at other people's expense. This course of life has been demoralizing, but it has quickened my wits to a wonderful degree.

“Did you ever read the life of Gran Tacaño, by Quedo? In the first book you have a faithful picture of life in a Spanish University. What was true in his day is

true in ours. Oh, Alcalá ! Alcalá ! if your walls had tongues as well as ears, what tales could they repeat ! what midnight frolics ! what madcap revelries ! what scenes of merriment and mischief ! How merry is a student's life, and yet how changeable ! Alternate feasting and fasting, — alternate Lent and Carnival, — alternate want and extravagance ! Care given to the winds, — no thought beyond the passing hour ; yesterday, forgotten, — to-morrow, a word in an unknown tongue !

“ Did you ever hear of raising the dead ? not literally, — but such as the student raised, when he dug for the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, at the fountain between Peñafiel and Salamanca ; — money ? No ? Well, it is done after this wise. Gambling, you know, is our great national vice ; and then gamblers are so dishonest ! Now, our game is to cheat the cheater. We go at night to some noted gaming-house, — five or six of us in a body. We stand around the table, watch those that are at play, and occasionally put in a trifle ourselves to avoid suspicion. At length the favorable moment arrives. Some eager player ventures a large stake. I stand behind his chair. He wins. As quick as thought, I stretch my arm over his shoulder and seize the glittering prize, saying very coolly, ‘ I have won at last.’ My gentleman turns round in a passion, and I meet his indignant glance with a look of surprise. He storms, and I expostulate ; he menaces, — I heed his menaces no more than the buzzing of a fly that has burnt his wings in my lamp. He calls the whole table to witness ; but the whole table is busy, each with his own gain or loss, and there stand my comrades, all loudly asserting that the stake was mine. What can he do ? there was a mistake ; he swallows the affront as best he may, and we bear away the booty. This we call rais-

ing the dead. You say it is disgraceful,—dishonest. Our maxim is, that all is fair among sharpers ; *Baylar al son que se toca*,—dance to any tune that is fiddled. Besides, as I said before, poverty is demoralizing. One loses the nice distinctions of right and wrong, of *meum* and *tuum*.

“Thus merrily pass the hours of term-time. When the summer vacations come round, I sling my guitar over my shoulder, and with a light heart, and a lighter pocket, scour the country, like a strolling piper or a mendicant friar. Like the industrious ant, in summer I provide for winter ; for in vacation we have time for reflection, and make the great discovery, that there is a portion of time called the future. I pick up a trifle here and a trifle there, in all the towns and villages through which I pass, and before the end of my tour I find myself quite rich—for the son of a barber. This we call the *vida tunantesca*,—a rag-tag-and-bobtail sort of life. And yet the vocation is as honest as that of a begging Franciscan. Why not ?

“And now, gentlemen, having dined at your expense, with your leave I will put this loaf of bread and the remains of this excellent Vich sausage into my pocket, and, thanking you for your kind hospitality, bid you a good afternoon. God be with you, gentlemen !”

IN general, the aspect of La Mancha is desolate and sad. Around you lies a parched and sunburnt plain, which, like the ocean, has no limits but the sky ; and straight before you, for many a weary league, runs the dusty and level road, without the shade of a single tree. The villages you pass through are poverty-stricken and half-depopulated ; and the squalid inhabitants wear a look of misery that makes the heart ache. Every league or two,

the ruins of a post-house, or a roofless cottage with shattered windows and blackened walls, tells a sad tale of the last war. It was there that a little band of peasantry made a desperate stand against the French, and perished by the bullet, the sword, or the bayonet. The lapse of many years has not changed the scene, nor repaired the battered wall; and at almost every step the traveller may pause and exclaim :—

“Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host;
Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest.”

From Valdepeñas southward the country wears a more lively and picturesque aspect. The landscape breaks into hill and valley, covered with vineyards and olive-fields; and before you rise the dark ridges of the Sierra Morena, lifting their sullen fronts into a heaven all gladness and sunshine. Ere long you enter the wild mountain-pass of Despeña-Perros. A sudden turn in the road brings you to a stone column, surmounted by an iron cross, marking the boundary line between La Mancha and Andalusia. Upon one side of this column is carved a sorry-looking face, not unlike the death's-heads which grin at you from the tombstones of a country church-yard. Over it is written this inscription : “EL VERDADERO RETRATO DE LA SANTA CARA DEL DIOS DE XAEN,”—The true portrait of the holy countenance of the God of Xaen! I was so much struck with this strange superscription that I stopped to copy it.

“Do you really believe that this is what it pretends to be?” said I to a muleteer, who was watching my movements.

“I don't know,” replied he, shrugging his brawny shoulders; “they say it is.”

“Who says it is?”

“The priest,—the Padre Cura.”

“I supposed so. And how was this portrait taken?”

He could not tell. The Padre Cura knew all about it.

When I joined my companions, who were a little in advance of me with the carriage, I got the mystery explained. The Catholic Church boasts of three portraits of our Saviour, miraculously preserved upon the folds of a handkerchief, with which he wiped the sweat from his brow, on the day of the crucifixion. One of these is at Toledo, another in the kingdom of Xaen. I have forgotten at what place the third is preserved.

Is this, indeed, the nineteenth century?

THE impression which this monument of superstition made upon my mind was soon effaced by the magnificent scene which now burst upon me. The road winds up the mountain-side with gradual ascent; wild, shapeless, gigantic crags overhang it upon the right, and upon the left the wary foot starts back from the brink of a fearful chasm hundreds of feet in depth. Its sides are black with ragged pines, and rocks that have toppled down from above; and at the bottom, scarcely visible wind the silvery waters of a little stream, a tributary of the Guadalquivir. The road skirts the ravine for miles,—now climbing the barren rock, and now sliding gently downward into shadowy hollows, and crossing some rustic bridge thrown over a wild mountain-brook.

At length the scene changed. We stood upon the southern slope of the Sierra, and looked down upon the broad, luxuriant valleys of Andalusia, bathed in the gorgeous splendor of a southern sunset. The landscape had

already assumed the "burnished livery" of autumn ; but the air I breathed was the soft and balmy breath of spring,—the eternal spring of Andalusia.

If ever you should be fortunate enough to visit this part of Spain stop for the night at the village of La Carolina. It is indeed a model for all villages,—with its broad streets, its neat white houses, its spacious market-place surrounded with a colonnade, and its public walk ornamented with fountains and set out with luxuriant trees. I doubt whether all Spain can show a village more beautiful than this.

THE approach to Cordova from the east is enchanting. The sun was just rising as we crossed the Guadalquivir and drew near to the city ; and, alighting from the carriage, I pursued my way on foot, the better to enjoy the scene and the pure morning air. The dew still glistened on every leaf and spray ; for the burning sun had not yet climbed the tall hedge-row of wild fig-tree and aloes which skirts the roadside. The highway wound along through gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and here and there above me towered the glorious palm in all its leafy magnificence. On my right, a swelling mountain-ridge, covered with verdure and sprinkled with little white hermitages, looked forth towards the rising sun ; and on the left, in a long, graceful curve, swept the bright waters of the Guadalquivir, pursuing their silent journey through a verdant reach of soft lowland landscape. There, amid all the luxuriance of this sunny clime, arises the ancient city of Cordova, though stripped, alas ! of its former magnificence. All that reminds you of the past is the crumbling wall of the city, and a Saracen mosque, now

changed to a Christian cathedral. The stranger, who is familiar with the history of the Moorish dominion in Spain, pauses with a sigh, and asks himself, Is this the imperial city of Alhakam the Just, and Abdoulrahman the Magnificent ?

THIS, then, is Seville, that “pleasant city, famous for oranges and women.” After all I have heard of its beauty, I am disappointed in finding it so far less beautiful than my imagination had painted it. The wise saw,—

“ Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto maravilla,”—

he who has not seen Seville has seen no marvel,—is an Andalusian gasconade. Under correction be it said, he who has seen Seville has seen no marvel. This, however, is the judgment of a traveller weary and wayworn with a journey of twelve successive days in a carriage drawn by mules ; and I am well aware how much our opinions of men and things are colored by these trivial ills. A sad spirit is like a rainy day ; its mists and shadows darken the brightest sky, and clothe the fairest landscape in gloom.

I am, too, a disappointed man in another respect. I have come all the way from Madrid to Seville without being robbed ! And this, too, when I journeyed at a snail's pace, and had bought a watch large enough for the clock of a village church, for the express purpose, of having it violently torn from me by a fierce-whiskered highwayman, with his blunderbuss and his “*Boca abajo, ladrones !*” If I print this in a book, I am undone. What ! travel in Spain and not be robbed ! To be sure,

I came very near it more than once. Almost every village we passed through had its tale to tell of atrocities committed in the neighborhood. In one place, the stage-coach had been stopped and plundered ; in another, a man had been murdered and thrown into the river ; here and there a rude wooden cross and a shapeless pile of stones marked the spot where some unwary traveller had met his fate ; and at night, seated around the blazing hearth of the inn-kitchen, my fellow-traveller would converse in a mysterious undertone of the dangers we were to pass through on the morrow. But the morrow came and went, and, alas ! neither *salteador*, nor *ratero* moved a finger. At one place, we were a day too late ; at another, a day too early.

I am now at the *Fonda de los Americanos*. My chamber-door opens upon a gallery, beneath which is a little court paved with marble, having a fountain in the centre. As I write, I can just distinguish the tinkling of its tiny jet, falling into the circular basin with a murmur so gentle that it scarcely breaks the silence of the night. At day-dawn I start for Cadiz, promising myself a pleasant sail down the Guadalquivir. All I shall be able to say of Seville is what I have written above,—that it is “ a pleasant city, famous for oranges and women.”

I AM at length in Cadiz. I came across the bay yesterday morning in an open boat from Santa Maria, and have established myself in very pleasant rooms, which look out upon the *Plaza de San Antonio*, the public square of the city. The morning sun awakes me, and at evening the sea-breeze comes in at my window. At night the square is lighted by lamps suspended from the trees,

and thronged with a brilliant crowd of the young and gay.

Cadiz is beautiful beyond imagination. The cities of our dreams are not more enchanting. It lies like a delicate sea-shell upon the brink of the ocean, so wondrous fair that it seems not formed for man. In sooth, the Paphian queen born of the feathery sea-foam, dwells here. It is the city of beauty and of love.

The women of Cadiz are world-renowned for their loveliness. Surely earth has none more dazzling than a daughter of that bright, burning clime. What a voluptuous form ! what a dainty foot ! what dignity ! what matchless grace !

“What eyes,—what lips,—what everything about her !
How like a swan she swims her pace, and bears
Her silver breasts !”

The Gaditana is not ignorant of her charms. She knows full well the necromancy of a smile. You see it in the flourish of her fan,—a magic wand, whose spell is powerful ; you see it in her steady gaze, the elastic step,

“The veil,
Thrown back a moment with the glancing hand,
While the o’erpowering eye, that turns you pale,
Flashes into the heart.”

When I am old and gray, and sit by the fireside wrapped in flannels, if, in a listless moment, recalling what is now the present, but will then be the distant and almost forgotten past, I turn over the leaves of this journal till my watery eye falls upon the page I have just written, I shall smile at the enthusiasm with which I have sketched this portrait. And where will then be the

bright forms that now glance before me, like the heavenly creations of a dream? All gone,—all gone! Or, if perchance a few still linger upon earth the silver cord will be loosed,—they will be bowed with age and sorrow, saying their paternosters with a tremulous voice.

Old age is a Pharisee; for he makes broad his phylacteries, and wears them upon his brow, inscribed with prayer, but in the “crooked autograph” of a palsied hand. “I see with pain,” says a French female writer, “that there is nothing durable upon earth. We bring into the world a fair face, and lo! in less than thirty years it is covered with wrinkles; after which a woman is no longer good for anything.” A most appalling thought!

Were I to translate these sombre reflections into choice Castilian, and read them to the bright-eyed houri who is now leaning over the balcony opposite, she would laugh, and laughing say, “*Cuando el demonio es viejo, se mete frayle.*”

THE devotion paid at the shrine of the Virgin is one of the most prominent and characteristic features of the Catholic religion. In Spain it is one of its most attractive features. In the southern provinces, in Granada and in Andalusia, which the inhabitants call “*La tierra de María Santísima*,”—the land of the most holy Mary,—this adoration is most ardent and enthusiastic. There is one of its outward observances which struck me as peculiarly beautiful and impressive. I refer to the Ave Maria, an evening service of the Virgin. Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to prayer. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed, the thronged streets are still; the

gay multitudes that crowd the public walks stand motionless ; the angry dispute ceases ; the laugh of merriment dies away ; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and, with the sign of the cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal ; the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence. I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the Ave Maria. As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupations to repose and devotion. There is something beautiful in thus measuring the march of time. The hour, too, naturally brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion. The close of the day, the shadows of evening, the calm of twilight, inspire a feeling of tranquillity ; and though I may differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to me a beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that, at the close of each daily epoch of life,—which, if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has, nevertheless, been so to many of the great human family,—the voice of the whole people, and of the whole world, should go up to heaven in praise, and supplication, and thankfulness.

“ THE Moorish king rides up and down
Through Granada’s royal town ;
From Elvira’s gates to those
Of Bivarambla on he goes.
Woe is me, Alhama ! ”

Thus commences one of the fine old Spanish ballads,

commemorating the downfall of the city of Alhama, where we have stopped to rest our horses on their fatiguing march from Velez-Málaga to Granada. Alhama was one of the last strongholds of the Moslem power in Spain. Its fall opened the way for the Christian army across the Sierra Nevada, and spread consternation and despair through the city of Granada. The description in the old ballad is highly graphic and beautiful ; and its beauty is well preserved in the spirited English translation by Lord Byron.

As we crossed the Sierra Nevada, the snowy mountains that look down upon the luxuriant Vega of Granada, we overtook a solitary rider, who was singing a wild national song, to cheer the loneliness of his journey. He was an athletic man, and rode a spirited horse of the Arab breed. A black bearskin jacket covered his broad shoulders, and around his waist was wound the crimson *faja*, so universally worn by the Spanish peasantry. His velvet breeches reached below his knee, just meeting a pair of leather gaiters of elegant workmanship. A gay silken handkerchief was tied round his head, and over this he wore the little round Andalusian hat, decked out with a profusion of tassels of silk and bugles of silver. The steed he mounted was dressed no less gayly than his rider. There was a silver star upon his forehead, and a bright-colored woollen tassel between his ears ; a blanket striped with blue and red covered his saddle, and even the Moorish stirrups were ornamented with brass studs.

This personage was a *contrabandista*,—a smuggler between Granada and the seaport of Velez-Málaga. The song he sung was one of the popular ballads of the

country. I will here transcribe the original as a specimen of its kind. Its only merit is simplicity, and a certain grace which belongs to its provincial phraseology, and which would be wholly lost in a translation.

“ Yo que soy contrabandista,
Y campo por mi respeto,
Á todos los desafío,
Porque á naide tengo mieo.
¡ Ay, jaleo ! ¡ Muchachas, jaleo !
¿ Quien me compra jilo negro ?

“ Mi caballo está cansao,
Y yo me marchó corriendo.
¡ Anda, caballito mio,
Caballo mio careto !
¡ Anda, que viene la ronda,
Y se mueve el tiroteo !
¡ Ay, jaleo ! ¡ Ay, ay, jaleo !
¡ Ay, jaleo, que nos cortan !
Sácame de aqueste aprieto.

“ Mi caballo ya no corre,
Ya mi caballo paró.
Todo para en este mundo,
Tambien he de parar yo.
¡ Ay, jalco ! ¡ Muchachas, jaleo !
¿ Quien me compra jilo negro ? ”

The air to which these words are sung is wild and high ; and the prolonged and mournful cadence gives it the sound of a funeral wail, or a cry for help. To have its full effect upon the mind, it should be heard by night, in some wild mountain-pass, and from a distance. Then the harsh tones come softened to the ear, and, in unison with the hour and the scene, produce a pleasing melancholy.

The contrabandista accompanied us to Granada. The sun had already set when we entered the Vega,—those luxuriant meadows which stretch away to the south and west of the city, league after league of rich, unbroken verdure. It was Saturday night ; and, as the gathering twilight fell around us, and one by one the lamps of the city twinkled in the distance, suddenly kindling here and there, as the stars start to their places in the evening sky, a loud peal of bells rang forth its glad welcome to the day of rest, over the meadows to the distant hills, “ swinging slow, with solemn roar.”

Is this reality and not a dream ? Am I indeed in Granada ? Am I indeed within the walls of that earthly paradise of the Moorish kings ? How my spirit is stirred within me ! How my heart is lifted up ! How my thoughts are rapt away in the visions of other days !

Ave, Maria purissima ! It is midnight. The bell has tolled the hour from the watch-tower of the Alhambra ; and the silent street echoes only to the watchman's cry, *Ave, Maria purissima !* I am alone in my chamber,—sleepless,—spell-bound by the genius of the place,—entranced by the beauty of the star-lit night. As I gaze from my window, a sudden radiance brightens in the east. It is the moon, rising behind the Alhambra. I can faintly discern the dusky and indistinct outline of a massive tower, standing amid the uncertain twilight, like a gigantic shadow. It changes with the rising moon, as a palace in the clouds, and other towers and battlements arise,—every moment more distinct, more palpable, till now they stand between me and the sky, with a sharp outline, distant, and yet so near that I seem to sit within their shadow.

Majestic spirit of the night, I recognize thee ! Thou hast conjured up this glorious vision for thy votary. Thou hast baptized me with thy baptism. Thou hast nourished my soul with fervent thoughts and holy aspirations, and ardent longings after the beautiful and the true. Majestic spirit of the past, I recognize thee ! Thou hast bid the shadow go back for me upon the dial-plate of time. Thou hast taught me to read in thee the present and the future,—a revelation of man's destiny on earth. Thou hast taught me to see in thee the principle that unfolds itself from century to century in the progress of our race,—the germ in whose bosom lie unfolded the bud, the leaf, the tree. Generations perish, like the leaves of the forest, passing away when their mission is completed ; but at each succeeding spring, broader and higher spreads the human mind unto its perfect stature, unto the fulfilment of its destiny, unto the perfection of its nature. And in these high revelations, thou hast taught me more,—thou hast taught me to feel that I, too, weak, humble, and unknown, feeble of purpose and irresolute of good, have also my mission to accomplish upon earth,—like the falling leaf, like the passing wind, like the drop of rain. O glorious thought ! that lifts me above the power of time and chance, and tells me that I cannot pass away, and leave no mark of my existence. I may not know the purpose of my being,—the end for which an all-wise Providence created me as I am, and placed me where I am ; but I do know—for in such things faith is knowledge—that my being has a purpose in the omniscience of my Creator, and that all my actions tend to the completion, to the full accomplishment of that purpose. Is this fatality ? No. I feel that I am free, though an infinite and an invisible power overrules

me. Man proposes, and God disposes. This is one of the many mysteries in our being which human reason cannot find out by searching.

Yonder towers, that stand so huge and massive in the midnight air, the work of human hands that have long since forgotten their cunning in the grave, and once the home of human beings immortal as ourselves, and filled like us with hopes and fears, and powers of good and ill,—are lasting memorials of their builders; inanimate material forms, yet living with the impress of a creative mind. These are landmarks of other times. Thus from the distant past the history of the human race is telegraphed from generation to generation, through the present to all succeeding ages. These are manifestations of the human mind at a remote period of its history, and among a people who came from another clime,—the children of the desert. Their mission is accomplished, and they are gone; yet leaving behind them a thousand records of themselves and of their ministry, not as yet fully manifest, but “seen through a glass darkly,” dimly shadowed forth in the language, and character, and manners, and history of the nation, that was by turns the conquered and the conquering. The Goth sat at the Arab’s feet; and athwart the cloud and storm of war, streamed the light of Oriental learning upon the Western world,—

“As when the autumnal sun,
Through travelling rain and mist,
Shines on the evening hills.”

THIS morning I visited the Alhambra; an enchanted palace, whose exquisite beauty baffles the power of lan-

guage to describe. Its outlines may be drawn,—its halls and galleries, its court-yards and its fountains, numbered ; but what skillful limner shall portray in words its curious architecture, the grotesque ornaments, the quaint devices, the rich tracery of the walls, the ceilings inlaid with pearl and tortoise-shell ? what language paint the magic hues of light and shade, the shimmer of the sun-beam as it falls upon the marble pavement, and the brilliant panels inlaid with many-colored stones ? Vague recollections fill my mind,—images dazzling but undefined, like the memory of a gorgeous dream. They crowd my brain confusedly, but they will not stay ; they change and mingle, like the tremulous sunshine on the wave, till imagination itself is dazzled,—bewildered,—overpowered !

What most arrests the stranger's foot within the Alhambra is the refinement of luxury which he sees at every step. He lingers in the deserted bath,—he pauses to gaze upon the now vacant saloon, where, stretched upon his gilded couch, the effeminate monarch of the East was wooed to sleep by softly-breathing music. What more delightful than this secluded garden, green with the leaf of the myrtle and the orange, and freshened with the gush of fountains, beside whose basin the nightingale still woos the blushing rose ? What more fanciful, more exquisite, more like a creation of Oriental magic, than the lofty tower of the Tocador,—its airy sculpture resembling the fretwork of wintry frost, and its windows overlooking the romantic valley of the Darro ; and the city, with its gardens, domes, and spires, far, far below ? Cool through this lattice comes the summer wind from the icy summits of the Sierra Nevada. Softly in yonder fountain falls the crystal water, dripping from its alabas-

ter vase with never-ceasing sound. On every side comes up the fragrance of a thousand flowers, the murmur of innumerable leaves ; and overhead is a sky where not a vapor floats,—as soft, and blue, and radiant as the eye of childhood !

Such is the Alhambra of Granada ; a fortress,—a palace,—an earthly paradise,—a ruin, wonderful in its fallen greatness !

THE JOURNEY INTO ITALY.

What I catch is at present only sketch-ways, as it were ; but I prepare myself betimes for the Italian journey.

GOETHE'S FAUST.

ON the afternoon of the 15th of December, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven, I left Marseilles for Genoa, taking the sea-shore road through Toulon, Draguignan, and Nice. This journey is written in my memory with a sunbeam. We were a company whom chance had thrown together,—different in ages, humors, and pursuits,—and yet so merrily the days went by, in sunshine, wind or rain, that methinks some lucky star must have ruled the hour that brought us five so auspiciously together. But where is now that merry company ? One sleeps in his youthful grave ; two sit in their fatherland, and “coin their brain for their daily bread” ; and the others,—where are they ? If still among the living, I beg them to remember in their prayers the humble historian of their journey from Marseilles to Genoa.

At Toulon we took a private carriage in order to pursue our journey more leisurely and more at ease. I well remember the strange, outlandish vehicle, and our vetturino Joseph, with his *blouse*, his short-stemmed pipe, his limping gait, his comical phiz, and the lowland dialect his mother taught him at Avignon. Every scene, every incident of the journey is now before me as if written in a book. The sunny landscapes of the Var,—the peasant

girls, with their broad-brimmed hats of straw,—the inn at Draguignan, with its painting of a lady on horseback, underwritten in French and English, “*Une jeune dame à la promenade*,—a young lady taking a walk,”—the mouldering arches of the Roman aqueducts at Fréjus, standing in the dim twilight of morning like shadowy apparitions of the past,—the wooden bridge across the Var,—the glorious amphitheatre of hills that half encircle Nice,—the midnight scene at the village inn of Monaco,—the magnificent scenery of the Col de Tende, with its mountain road overhanging the sea at a dizzy height, and its long, dark passages cut through the solid rock,—the tumbling mountain-torrent,—and a fortress perched on a jutting spur of the Alps; these, and a thousand varied scenes and landscapes of this journey, rise before me, as if still visible to the eye of sense, and not to that of memory only. And yet I will not venture upon a minute description of them. I have not colors bright enough for such landscapes; and besides, even the most determined lovers of the picturesque grow weary of long descriptions; though as the French guide-book says of these scenes, “*Tout cela fait sans doute un spectacle admirable!*”

ON the tenth day of our journey, we reached Genoa, the city of palaces,—the superb city. The writer of an old book, called “*Time’s Storehouse*,” thus poetically describes its situation:—“This citty is most proudly built upon the seacoast and the downfall of the Appenines, at the foot of a mountaine; even as if she were descended downe the mount, and come to repose herselfe uppon a plaine.”

It was Christmas eve,—a glorious night ! I stood at midnight on the wide terrace of our hotel, which overlooks the sea, and, gazing on the tiny and crisping waves that broke in pearly light beneath the moon, sent back my wandering thoughts far over the sea, to a distant home. The jangling music of church-bells aroused me from my dream. It was the sound of jubilee at the approaching festival of the Nativity, and summoned alike the pious devotee, the curious stranger, and the gallant cicisbeo to the church of the Annunziata.

I descended from the terrace, and, groping my way through one of the dark and narrow lanes which intersect the city in all directions, soon found myself in the Strada Nuova. The long line of palaces lay half in shadow, half in light, stretching before me in magical perspective, like the long vapory opening of a cloud in the summer sky. Following the various groups that were passing onward towards the public square, I entered the church, where midnight mass was to be chanted. A dazzling blaze of light from the high altar shone upon the red marble columns which support the roof, and fell with a solemn effect upon the kneeling crowd that filled the body of the church. All beyond was in darkness ; and from that darkness at intervals burst forth the deep voice of the organ and the chanting of the choir, filling the soul with solemnity and awe. And yet, among that prostrate crowd, how many had been drawn thither by unworthy motives,—motives even more unworthy than mere idle curiosity ! How many sinful purposes arose in souls unpurified, and mocked at the bended knee ! How many a heart beat wild with earthly passion, while the unconscious lip repeated the accustomed prayer ! Immortal spirit ! canst thou so heedlessly resist the imploring voice

that calls thee from thine errors and pollutions ? Is not the long day long enough, is not the wide world wide enough, has not society frivolity enough for thee, that thou shouldst seek out this midnight hour, this holy place, this solemn sacrifice, to add irreverence to thy folly ?

In the shadow of a column stood a young man wrapped in a cloak, earnestly conversing in a low whisper with a female figure, so veiled as to hide her face from the eyes of all but her companion. At length they separated. The young man continued leaning against the column, and the girl, gliding silently along the dimly lighted aisle, mingled with the crowd, and threw herself upon her knees. Beware, poor girl, thought I, lest thy gentle nature prove thy undoing ! Perhaps, alas, thou art already undone ! And I almost heard the evil spirit whisper, as in the *Faust*, “ How different was it with thee, Margaret, when, still full of innocence, thou camest to the altar here,—out of the well-worn little book lispedst prayers, half child-sport, half God in the heart ! Margaret, where is thy head ? What crime in thy heart ! ”

The city of Genoa is magnificent in parts, but not as a whole. The houses are high, and the streets in general so narrow that in many of them you may almost step across from side to side. They are built to receive the cool sea-breeze, and shut out the burning sun. Only three of them—if my memory serves—are wide enough to admit the passage of carriages ; and these three form but one continuous street,—the street of palaces. They are the *Strada Nuova*, the *Strada Novissima*, and the *Strada Balbi*, which connect the *Piazza Amorosa* with the *Piazza dell’ Annunziata*. These palaces, the *Doria*, the *Durazzo*, the *Ducal Palace*, and others of less magnificence,—with their vast halls, their marble staircases, vestibules, and

terraces, and the aspect of splendor and munificence they wear,—have given this commercial city the title of Genoa the Superb. And, as if to humble her pride, some envious rival among the Italian cities has launched at her a biting sarcasm in the well known proverb, “*Mare sénza pesce, uomini senza fede, e donne sénza vergógna*,”—A sea without fish, men without faith, and women without modesty !

THE road from Genoa to Lucca strongly resembles that from Nice to Genoa. It runs along the seaboard, now dipping to the water's edge, and now climbing the zig-zag mountain-pass, with toppling crags, and yawning chasms, and verdant terraces of vines and olive-trees. Many a sublime and many a picturesque landscape catches the traveller's eye, now almost weary with gazing ; and still brightly painted upon my mind lies a calm evening scene on the borders of the Gulf of Spezia, with its broad sheet of crystal water,—the blue-tinted hills that form its oval basin,—the crimson sky above, and its bright reflection,—

“ Where it lay
Deep bosomed in the still and quiet bay,
The sea reflecting all that glowed above.
Till a new sky, softer but not so gay,
Arched in its bosom, trembled like a dove.”

PISA, the melancholy city, with its Leaning Tower, its Campo Santo, its bronze-gated cathedral, and its gloomy palaces,—Florence the Fair, with its magnificent Duomo, its gallery of ancient art, its gardens, its gay society, and its delightful environs,—Fiesole, Camaldoli,

Vallombrosa, and the luxuriant Val d' Arno ;—these have been so often and so beautifully described by others, that I need not repeat the twice-told tale.

AT Florence I took lodgings in a house which fronts upon the Piazza Novella. In front of my parlor windows was the venerable Gothic church of Santa Maria Novella, in whose gloomy aisles Boccaccio has placed the opening scene of his Decameron. There, when the plague was raging in the city, one Tuesday morning, after mass, the “seven ladies, young and fair,” held counsel together, and resolved to leave the infected city, and flee to their rural villas in the environs, where they might “hear the birds sing, and see the green hills, and the plains, and the fields covered with grain and undulating like the sea, and trees of species manifold.”

In the Florentine museum is a representation in wax of some of the appalling scenes of the plague which desolated this city about the middle of the fourteenth century, and which Boccaccio has described with such simplicity and power in the introduction of his Decameron. It is the work of a Sicilian artist, by the name of Zumbo. He must have been a man of the most gloomy and saturnine imagination, and more akin to the worm than most of us, thus to have revelled night and day in the hideous mysteries of death, corruption, and the charnel-house. It is strange how this representation haunts me. It is like a dream of the sepulchre, with its loathsome corpses, with “the blackening, the swelling, the bursting of the trunk, —the worm, the rat, and the tarantula at work.” You breathe more freely as you step out into the open air

again ; and when the bright sunshine and the crowded busy streets next meet your eye, you are ready to ask, Is this inded a representation of reality ? Can this pure air have been laden with pestilence ? Can this gay city have ever been a city of the plague ?

The work of the Sicilian artist is admirable as a piece of art ; the description of the Florentine prose-poet equally admirable as a piece of eloquence. “ How many vast palaces,” he exclaims, “ how many beautiful houses, how many noble dwellings, aforetime filled with lords and ladies and trains of servants, were now untenanted even by the lowest menial ! How many memorable families, how many ample heritages, how many renowned possessions, were left without an heir ! How many valiant men, how many beautiful women, how many gentle youths, breakfasted in the morning with their relatives, companions and friends, and, when the evening came, supped with their ancestors in the other world ! ”

I MET with an odd character at Florence,—a complete humorist. He was an Englishman of some forty years of age, with a round, good-humored countenance, and a nose that wore the livery of good company. He was making the grand tour through France and Italy, and home again by the way of Tyrol and the Rhine. He travelled post, with a double-barrelled gun, two pairs of pistols, and a violin without a bow. He had been in Rome without seeing St. Peter’s,—he did not care about it ; he had seen St. Paul’s in London. He had been in Naples without visiting Mount Vesuvius ; and did not go to Pompeii, because “ they told him it was hardly worth

seeing,—nothing but a parcel of dark streets and old walls. The principal object he seemed to have in view was to complete the grand tour.

I afterward met with his counterpart in a countryman of my own, who made it a point to see everything which was mentioned in the guide-books; and boasted how much he could accomplish in a day. He would despatch a city in an incredibly short space of time. A Roman aqueduct, a Gothic cathedral, two or three modern churches, and an ancient ruin or so, were only a breakfast for him. Nothing came amiss; not a stone was left unturned. A city was like a Chinese picture to him,—it had no perspective. Every object seemed of equal magnitude and importance. He saw them all; they were all wonderful.

“Life is short, and art is long,” says Hippocrates; yet spare me from thus travelling with the speed of thought, and trotting, from daylight until dark, at the heels of a cicerone, with an umbrella in one hand, and a guide-book and plan of the city in the other.

I COPIED the following singular inscription from a tombstone in the Protestant cemetery at Leghorn. It is the epitaph of a lady, written by herself, and engraven upon her tomb at her own request.

“ Under this stone lies the victim of sorrow,
Fly, wandering stranger, from her mouldering dust,
Lest the rude wind, conveying a particle thereof unto thee,
Should communicate that venom melancholy
That has destroyed the strongest frame and liveliest spirit.
With joy of heart has she resigned her breath,
A living martyr to sensibility ! ”

How inferior in true pathos is this inscription to one in the cemetery of Bologna :—

“ Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna pace.”

Lucretia Picini implores eternal peace !

From Florence to Rome I travelled with a *vetturino*, by the way of Siena. We were six days upon the road, and, like Peter Rugg in the story-book, were followed constantly by clouds and rain. At times, the sun, not all-forgetful of the world, peeped from beneath his cowl of mist, and kissed the swarthy face of his beloved land ; and then, like an anchorite, withdrew again from earth, and gave himself to heaven. Day after day the mist and the rain were my fellow-travellers ; and as I sat wrapped in the thick folds of my Spanish cloak, and looked out upon the misty landscape and the leaden sky, I was continually saying to myself, “ Can this be Italy ? ” and smiling at the untravelled credulity of those who, amid the storms of a northern winter, give way to the illusions of fancy, and dream of Italy as a sunny land, where no wintry tempest beats, and where, even in January, the pale invalid may go about without his umbrella, his Belcher handkerchief, or his India-rubber walk-in-the-waters.

Notwithstanding all this, with the help of a good constitution and a thick pair of boots, I contrived to see all that was to be seen upon the road. I walked down the long hillside at San Lorenzo, and along the border of the Lake of Bolsena, which, veiled in the driving mist, stretched like an inland sea beyond my ken ; and through the sacred forest of oak, held in superstitious reverence by the peasant, and inviolate from his axe. I passed a

night at Montefiascone, renowned for a delicate Muscat wine, which bears the name of Est, and made a midnight pilgrimage to the tomb of the Bishop John Defoucris, who died a martyr to his love of this wine of Montefiascone.

“ Propter nimium Est, Est, Est,
Dominus meus mortuus est.”

A marble slab in the pavement, worn by the footsteps of pilgrims like myself, covers the dominie's ashes. There is a rude figure carved upon it, at whose feet I traced out the cabalistic words, “ Est, Est, Est.” The remainder of the inscription was illegible by the flickering light of the sexton's lantern.

At Baccano I first caught sight of the dome of St. Peter's. We had entered the desolate Campagna ; we passed the tomb of Nero,—we approached the Eternal City ; but no sound of active life, no thronging crowds, no hum of busy men, announced that we were near the gates of Rome. All was silence, solitude, and desolation.

ROME IN MIDSUMMER.

She who tamed the world seemed to tame herself at last, and, falling under her own weight, grew to be a prey to Time, who with his iron teeth consumes all bodies at last, making all things, both animate and inanimate, which have their being under that changeling, the moon, to be subject unto corruption and desolation.

HOWELL'S SIGNORIE OF VENICE.

THE masks and mummeries of Carnival are over ; the imposing ceremonials of Holy Week have become a tale of the times of old ; the illumination of St. Peter's and the Girandola are no longer the theme of gentle and simple ; and finally, the barbarians of the North have retreated from the gates of Rome, and left the Eternal City silent and deserted. The cicerone stands at the corner of the street with his hands in his pockets ; the artist has shut himself up in his studio to muse upon antiquity ; and the idle facchino lounges in the market-place, and plays at *morra* by the fountain. Midsummer has come ; and you may now hire a palace for what, a few weeks ago, would hardly have paid your night's lodging in its garret.

I am still lingering in Rome,—a student, not an artist,—and have taken lodgings in the Piazza Navona, the very heart of the city, and one of the largest and most magnificent squares of modern Rome. It occupies the site of the ancient amphitheatre of Alexander Severus ; and the churches, palaces, and shops that now surround it are built upon the old foundations of the amphitheatre. At each extremity of the square stands a fountain ; the one with a simple jet of crystal water, the other with a

triton holding a dolphin by the tail. In the centre rises a nobler work of art; a fountain with a marble basin more than two hundred feet in circumference. From the midst uprises a huge rock pierced with four grottoes, wherein sit a rampant sea-horse and a lion couchant. On the sides of the rock are four colossal statues, representing the four principal rivers of the world; and from its summit, forty feet from the basin below, shoots up an obelisk of red granite, covered with hieroglyphics, and fifty feet in height,—a relic of the amphitheatre of Caracalla.

In this quarter of the city I have domiciliated myself, in a family of whose many kindnesses I shall always retain the most lively and grateful remembrance. My mornings are spent in visiting the wonders of Rome, in studying the miracles of ancient and modern art, or in reading at the public libraries. We breakfast at noon, and dine at the aristocratic hour of eight in the evening. The intermediate hours I devote to the acquisition of the Italian language,—the *idioma gentil sonante e puro*,—not from the lessons of a pragmatistical language-master, but in the delightful intercourse of a pleasant family circle. After dinner comes the conversazione, enlivened with exquisite music, and the meeting of travellers, artists, and literary men from every quarter of the globe. At midnight, when the crowd is gone, I retire to my chamber, and, poring over the gloomy pages of Dante, or “Bandello’s laughing tale,” protract my nightly vigil till the morning star is in the sky.

Our parlor windows look out upon the square, which circumstance is a source of infinite enjoyment to me. Directly in front, with its fantastic belfries and swelling dome, rises the church of St. Agnes; and sitting by the

open window, I note the busy scene below, enjoy the cool air of morning and evening, and even feel the freshness of the fountain, as its waters leap in mimic cascades down the sides of the rock.

THE Piazza Navona is the chief market-place of Rome ; and on market-days is filled with a noisy crowd of the Roman populace, and the peasantry from the neighboring villages of Albano and Frascati. At such times the square presents an animated and curious scene. The gayly-decked stalls,—the piles of fruits and vegetables,—the pyramids of flowers,—the various costumes of the peasantry,—the constant movement of the vast, fluctuating crowd, and the deafening clamor of their discordant voices, that rise louder than the roar of the loud ocean,—all this is better than a play to me, and gives me amusement when naught else has power to amuse.

Every Saturday afternoon in the sultry month of August, this spacious square is converted into a lake, by stopping the conduit-pipes which carry off the water of the fountains. Coaches, landaus, and vehicles of every description, axle-deep, drive to and fro across the mimic lake ; a dense crowd gathers around its margin, and a thousand tricks excite the laughter of the idle populace. Here is a fellow groping with a stick after his seafaring hat ; there another splashing in the water in pursuit of a mischievous spaniel, that has swum away with his shoe ; while from a neighboring balcony a noisy burst of military music fills the air, and gives fresh animation to the scene of mirth. This is one of the popular festivals of midsummer in Rome, and the merriest of them all. It is a kind of carnival unmasked ; and many a popular

bard, many a *Poeta di dozzina*, invokes this day the plebeian Muse of the market-place to sing in high-sounding rhyme, “*Il Lago di Piazza Navona.*”

I have before me one of these sublime effusions. It describes the square,—the crowd,—the rattling carriages,—the lake,—the fountain, raised by “the superhuman genius of Bernini,”—the lion,—the sea-horse, and the triton grasping the dolphin’s tail. “Half the grand square,” thus sings the poet, “where Rome with food is satiate, was changed into a lake, around whose margin stood the Roman people, pleased with soft idleness and merry holiday, like birds upon the margin of a limpid brook. Up and down drove car and chariot ; and the women trembled for fear of the deep water ; though merry were the young, and well I ween, had they been borne away to unknown shores by the bull that bore away Europa, they would neither have wept nor screamed !”

ON the eastern slope of the Janiculum, now called, from its yellow sands, Montorio, or the Golden Mountain, stands the fountain of Acqua Paola, the largest and most abundant of the Roman fountains. It is a small Ionic temple, with six columns of reddish granite in front, a spacious hall and chambers within, and a garden with a terrace in the rear. Beneath the pavement, a torrent of water from the ancient aqueducts of Trajan, and from the lakes of Bracciano and Martignano, leaps forth in three beautiful cascades, and from the overflowing basin rushes down the hillside to turn the busy wheels of a dozen mills.

The key of this little fairy palace is in our hands, and as often as once a week we pass the day there, amid the

odor of its flowers, the rushing sound of its waters, and the enchantments of poetry and music. How pleasantly the sultry hours steal by ! Cool comes the summer wind from the Tiber's mouth at Ostia. Above us is a sky without a cloud ; beneath us the magnificent panorama of Rome and the Campagna, bounded by the Abruzzi and the sea. Glorious scene ! one glance at thee would move the dullest soul,—one glance can melt the painter and the poet into tears !

In the immediate neighborhood of the fountain are many objects worthy of the stranger's notice. A bowshot down the hillside towards the city stands the convent of San Pietro in Montorio ; and in the cloister of this convent is a small, round Doric temple, built upon the spot which an ancient tradition points out as the scene of St. Peter's martyrdom. In the opposite direction the road leads you over the shoulder of the hill, and out through the city-gate to gardens and villas beyond. Passing beneath a lofty arch of Trajan's aqueduct, an ornamented gate on the left admits you to the Villa Pamfili-Doria, built on the western declivity of the hill. This is the largest and most magnificent of the numerous villas that crowd the immediate environs of Rome. Its spacious terraces, its marble statues, its woodlands and green alleys, its lake and waterfalls and fountains, give it an air of courtly splendor and of rural beauty, which realizes the beau ideal of a suburban villa.

This is our favorite resort, when we have passed the day at the fountain, and the afternoon shadows begin to fall. There we sit on the broad marble steps of the terrace, gaze upon the varied landscape stretching to the misty sea, or ramble beneath the leafy dome of the woodland and along the margin of the lake,

“And drop a pebble to see it sink
Down in those depths so calm and cool.”

Oh, did we but know when we are happy ! Could the restless, feverish, ambitious heart be still, but for a moment still, and yield itself, without one farther-aspiring throb, to its enjoyment,—then were I happy,—yes, thrice happy ! But, no ; this fluttering, struggling, and imprisoned spirit beats the bars of its golden cage,—disdains the silken fetter ; it will not close its eye and fold its wings ; as if time were not swift enough, its swifter thoughts outstrip his rapid flight, and onward, onward do they wing their way to the distant mountains, to the fleeting clouds of the future ; and yet I know, that ere long, weary, and wayworn, and disappointed, they shall return to nestle in the bosom of the past !

This day, also, I have passed at Aqua Paola. From the garden terrace I watched the setting sun, as, wrapt in golden vapor, he passed to other climes. A friend from my native land was with me ; and as we spake of home, a liquid star stood trembling like a drop of dew upon the closing eyelid of the day. Which of us sketched these lines with a pencil upon the cover of Julia's Corinna ?

Bright star ! whose soft, familiar ray,
In colder climes and gloomier skies,
I've watched so oft when closing day
Had tinged the west with crimson dyes ;
Perhaps to-night some friend I love,
Beyond the deep, the distant sea,
Will gaze upon thy path above,
And give one lingering thought to me.

TORQUATI TASSO OSSA HIC JACENT,—Here lie the bones of Torquato Tasso,—is the simple inscription upon the poet's tomb, in the church of St. Onofrio. Many a pilgrimage is made to this grave. Many a bard from distant lands comes to visit the spot,—and as he paces the secluded cloisters of the convent where the poet died, and where his ashes rest, muses on the sad vicissitudes of his life, and breathes an orison for the peace of his soul. He sleeps midway between his cradle at Sorrento and his dungeon at Ferrara.

The monastery of St. Onofrio stands on the Janiculum, overlooking the Tiber and the city of Rome ; and in the distance rise the towers of the Roman Capitol, where, after long years of sickness, sorrow, and imprisonment, the laurel crown was prepared for the great epic poet of Italy. The chamber in which Tasso died is still shown to the curious traveller ; and the tree in the garden, under whose shade he loved to sit. The feelings of the dying man, as he reposed in this retirement, are not the vague conjectures of poetic revery. He has himself recorded them in a letter which he wrote to his friend Antonio Constantini, a few days only before his dissolution. These are his melancholy words :—

“ What will my friend Antonio say, when he hears the death of Tasso ? Erelong, I think, the news will reach him ; for I feel that the end of my life is near ; being able to find no remedy for this wearisome indisposition which is superadded to my customary infirmities, and by which, as by a rapid torrent, I see myself swept away, without a hand to save. It is no longer time to speak of my unyielding destiny, not to say the ingratitude of the world, which has longed even for the victory of driving me a beggar to my grave ; while I thought that the glory

which, in spite of those who will it not, this age shall receive from my writings was not to leave me thus without reward. I have come to this monastery of St. Onofrio, not only because the air is commended by physicians as more salubrious than in any other part of Rome, but that I may, as it were, commence, in this high place, and in the conversation of these devout fathers, my conversation in heaven. Pray God for me ; and be assured that as I have loved and honored you in this present life, so in that other and more real life will I do for you all that belongs to charity unfeigned and true. And to the divine mercy I commend both you and myself."

THE modern Romans are a very devout people. The Princess Doria washes the pilgrims' feet in Holy Week ; every evening, foul or fair, the whole year round, there is a rosary sung before an image of the Virgin, within a stone's throw of my window, and the young ladies write letters to St. Louis Gonzaga, who in all paintings and sculpture is represented as young and angelically beautiful. I saw a large pile of these letters a few weeks ago in Gonzaga's chapel, at the church of St. Ignatius. They were lying at the foot of the altar, prettily written on smooth paper, and tied with silken ribands of various colors. Leaning over the marble balustrade, I read the following superscription upon one of them :—" *All' Angelico Giovane S. Luigi Gonzaga, Paradiso*,—To the angelic youth St. Louis Gonzaga, Paradise." A soldier, with a musket, kept guard over this treasure ; and I had the audacity to ask him at what hour the mail went out ; for which heretical impertinence he cocked his mustache

at me with the most savage look imaginable, as much as to say, "Get thee gone":—

"Andate,
Niente pigliate,
E mai ritornate."

The modern Romans are likewise strongly given to amusements of every description. *Panem et circenses*, says the Latin satirist, when chiding the degraded propensities of his countrymen; *Panem et circenses*,—they are content with bread and the sports of the circus. The same may be said at the present day. Even in this hot weather, when the shops are shut at noon, and the fat priests waddle about the streets with fans in their hands, the people crowd to the Mausoleum of Augustus to be choked with the smoke of fireworks, and see deformed and humpback dwarfs tumbled into the dirt by the masked horns of young bullocks. What a refined amusement for the inhabitants of "pompous and holy Rome!"

THE Sirocco prevails to-day,—a hot wind from the burning sands of Africa, that bathes its wings in the sea, and comes laden with fogs and vapors to the shores of Italy. It is oppressive and dispiriting, and quite unmans one, like the dog-days of the North. There is a scrap of an old English song running in my mind, in which the poet calls it a cool wind; though ten to one I misquote.

"When the cool Sirocco blows,
And daws and pies and rooks and crows
Sit and curse the wintry snows,
Then give me ale!"

I should think that stark English beer might have a potent charm against the powers of the foul fiend that rides this steaming, reeking wind. A flask of Montefiascone, or a bottle of Lacrima Christi does very well.

BEGGARS all,—beggars all ! The Papal city is full of them ; and they hold you by the button through the whole calendar of saints. You cannot choose but hear. I met an old woman yesterday, who pierced my ear with this alluring petition :

“ *Ah signore ! Qualche piccola cosa, per carità ! Vi dirò la buona ventura ! C'è una bella signorina, che vi ama molto ! Per il Sacro Sacramento ! Per la Madonna !* ”

Which being interpreted, is, “ Ah, Sir, a trifle, for charity's sake ! I will tell your fortune for you ! There is a beautiful young lady who loves you well ! For the Holy Sacrament,—for the Madonna's sake ! ”

Who could resist such an appeal ?

I made a laughable mistake this morning in giving alms. A man stood on the shady side of the street with his hat in his hand, and as I passed he gave me a piteous look, though he said nothing. He had such a woe-begone face, and such a threadbare coat, that I at once took him for one of those mendicants who bear the title of *poveri vergognosi*, — bashful beggars ; persons whom pinching want compels to receive the stranger's charity, though pride restrains them from asking it. Moved with compassion, I threw into the hat the little I had to give ; when, instead of thanking me with a blessing, my man with the threadbare coat showered upon me the most sonorous maledictions of his native tongue, and, emptying his

greasy hat upon the pavement, drew it down over his ears with both hands, and stalked away with all the dignity of a Roman senator in the best days of the republic,—to the infinite amusement of a green-grocer, who stood at his shop-door bursting with laughter. No time was given me for an apology ; but I resolved to be for the future more discriminating in my charities, and not to take for a beggar every poor gentleman who chose to stand in the shade with his hat in his hand on a hot summer's day.

THERE is an old fellow who hawks pious legends and the lives of saints through the streets of Rome, with a sharp, cracked voice, that knows no pause nor division in the sentences it utters. I just heard him cry at a breath :—

“ *La Vita di San Giuseppe quel fidel servitor di Dio santo e maraviglioso mezzo bajocco*,—The Life of St. Joseph that faithful servant of God holy and wonderful half a cent.

This is the way with some people ; everything helter-skelter,—heads and tails,—prices current and the lives of saints !

It has been a rainy day,—a day of gloom. The church bells never rang in my ears with so melancholy a sound ; and this afternoon I saw a mournful scene, which still haunts my imagination. It was the funeral of a monk. I was drawn to the window by the solemn chant, as the procession came from a neighboring street and crossed the square. First came a long train of priests, clad in

black, and bearing in their hands large waxen tapers, which flared in every gust of wind, and were now and then extinguished by the rain. The bier followed, borne on the shoulders of four barefooted Carmelites ; and upon it, ghastly and grim, lay the body of the dead monk, clad in his long gray kirtle, with the twisted cord about his waist. Not even a shroud was thrown over him. His head and feet were bare, and his hands were placed upon his bosom, palm to palm, in the attitude of prayer. His frame was emaciated, and of a livid hue ; his eyes unclosed ; and at every movement of the bier, his head nodded to and fro, with an unearthly and hideous aspect. Behind walked the monastic brotherhood, a long and melancholy procession, with their cowls thrown back, and their eyes cast upon the ground ; and last of all came a man with a rough, unpainted coffin upon his shoulders, closing the funeral train.

MANY of the priests, monks, monsignori, and cardinals of Rome have a bad reputation, even after deducting a tithe or so from the tales of gossip. To some of them may be applied the rhyming Latin distich, written for the monks of old :—

“ O Monachi,
Vestri stomachi
Sunt amphora Bacchi ;
Vos estis,
Deus est testis,
Turpissima pestis.”

The graphic description which Thomson gives in his

“Castle of Indolence” would readily find an impersonation among the Roman priesthood :—

“ Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,—
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy ;—
A little, round, fat, oily man of God
Was one I chiefly marked among the fry ;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
Which shone all glittering with ungodly dew,
When a tight damsel chanced to trippen by ;
But when observed, would shrink into his mew,
And straight would recollect his piety anew.”

YONDER across the square goes a *Minente* of Trastevere ; a fellow who boasts the blood of the old Romans in his veins. He is a plebeian exquisite of the western bank of the Tiber, with a swarthy face and the step of an emperor. He wears a slouched hat, and blue velvet jacket and breeches, and has enormous silver buckles in his shoes. As he marches along, he sings a ditty in his own vulgar dialect :—

“ Uno, due, e tre,
E lo Papa non è Re.”

Now he stops to talk with a woman who sells roasted chestnuts. What violent gestures ! what expressive attitudes ! Head, hands, and feet are all in motion,—not a muscle is still ! It must be some interesting subject that excites him so much, and gives such energy to his gestures and his language. No ; he only wants to light his pipe !

It is now past midnight. The moon is full and bright, and the shadows lie so dark and massive in the street

that they seem a part of the walls that cast them. I have just returned from the Coliseum, whose ruins are so marvellously beautiful by moonlight. No stranger at Rome omits this midnight visit ; for though there is something unpleasant in having one's admiration forestalled, and being as it were romantic aforethought, yet the charm is so powerful, the scene so surpassingly beautiful and sublime,—the hour, the silence, and the colossal ruin have such a mastery over the soul,—that you are disarmed when most upon your guard, and betrayed into an enthusiasm which perhaps you had silently resolved you would not feel.

On my way to the Coliseum, I crossed the Capitoline Hill, and descended into the Roman Forum by the broad staircase that leads to the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. Close upon my right hand stood the three remaining columns of the Temple of the Thunderer, and the beautiful Ionic portico of the Temple of Concord,—their base in shadow, and the bright moonbeam striking aslant upon the broken entablature above. Before me rose the Phocian Column,—an isolated shaft, like a thin vapor hanging in the air scarce visible ; and far to the left, the ruins of the Temple of Antonio and Faustina, and the three colossal arches of the Temple of Peace,—dim, shadowy, indistinct,—seemed to melt away and mingle with the sky. . I crossed the Forum to the foot of the Palatine, and, ascending the Via Sacra, passed beneath the Arch of Titus. From this point, I saw below me the gigantic outline of the Coliseum, like a cloud resting upon the earth. As I descended the hillside, it grew more broad and high,—more definite in its form, and yet more grand in its dimensions,—till, from the vale in which it stands encompassed by three of the Seven Hills of Rome,—the

Palatine, the Coelian, and the Esquiline,—the majestic ruin in all its solitary grandeur “swelled vast to heaven.”

A single sentinel was pacing to and fro beneath the arched gateway which leads to the interior, and his measured footsteps were the only sound that broke the breathless silence of the night. What a contrast with the scene which that same midnight hour presented, when, in Domitian’s time, the eager populace began to gather at the gates, impatient for the morning sports! Nor was the contrast within less striking. Silence, and the quiet moonbeams, and the broad, deep shadows of the ruined wall! Where were the senators of Rome, her matrons, and her virgins? where the ferocious populace that rent the air with shouts, when, in the hundred holidays that marked the dedication of this imperial slaughter-house, five thousand wild beasts from the Libyan deserts and the forests of Anatolia made the arena sick with blood? Where were the Christian martyrs, that died with prayers upon their lips, amid the jeers and imprecations of their fellow-men? where the barbarian gladiators, brought forth to the festival of blood, and “butchered to make a Roman holiday”? The awful silence answered, “They are mine!” The dust beneath me answered, “They are mine!”

I crossed to the opposite extremity of the amphitheatre. A lamp was burning in the little chapel, which has been formed from what was once a den for the wild beasts of the Roman festivals. Upon the steps sat the old beadsman, the only tenant of the Coliseum, who guides the stranger by night through the long galleries of this vast pile of ruins. I followed him up a narrow wooden staircase, and entered one of the long and majestic corridors,

which in ancient times ran entirely round the amphitheatre. Huge columns of solid mason-work, that seem the labor of Titans, support the flattened arches above ; and though the iron clamps are gone, which once fastened the hewn stones together, yet the columns stand majestic and unbroken, amid the ruin around them, and seem to defy "the iron tooth of time." Through the arches at the right, I could faintly discern the ruins of the baths of Titus on the Esquiline ; and from the left, through every chink and cranny of the wall, poured in the brilliant light of the full moon, casting gigantic shadows around me, and diffusing a soft, silvery twilight through the long arcades. At length I came to an open space, where the arches above had crumbled away, leaving the pavement an unroofed terrace high in air. From this point, I could see the whole interior of the amphitheatre spread out beneath me, half in shadow, half in light, with such a soft and indefinite outline that it seemed less an earthly reality than a reflection in the bosom of a lake. The figures of several persons below were just perceptible, mingling grotesquely with their foreshortened shadows. The sound of their voices reached me in a whisper ; and the cross that stands in the centre of the arena looked like a dagger thrust into the sand. I did not conjure up the past, for the past had already become identified with the present. It was before me in one of its visible and most majestic forms. The arbitrary distinctions of time, years, ages, centuries were annihilated. I was a citizen of Rome ! This was the amphitheatre of Flavius Vespasian !

Mighty is the spirit of the past, amid the ruins of the Eternal City !

THE VILLAGE OF LA RICCIA.

*“ Egressum magnâ me excepit Aricia Româ,
Hospitio modico.”*

HORACE.

I PASSED the month of September at the village of La Riccia, which stands upon the western declivity of the Albanian hills, looking towards Rome. Its situation is one of the most beautiful which Italy can boast. Like a mural crown, it encircles the brow of a romantic hill; woodlands of the most luxuriant foliage whisper around it; above it rise the rugged summits of the Abruzzi, and beneath lies the level floor of the Campagna, blotted with ruined tombs, and marked with broken but magnificent aqueducts that point the way to Rome. The whole region is classic ground. The Appian Way leads you from the gate of Rome to the gate of La Riccia. On one hand you have the Alban Lake, on the other the Lake of Nemi; and the sylvan retreats around were once the dwellings of Hippolytus and the nymph Egeria.

The town itself, however, is mean and dirty. The only inhabitable part is near the northern gate, where the two streets of the village meet. There, face to face, upon a square terrace, paved with large, flat stones, stand the Chigi palace and the village church with a dome and portico. There, too, stands the village inn, with its beds of cool, elastic corn-husks, its little dormitories, six feet square, and its spacious saloon, upon whose walls the melancholy story of Hippolytus is told in gorgeous fres-


coes. And there, too, at the union of the streets, just peeping through the gateway, rises the wedge-shaped Casa Antonini, within whose dusty chambers I passed the month of my *villeggiatura*, in company with two much-esteemed friends from the Old Dominion,—a fair daughter of that generous clime, and her lord and master, an artist, an enthusiast, and a man of “infinite jest.”

My daily occupations in this delightful spot were such as an idle man usually whiles away his time withal in such rural residence. I read Italian poetry,—strolled in the Chigi park,—rambled about the wooded environs of the village,—took an airing on a jackass,—threw stones into the Alban Lake,—and, being seized at intervals with the artist-mania, that came upon me like an intermittent fever, sketched—or thought I did—the trunk of a hollow tree, or the spire of a distant church, or a fountain in the shade.

At such seasons, the mind is “tickled with a straw,” and magnifies each trivial circumstance into an event of some importance. I recollect one morning, as I sat at breakfast in the village coffee-house, a large and beautiful spaniel came into the room, and placing his head upon my knee looked up into my face with a most piteous look, poor dog! as much as to say that he had not breakfasted. I gave him a morsel of bread, which he swallowed without so much as moving his long silken ears; and keeping his soft, beautiful eyes still fixed upon mine, he thumped upon the floor with his bushy tail, as if knocking for the waiter. He was a very beautiful animal, and so gentle and affectionate in his manner, that I asked the waiter who his owner was.

“He has none now,” said the boy.

“What!” said I, “so fine a dog without a master?”



“Ah, Sir, he used to belong to Gasparoni, the famous robber of the Abruzzi mountains, who murdered so many people, and was caught at last and sent to the galleys for life. There’s his portrait on the wall.”

It hung directly in front of me ; a coarse print, representing the dark, stern countenance of that sinful man, a face that wore an expression of savage ferocity and coarse sensuality. I had heard his story told in the village ; the accustomed tale of outrage, violence, and murder. And is it possible, thought I, that this man of blood could have chosen so kind and gentle a companion ? What a rebuke must he have met in those large, meek eyes, when he patted his favorite on the head, and dappled his long ears with blood ! Heaven seems in mercy to have ordained that none—no, not even the most depraved—should be left entirely to his evil nature, without one patient monitor,—a wife,—a daughter,—a fawning, meek-eyed dog, whose silent, supplicating look may rebuke the man of sin ! If this mute, playful creature, that licks the stranger’s hand, were gifted with the power of articulate speech, how many a tale of midnight storm, and mountain-pass, and lonely glen, would—but these reflections are commonplace !

On another occasion I saw an overladen ass fall on the steep and slippery pavement of the street. He made violent but useless efforts to get upon his feet again ; and his brutal driver—more brutal than the suffering beast of burden—beat him unmercifully with his heavy whip. Barbarian ! is it not enough that you have laid upon your uncomplaining servant a burden greater than he can bear ? Must you scourge this unresisting slave, because his strength has failed him in your hard service ? Does not that imploring look disarm you ? Does not—and here was another theme for commonplace reflection !

Again. A little band of pilgrims, clad in white, with staves, and scallop-shells, and sandal shoon, have just passed through the village gate, wending their toilsome way to the holy shrine of Loretto. They wind along the brow of the hill with slow and solemn pace,—just as they ought to do, to agree with my notion of a pilgrimage, drawn from novels. And now they disappear behind the hill; and hark! they are singing a mournful hymn, like Christian and Hopeful on their way to the Delectable Mountains. How strange it seems to me, that I should ever behold a scene like this! a pilgrimage to Loretto! Here was another outline for the imagination to fill up.

But my chief delight was in sauntering along the many woodland walks, which diverge in every direction from the gates of La Riccia. One of these plunges down the steep declivity of the hill, and, threading its way through a most romantic valley, leads to the shapeless tomb of the Horatii and the pleasant village of Albano. Another conducts you over swelling uplands and through wooded hollows to Genzano and the sequestered Lake of Nemi, which lies in its deep crater, like the waters of a well, “all coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake.” A third, and the most beautiful of all, runs in an undulating line along the crest of the last and lowest ridge of the Albanian Hills, and leads to the borders of the Alban Lake. In parts it hides itself in thick-leaved hollows, in parts climbs the open hillside and overlooks the Campagna. Then it winds along the brim of the deep, oval basin of the lake, to the village of Castel Gandolfo, and thence onward to Marino, Grotta-Ferrata, and Frascati.

That part of the road which looks down upon the lake

passes through a magnificent gallery of thick embowering trees, whose dense and luxuriant foliage completely shuts out the noonday sun, forming

“ A greensward wagon-way, that, like
Cathedral aisle, completely roofed with branches,
Runs through the gloomy wood from top to bottom,
And has at either end a Gothic door
Wide open.”

This long sylvan arcade is called the *Galleria-di-sopra*, to distinguish it from the *Galleria-di-sotto*, a similar, though less beautiful avenue, leading from the Castel Gandolfo to Albano, under the brow of the hill. In this upper gallery, and almost hidden amid its old and leafy trees, stands a Capuchin convent, with a little esplanade in front, from which the eye enjoys a beautiful view of the lake, and the swelling hills beyond. It is a lovely spot,—so lonely, cool, and still ; and was my favorite and most frequented haunt.

Another pathway conducts you round the southern shore of the Alban Lake, and, after passing the site of the ancient Alba Longa, and the convent of Palazzuolo, turns off to the right through a luxuriant forest, and climbs the rugged precipice of Rocca di Papa. Behind this village swells the rounded peak of Monte Cavo, the highest pinnacle of the Albanian Hills, rising three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Upon its summit once stood a temple of Jupiter, and the Triumphal Way, by which the Roman conquerors ascended once a year in solemn procession to offer sacrifices, still leads you up the side of the hill. But a convent has been built upon the ruins of the ancient temple, and the disciples of Loyola are now the only conquerors that tread the pavement of the Triumphal Way.

The view from the windows of the convent is vast and magnificent. Directly beneath you, the sight plunges headlong into a gulf of dark-green foliage,—the Alban Lake seems so near, that you can almost drop a pebble into it,—and Nemi, imbosomed in a green and cup-like valley, lies like a dew-drop in the hollow of a leaf. All around you, upon every swell of the landscape, the white walls of rural towns and villages peep from their leafy coverts,—Genzano, La Riccia, Castel Gandolfo, and Albano ; and beyond spreads the flat and desolate Campagna, with Rome in its centre and scamed by the silver thread of the Tiber, that at Ostia, “with a pleasant stream, whirling in rapid eddies, and yellow with much sand, rushes forward into the sea.” The scene of half the *Æneid* is spread beneath you like a map ; and it would need volumes to describe each point that arrests the eye in this magnificent panorama.

As I stood leaning over the balcony of the convent, giving myself up to those reflections which the scene inspired, one of the brotherhood came from a neighboring cell, and entered into conversation with me. He was an old man, with a hoary head and a trembling hand ; yet his voice was musical and soft, and his eye still beamed with the enthusiasm of youth.

“How wonderful,” said he, “is the scene before us ! I have been an inmate of these walls for thirty years, and yet this prospect is as beautiful to my eye as when I gazed upon it for the first time. Not a day passes that I do not come to this window to behold and to admire. My heart is still alive to the beauties of the scene, and to all the classic associations it inspires.”

“You have never, then, been whipped by an angel for reading Cicero and Plautus, as St. Jerome was ?”

“No,” said the monk, with a smile. “From my youth up I have been a disciple of Chrysostom, who often slept with the comedies of Aristophanes beneath his pillow ; and yet I confess that the classic associations of Roman history and fable are not the most thrilling which this scene awakens in my mind. Yonder is the bridge from which Constantine beheld the miraculous cross of fire in the sky ; and I can never forget that this convent is built upon the ruins of a pagan temple. The town of Ostia, which lies before us on the sea-shore, is renowned as the spot where the Trojan fugitive first landed on the coast of Italy. But other associations than this have made the spot holy in my sight. Marcus Minutius Felix, a Roman lawyer, who flourished in the third century, a convert to our blessed faith, and one of the purest writers of the Latin Church, here places the scene of his ‘Octavius.’ This work has probably never fallen into your hands ; for you are too young to have pushed your studies into the dusty tomes of the early Christian fathers.”

I replied that I had never so much as heard the book mentioned before ; and the monk continued :—

“It is a dialogue upon the vanity of pagan idolatry and the truth of the Christian religion, between Cæcilius, a heathen, and Octavius, a Christian. The style is rich, flowing, and poetical ; and if the author handles his weapons with less power than a Tertullian, yet he exhibits equal adroitness and more grace. He has rather the studied elegance of the Roman lawyer, than the bold spirit of a Christian martyr. But the volume is a treasure to me in my solitary hours, and I love to sit here upon the balcony, and con its poetic language and sweet imagery. You shall see the volume ; I carry it in my bosom.”

With these words, the monk drew from the folds of his gown a small volume, richly embossed and clasped with silver; and, turning over its well worn leaves, continued :—

“ In the introduction, the author describes himself as walking upon the sea-shore at Ostia, in company with his friends Octavius and Cæcilius. Observe in what beautiful language he describes the scene.”

Here he read to me the following passage, which I transcribe, not from memory, but from the book itself.

“ It was vacation-time, and that gave me a-loose from my business at the bar; for it was the season after the summer’s heat, when autumn promised fair, and put on the face of temperate. We set out, therefore, in the morning early, and as we were walking upon the sea-shore, and a kindly breeze fanned and refreshed our limbs, and the yielding sand softly submitted to our feet and made it delicious travelling, Cæcilius on a sudden espied the statue of Serapis, and, according to the vulgar mode of superstition, raised his hand to his mouth, and paid his adoration in kisses. Upon which, Octavius, addressing himself to me, said,—‘ It is not well done, my brother Marcus, thus to leave your inseparable companion in the depth of vulgar darkness, and to suffer him, in so clear a day, to stumble upon stones; stones, indeed, of figure, and anointed with oil, and crowned; but stones, however, still they are;—for you cannot but be sensible that your permitting so foul an error in your friend redounds no less to your disgrace than his.’ This discourse of his held us through half the city; and now we began to find ourselves upon the free and open shore. There the gently washing waves had spread the extremest sands into the order of an artificial walk; and as the sea always expresses some rough-

ness in his looks, even when the winds are still, although he did not roll in foam and angry surges to the shore, yet were we much delighted, as we walked upon the edges of the water, to see the crisping, frizzly waves glide in snaky folds, one while playing against our feet, and then again retiring and lost in the devouring ocean. Softly then, and calmly as the sea about us, we travelled on, and kept upon the brim of the gently declining shore, beguiling the way with our stories."

Here the sound of the convent-bell interrupted the reading of the monk, and, closing the volume, he replaced it in his bosom, and bade me farewell, with a parting injunction to read the "Octavius" of Minutius Felix as soon as I should return to Rome.

During the summer months, La Riccia is a favorite resort of foreign artists who are pursuing their studies in the churches and galleries of Rome. Tired of copying the works of art, they go forth to copy the works of nature; and you will find them perched on their campstools at every picturesque point of view, with white umbrellas to shield them from the sun, and paint-boxes upon their knees, sketching with busy hands the smiling features of the landscape. The peasantry, too, are fine models for their study. The women of Genzano are noted for their beauty, and almost every village in the neighborhood has something peculiar in its costume.

The sultry day was closing, and I had reached, in my accustomed evening's walk, the woodland gallery that looks down upon the Alban Lake. The setting sun seemed to melt away in the sky, dissolving into a golden rain, that bathed the whole Campagna with unearthly splendor; while Rome in the distance, half-hidden, half-revealed, lay floating like a mote in the broad and misty

sunbeam. The woodland walk before me seemed roofed with gold and emerald ; and at intervals across its leafy arches shot the level rays of the sun, kindling, as they passed, like the burning shaft of Acastes. Beneath me the lake slept quietly. A blue, smoky vapor floated around its overhanging cliffs ; the tapering cone of Monte Cavo hung reflected in the water ; a little boat skimmed along its glassy surface, and I could even hear the sound of the laboring oar, so motionless and silent was the air around me.

I soon reached the convent of Castel Gandolfo. Upon one of the stone benches of the esplanade sat a monk with a book in his hand. He saluted me, as I approached, and some trivial remarks upon the scene before us led us into conversation. I observed by his accent that he was not a native of Italy, though he spoke Italian with great fluency. In this opinion I was confirmed by his saying that he should soon bid farewell to Italy and return to his native lakes and mountains in the north of Ireland. I then said to him in English,—

“How strange, that an Irishman and an Anglo-American should be conversing together in Italian upon the shores of Lake Albano !”

“It is strange,” said he, with a smile ; “though stranger things have happened. But I owe the pleasure of this meeting to a circumstance which changes that pleasure into pain. I have been detained here many weeks beyond the time I had fixed for my departure by the sickness of a friend, who lies at the point of death within the walls of this convent.”

“Is he, too, a Capuchin friar like yourself ?”

“He is. We came together from our native land, some six years ago, to study at the Jesuit College in Rome.

This summer we were to have returned home again ; but I shall now make the journey alone."

"Is there, then, no hope of his recovery?"

"None whatever," answered the monk, shaking his head. "He has been brought to this convent from Rome, for the benefit of a purer air ; but it is only to die, and be buried near the borders of this beautiful lake. He is a victim of consumption. But come with me to his cell. He will feel it a kindness to have you visit him. Such a mark of sympathy in a stranger will be grateful to him in this foreign land, where friends are so few."

We entered the chapel together, and, ascending a flight of steps beside the altar, passed into the cloisters of the convent. Another flight of steps led up to the dormitories above, in one of which the sick man lay. Here my guide left me for a moment, and softly entered a neighboring cell. He soon returned and beckoned me to come in. The room was dark and hot ; for the window-shutters had been closed to keep out the rays of the sun, that in the after part of the day fell unobstructed upon the western wall of the convent. In one corner of the little room, upon a pallet of straw, lay the sick man, with his face towards the wall. As I entered, he raised himself upon his elbow, and, stretching out his hand to me, said, in a faint voice,—

"I am glad to see you. It is kind in you to make me this visit."

Then speaking to his friend, he begged him to open the window-shutter and let in the light and air ; and as the bright sunbeam through the wreathing vapors of evening played upon the wall and ceiling, he said, with a sigh,—

"How beautiful is an Italian sunset ! Its splendor is

all around us, as if we stood in the horizon itself and could touch the sky. And yet, to a sick man's feeble and distempered sight, it has a wan and sickly hue. He turns away with an aching heart from the splendor he cannot enjoy. The cool air seems the only friendly thing that is left for him."

As he spake, a deeper shade of sadness stole over his pale countenance, sallow and attenuated by long illness. But it soon passed off: and as the conversation changed to other topics, he grew cheerful again. He spoke of his return to his native land with childish delight. This hope had not deserted him. It seemed never to have entered his mind that even this consolation would be denied him,—that death would thwart even these fond anticipations.

"I shall soon be well enough," said he, "to undertake the journey; and, O, with what delight shall I turn my back upon the Apennines! We shall cross the Alps into Switzerland, then go down the Rhine to England, and soon, soon we shall see the shores of the Emerald Isle, and once more embrace father, mother, sisters! By my profession, I have renounced the world, but not those holy emotions of love which are one of the highest attributes of the soul, and which, though sown in corruption here, shall hereafter be raised in incorruption. No; even He that died for us upon the cross, in the last hour, in the unutterable agony of death, was mindful of his mother; as if to teach us that this holy love should be our last worldly thought, the last point of earth from which the soul should take its flight for heaven."

He ceased to speak. His eyes were fastened upon the sky with a fixed and steady gaze, though all unconsciously, for his thoughts were far away amid the scenes of his

distant home. As I left his cell, he seemed sinking to sleep, and hardly noticed my departure. The gloom of twilight had already filled the cloisters ; the monks were chanting their evening hymn in the chapel ; and one unbroken shadow spread through the long cathedral aisle of forest-trees which led me homeward. There, in the silence of the hour, and amid the almost sepulchral gloom of the woodland scene, I tried to impress upon my careless heart the serious and affecting lesson I had learned.

I saw the sick monk no more ; but a day or two afterward I heard in the village that he had departed,—not for an earthly, but for a heavenly home.

NOTE-BOOK. .

Once more among the old, gigantic hills,
With vapors clouded o'er,
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind,
And rocks ascend before.
They beckon me,—the giants,—from afar,
They wing my footsteps on ;
Their helms of ice, their plumage of the pine,
Their cuirasses of stone.

OEHLENSCHLAEGEER.

THE glorious autumn closed. From the Abruzzi came the Zampognari, playing their rustic bag-pipes beneath the images of the Virgin in the streets of Rome, and hailing with rude minstrelsy the approach of merry Christmas. The shops were full of dolls and gew-gaws for the Bifana, who enacts in Italy the same merry interlude for children that Santiclaus does in the North ; and travellers from colder climes began to fly southward, like sun-seeking swallows.

I left Rome for Venice, crossing the Apennines by the wild gorge of the Stretta, in a drenching rain. At Fano we struck into the sands of the Adriatic, and followed the seashore northward to Rimini, where in the market-place stands a pedestal of stone, from which, as an officious cicerone informed me, “Julius Cæsar preached to his army, before crossing the Rubicon.” Other principal points in my journey were Bologna, with its Campo Santo, its gloomy arcades, and its sausages ; Ferrara, with its ducal palace and the dungeon of Tasso ;

Padua the Learned, with its sombre and scholastic air, and its inhabitants “apt for pike or pen.”

I FIRST saw Venice by moonlight, as we skimmed by the island of St. George in a felucca, and entered the Grand Canal. A thousand lamps glittered from the square of St. Mark, and along the water's edge. Above rose the cloudy shapes of spires, domes, and palaces, emerging from the sea; and occasionally the twinkling lamp of a gondola darted across the water like a shooting star, and suddenly disappeared, as if quenched in the wave. There was something so unearthly in the scene,—so visionary and fairy-like,—that I almost expected to see the city float away like a cloud, and dissolve into thin air.

Howell, in his “Signorie of Venice,” says, “It is the water, wherein she lies like a swan's nest, that doth both fence and feed her.” Again: “She swims in wealth and wantonness, as well as she doth in the waters; she melts in softness and sensuality, as much as any other whatsoever.” And still farther: “Her streets are so neat and evenly paved, that in the dead of winter one may walk up and down in a pair of satin pantables and crimson silk stockings, and not be dirtied.” And the old Italian proverb says,—

“ Venegia, Venegia,
Chi non ti vede non ti pregia;
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto
Ti dispregia !”

Venice, Venice, who sees thee not doth not prize thee;
but who hath too much seen thee doth despise thee!

Should you ever want a gondolier at Venice to sing you a passage from Tasso by moonlight, inquire for Toni Toscan. He has a voice like a raven. I sketched his portrait in my note-book ; and he wrote beneath it this inscription :—

‘Poeta Natural che Venizian,
Ch’ el so nome xe un tal Toni Toscan.”

THE road from Venice to Trieste traverses a vast tract of level land, with the Friulian Mountains on the left, and the Adriatic on the right. You pass through long avenues of trees, and the road stretches in unbroken perspective before and behind. Trieste is a busy, commercial city, with wide streets intersecting each other at right angles. It is a mart for all nations. Greeks, Turks, Italians, Germans, French, and English meet you at every corner and in every coffee-house ; and the ever-changing variety of national countenance and costume affords an amusing and instructive study for a traveller.

TRIESTE to Vienna. Daybreak among the Carnic Alps. Above and around me huge snow-covered pinna-
cles, shapeless masses in the pale starlight,—till touched by the morning sunbeam, as by Ithuriel’s spear, they assume their natural forms and dimensions. A long, winding valley beneath, sheeted with spotless snow. At my side a yawning and rent chasm ;—a mountain brook,—seen now and then through the chinks of its icy bridge, black and treacherous,—and tinkling along its frozen channel with a sound like a distant clanking of chains.

Magnificent highland scenery between Grätz and Vienna in the Steiermark. The wild mountain-pass from Meerzuschlag to Schottwien. A castle built like an eagle's nest upon the top of a perpendicular crag. A little hamlet at the base of the mountain. A covered wagon, drawn by twenty-one horses, slowly toiling up the slippery, zigzag road. A snow-storm. Reached Vienna at midnight.

ON the southern bank of the Danube, about sixteen miles above Vienna, stands the ancient castle of Greifenstein, where—if the tale be true, though many doubt and some deny it—Richard the Lion-heart of England was imprisoned, when returning from the third crusade. It is built upon the summit of a steep and rocky hill, that rises just far enough from the river's brink to leave a foothold for the highway. At the base of the hill stands the village of Greifenstein, from which a winding pathway leads you to the old castle. You pass through an arched gate into a narrow court-yard, and thence onward to a large, square tower. Near the doorway, and deeply cut into the solid rock, upon which the castle stands, is the form of a human hand, so perfect that your own lies in it as in a mould. And hence the name of Greifenstein. In the square tower is Richard's prison, completely isolated from the rest of the castle. A wooden staircase leads you up on the outside to a light balcony, running entirely round the tower, not far below its turrets. From this balcony you enter the prison,—a small, square chamber, lighted by two Gothic windows. The walls of the tower are some five feet thick; and in the pavement is a trap-door, opening into a dismal vault,—a vast dungeon, which

occupies all the lower part of the tower, quite down to its rocky foundations, and which formerly had no entrance but the trap-door above. In one corner of the chamber stands a large cage of oaken timber, in which the royal prisoner is said to have been shut up ; the grossest humbug that ever cheated the gaping curiosity of a traveller.

The balcony commands some fine and picturesque views. Beneath you winds the lordly Danube, spreading its dark waters over a wide tract of meadow-land, and forming numerous little islands ; and all around, the landscape is bounded by forest-covered hills, topped by the mouldering turrets of a feudal castle or the tapering spire of a village church. The spot is well worth visiting, though German antiquaries say that Richard was not imprisoned there ; this story being at best a bold conjecture of what is possible, though not probable.

FROM Vienna I passed northward, visiting Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic, and then folding my wings for a season in the scholastic shades of Göttingen. Thence I passed through Cassel to Frankfort on the Maine ; and thence to Mayence, where I took the steamboat down the Rhine. These several journeys I shall not describe, for as many several reasons. First,—but no matter,—I prefer thus to stride across the earth like the Saturnian in *Micromegas*, making but one step from the Adriatic to the German Ocean. I leave untold the wonders of the wondrous Rhine, a fascinating theme. Not even the beauties of the Vautsburg and the Bingenloch shall detain me. I hasten, like the blue waters of that romantic river, to lose myself in the sands of Holland.

THE PILGRIM'S SALUTATION.

Ye who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
A single recollection, not in vain
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell.

CHILDE HAROLD.

THESE, fair dames and courteous gentlemen, are some of the scenes and musings of my pilgrimage, when I journeyed away from my kith and kin into the land of Outre-Mer. And yet amid these scenes and musings,—amid all the novelties of the Old World, and the quick succession of images that were continually calling my thoughts away, there were always fond regrets and longings after the land of my birth lurking in the secret corners of my heart. When I stood by the sea-shore, and listened to the melancholy and familiar roar of its waves, it seemed but a step from the threshold of a foreign land to the fireside of home; and when I watched the outbound sail, fading over the water's edge, and losing itself in the blue mists of the sea, my heart went with it, and I turned away fancy-sick with the blessings of home and the endearments of domestic love.

“I know not how,—but in yon land of roses
My heart was heavy still;
I startled at the trembling nightingale,
The zephyr on the hill.

They said the stars shone with a softer gleam :
 It seemed not so to me !
 In vain a scene of beauty beamed around.—
 My thoughts were o'er the sea.

At times I would sit at midnight in the solitude of my chamber, and give way to the recollection of distant friends. How delightful it is thus to strengthen within us the golden threads that unite our sympathies with the past,—to fill up, as it were, the blanks of existence with the images of those we love ! How sweet are these dreams of home in a foreign land ! How calmly across life's stormy sea blooms that little world of affection, like those Hesperian isles where eternal summer reigns, and the olive blossoms all the year round, and honey distils from the hollow oak ! Truly, the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure, and deep, and lasting in earthly affection. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longing to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them, and the storms of life obstruct them for a season ; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow, and burn, and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home.

And now, farewell ! The storm is over, and through the parting clouds the radiant sunshine breaks upon my path. God's blessing upon you for your hospitality. I fear I have but poorly repaid it by these tales of my pilgrimage ; and I bear your kindness meekly, for I come not like Theudas of old, “ *ὡς ἄλλοις* myself to be somebody.”

Farewell ! My prayer is, that I be not among you as

the stranger at the court of Busiris ; that your God-speed be not a thrust that kills.

Pax vobiscum ! The Pilgrim's benison upon this honorable company.



S. 112

CASTLE OF S. ANGELO AND BRIDGE, ROME

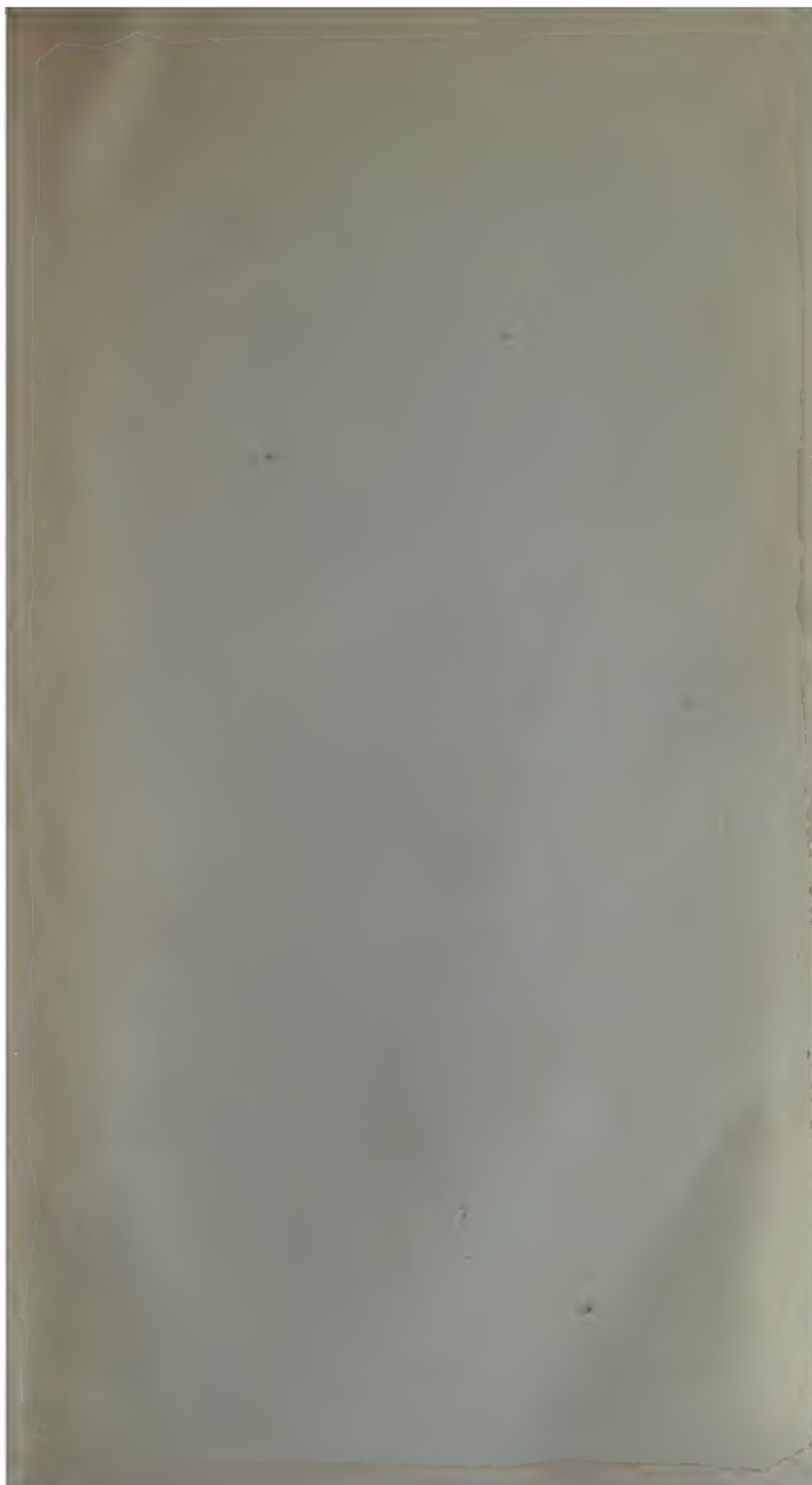
COLOPHON.

Heart, take thine ease,—
Men hard to please
Thou haply mightst offend;
Though some speak ill
Of thee, some will
Say better ;—there's an end.
HEYLD.

MY pilgrimage is ended. I have come home to rest ; and, recording the time past, I have fulfilled these things, and written them in this book, as it would come into my mind,—for the most part, when the duties of the day were over, and the world around me was hushed in sleep. (The pen wherewith I write most easily is a feather stolen from the sable wing of night.) Even now, as I record these parting words, it is long past midnight. The morning watches have begun. And as I write, the melancholy thought intrudes upon me,—To what end is all this toil ? Of what avail these midnight vigils ? Dost thou covet fame ? Vain dreamer ! A few brief days,—and what will the busy world know of thee ? Alas ! this little book is but a bubble on the stream ; and although it may catch the sunshine for a moment, yet it will soon float down the swift-rushing current, and be seen no more !







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